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CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

Charles E. Russell, who has won national authority by his striking series of articles on "The Greatest Trust in the World," is now spending a year in Europe and Australasia in fulfilment of a commission from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. In these countries Mr. Russell is investigating the workings of cooperation, government, and municipal ownership, and allied sociological experiments. To trace the bearing of these institutions upon our own vital national problems is the purpose of the important new series, "Soldiers of the Common Good," the Foreword of which appears in this number.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII. NOVEMBER, 1905. No. 5.

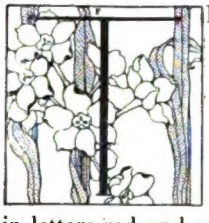
DR. HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD COMPETING IN THE GORDON BENNETT MOTOR-CAR TESTS.

The Rothschilds of France

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with Photographs

THE FORTUNE



THERE is no stranger story in all the world than that of the Rothschilds. Few royal dynasties have had so interesting a history. This is a tale which should be written in letters red and yellow.

The first glimpse one has of the family is in the picturesque and swarming ghetto of Frankfort, where old Anselm Mayer dwelt in the house with the sign of a red shield. With his wife, Guta Schnapper, and his ten children, he occupied the lower floor. And this was a shop where everything was sold, where everything was bought, where everything was stored—old iron and precious metals, old clothes and ancient pictures. A pedler's pack on his back, old Anselm journeyed through Frankfort and the lands thereby, selling and buying; his five sons as they grew up took to the road. All this was slow money-getting. Anselm Mayer was made for greater things. His opportunity came with the firing of that historic gun at Lexington. History—even that of finance—is a strange network of events, the one knit closely to the other. Wilhelm IX. put his Hessian subjects up for sale; England bought and leased them to fight her revolted colonists oversea. Mayer of the Red Shield was the active agent in these delicate operations. He recruited the soldiers, provided their equipments, delivered them, cargo after cargo, in English ports. He also received England's

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THE WOMEN OF THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY WAITING TO SEE KING EDWARD PASS.

money on behalf of the Landgraf of Hesse. This was the beginning, not illustrious, of the Fortune. Came then the turmoil of the Napoleonic wars. The funds of Hesse-Cassel were entrusted to Anselm to use as his own. The money fructified. Old Mayer became the banker of the Holy Alliance. The war funds for battling Europe flowed through the dingy house in the ghetto of Frankfort, leaving a deposit of golden sand. The old clothes swung no more for sale in the cobwebby windows. The house of the Red Shield had become a world's money-mart, and the old man at whom the dogs had barked as he hobbled through the town with his pedler's pack knew the pride of lending to kings and states. Of wealth and power he gave no sign—going humbly about the streets of Frankfort in rusty gabardine and old gaiters, a blue kerchief round his neck, an old umbrella in his hand.

This was the Ancestor.

Before he died he was able to give to each of his five sons one of the great states of Europe, as a financial kingdom. There is something epic, tremendous, about this partition of the world by the old pedler of the Judengasse. So Charlemagne distributed to his sons the vast states he had conquered; so Napoleon gave kingdoms to his negligible brothers. And indeed old Mayer had founded an empire more durable than those of conquest—the empire of gold, the empire of money that lies in the dark and breeds, ceaselessly. The eldest son chose Germany; Solomon selected Austria; Nathan, England; Charles went to Italy; and Jacob, as his share, had the troubled land of France. Less than ninety years ago Jacob came up to Paris; he had $200,000. His beginnings were difficult. He was so well known as an agent of the German and English allies that Napoleon had him watched by the police. In the secret archives are many curious police reports, for the great emperor at the height of his power had already recognized in the silent little man from Frankfort one of those grim forces that were driving him to Waterloo. The final defeat of Napoleon brought fortune to all the sons of Anselm Mayer. Metternich made them all barons of the Austrian empire. Jacob became the Baron James de Rothschild. He died in 1868. His second son, Mayer Alphonse James de Rothschild, got himself naturalized as a French citizen and reigned in his stead. Only a few months ago he died—this first French Rothschild; they are a long-lived race.

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You might have seen him when you would; for he went about the streets on foot—along the Boulevard Haussmann or the Boulevard des Capucines toward his bank in the rue Lafitte; he was a little old man in shapeless black clothes and an old hat; his face was dark and wrinkled, with long whiskers under the ears and a white mustache; a frail and dingy old man, he linked our generation with that of Waterloo.

And the $200,000 his father brought into France? Into what fabulous fortune has it been blown up? To what height has it grown?

In the first place it should be remembered that the Rothschild fortune is not industrial. It has absorbed many industries and many railways—like the *ligne du Nord*—but always by political and financial *coups*. And it is the least frenzied of finance. By reason of its slow, cold, patient accumulation one might call it (since phrases are the mode) coral-reef finance, so solidly has it been built up in the dusk and silence of the underworld of politics. And the fortune of the French house to-day exceeds ten milliards. That means two thousand millions of dollars. Imagination boggles at so enormous a sum—it seems merely an endless caravan of ciphers, this 10,000,000,000 of francs. There is another way of getting at it. The public fortune of France is approximately forty thousand millions of dollars. Now the Rothschilds possess one-twentieth part of it. Yearly they garner one-twentieth of the production; for them one-twentieth of the population labors without pay and without reward. An empire worth winning! They own or control all the precious metals, the prime materials, mines, credit, the Bank of France, all the means of transport, both railways and waterways—so far as the canal system goes; next to the city, which owns all public buidings, they are the greatest owners of lands and houses in Paris—round the Arc de Triomphe, the Champs-Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, the Parc Monceau, and, notably, the Gare du Nord, entire streets belong to the Rothschilds; their châteaux dot the provinces; in land alone they possess four hundred thousand acres.

BARON ALPHONSE: UNTIL HIS RECENT DEATH HEAD OF THE FRENCH BRANCH.

A SNAPSHOT OF BARON ALPHONSE AT A WATERING-PLACE.

Into this enormous, stable fortune Jacob's $200,000 has grown in less than ninety years.

Coral-reef finance.

It grew in the dark and silence; what material went to the building of it one may only guess—and what anonymous hands; now it bulks big and indestructible, one-twentieth part of the fortune of a nation. Before a result so magnificent the American millionaires may dip their red flags of predatory finance. And when one remembers that there are five such

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Rothschild fortunes—like the fingers of a hand—our native accumulations of wealth dwindle to ant heaps. An indestructible fortune—for not even the destruction of France can destroy it; it would grow only the faster among the ruins. Idle or visionary sons cannot waste it. While he lives each Rothschild may spend of it—but what can they spend?—in the end, however, all goes back into the Fortune. Always the Fortune remains. Barons come and barons go. Ushered out of life by scientists and doctors of the academy, the old Baron Alphonse died; nothing was changed; another baron ruled in the rue Lafitte and reigned in the palace of the rue Saint-Florentin (where once Talleyrand housed his magnificence), and France knelt to him—respectful, timid, amazed—as it had knelt to his predecessor. The Rothschild of the hour is merely the symbol of the Fortune; and the Fortune is master of France. Yet, securer than any king in his hereditary power, the Rothschild baron has not to intrigue or domineer; he has only to live out that extremely comfortable destiny appointed for the sons of the Red Shield.

MMES. HENRI AND LAMBERT DE ROTHSCHILD AT CHANTILLY.

He who has just come to the headship of the house is the Baron Edouard—the first of the ruling Rothschilds born to French citizenship. Physically, he is weak and small and bent, like some little grandee of Spain; he walks with a cane. He has reddish hair like all the Rothschilds. He goes rarely abroad from his house. Only the Fortune interests him. He has been bred to guard it. His financial tenacity is hereditary, and close to him always is the wisest of his house—the Baron Leon Lambert de Rothschild who reigns in Brussels. A strange, somber, little, bearded man is this—seeing him in huntsman's pink, perched on the back of an Irish thoroughbred, the unknowing might be tempted to smile; but money is never ridiculous; and the Baron Lambert is *vice-roi* of the billions.

THE FAMILY

The dynasty of the Rothschilds in France has not been exceptionally prolific. They number about twenty in all.

Now that the old Baron Alphonse has been laid away in his tomb of white marble and gilt, only two of the first baron's sons remain, Edmond and Gustave. Both are old men. Gustave, the younger, is over seventy-five years of age. His tastes are German rather than French; he is the Austrian consul-general at Paris. His connection with the Fortune is remote. Years ago the family lost confidence in him. It was that fierce matador of finance, Jay Gould, who sheared away a part of his fortune—years ago; the Baron Gustave's gamble in American railways cost him twenty-three millions of dollars. Since that mighty speculation the family has kept him out of the stock-market; he spends his income on flowers and horses and Austrian politics. His town house is in the avenue Marsigny; he owns the château of Laversine, near Creil. Rich, too, is the old Baron Edmond, very rich; a great deal of his money is in the bank—that financial hothouse—of the rue Lafitte. Of course he has his palaces; his city home is in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. Of the same generation is the old Baroness Solomon. Her mansion is in the Avenue Friedland, and those who love historical Paris think not kindly of her, for she it was who tore down Balzac's house—to make room for her stables. Unquestionably the dominating figure of that generation was the Baron Alphonse. To him the Fortune had been entrusted. To write his biography would be to write the history of France since 1867, so largely he shaped its policy to suit his wishes. His financial conquests were multiple, devastating; he was prouder of the social victories he gained. Everywhere the struggle of the Rothschilds for social recognition was long and bitter. In France it was

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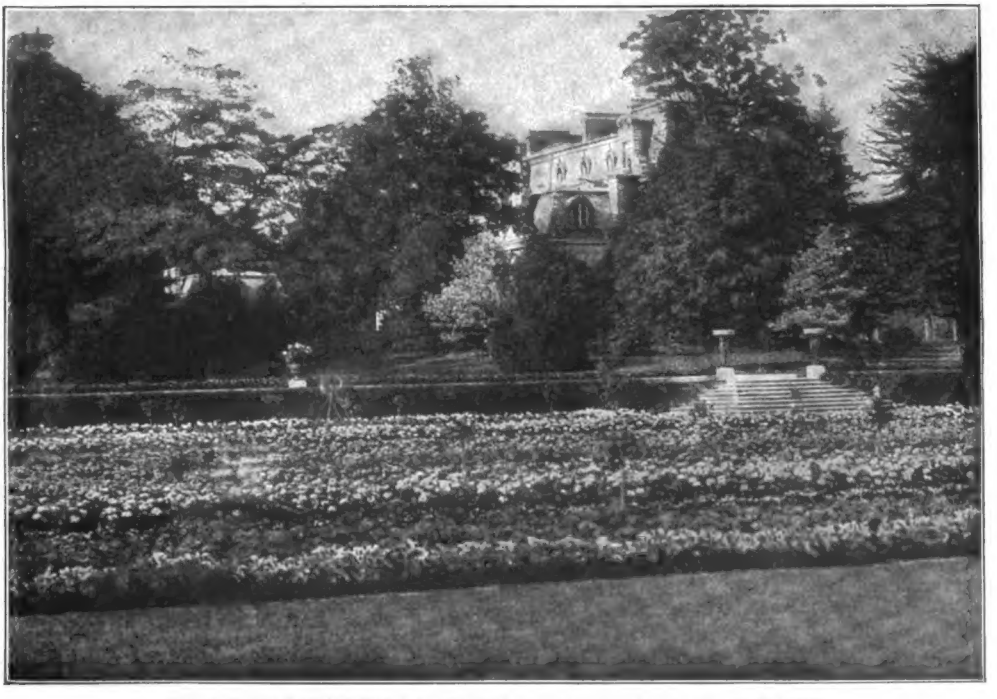
exceptionally fierce. It reminds old New Yorkers of the long, grim fight the Vanderbilts made to "get into society"; and in a way, the Rothschilds won, as did the Vanderbilts, by creating a new society. The baron's ultimate triumph was beyond question.

Nearly two years ago he buried his nephew. This was Arthur—a Baron Rothschild, of course, for as old Alphonse said, "Every Rothschild is born a baron." The Baron Arthur was a weakling; he was unregarded in his lifetime; the newspapers said he died by his own hand; but his funeral served to illustrate the family magnificence and social power. All traffic was stopped in the main thoroughfares of the city through which the procession passed. For hours the heart of Paris ceased to beat. Business ceased. Trams and 'buses were arrested. Hour after hour the long funeral crept through the boulevards while Paris looked on in wonder. The same Paris had seen the old poet, Victor Hugo, borne to his grave in a pauper's cart. The dead baron went with medieval pomp, though he was but a nephew of the house. There came first three coaches with the rabbins. Then the hearse, with great plumes, drawn by eight horses in sable cloths. Then the house servants: butlers in white silk stockings; ushers in gilt chains and livery; valets, coachmen, footmen, stable-lads; buglers, masters of hounds and horses in pink; guards and beaters of the preserves and, conspicuous, the huntsmen, leading in leash the baron's favorite hounds—and the hounds leaped in leash and bayed; followed, too, his farmers and the peasants of his fields; and with all went the Family, and, in a mile of carriages, the aristocracy of France paid homage; with such pomp the baron was taken to his grave; and the earth was laid upon him and he slept.

Such anecdotes are really documents of the social life of the epoch.

This was not meaningless ostentation; it was a strategic move in the battle for social domination.

A little while before he died the great baron—old Alphonse—married his son to Mademoiselle Halphen. A president of the Republic, senators, ambassadors, ministers, magistrates, generals—all the official society of Europe—went to the red and gold temple in the rue de la Victoire; withal princes, dukes, a swarm of duchesses; better than anything else, it marked the place the Family has taken in the modern world. The bearers of the oldest names in Europe—sons of the Crusaders; all that is splendid in history;



EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD'S BEAUTIFUL HOME IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

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ORPHAN BOYS, PROTÉGÉS OF ONE OF THE BARONS, FOLLOWING HIS FUNERAL.

titles and dignities—came when the baron called. Indeed in the Third Republic few honors have been more eagerly sought than that of place on the visiting list of the Rothschilds. To be received at the mansion in the rue Saint Florentin—to be invited to Ferrières for a few days—ambition sought no higher.

I used to go to a little riverside inn on the Marne, famous for fish; now and then there would be a commotion in the long street of the village—the teams and wagons pulled aside—the townsfolk scattering right and left. It was the old Baroness Alphonse driving from her château to the railway station at Lagny-Thorigny—in dust and turmoil she passed, plying the whip, her wild little Russian ponies white with lather and going at full gallop. And a curiosity woke in me to see that famous manor, the real home of the Rothschilds in France. It lay but a few miles away. And the miles were the baron's own; and the peasants in the fields lifted their heads and said: "We are the baron's men," and bent again to their work. And I came to the château. That first Jacob built it, thirteen years after Waterloo and the fruitful loans that followed the treaty of 1815. He brought over the English architect Paxton to construct his new home in his new country. And this quadrangular English mansion seems still alien and out of place in the pleasant meadows of Brie. The interior of the house is interesting. Nowhere are there gathered so many marvels of the past—relics of the historic dwellings and châteaux of the ancient kings of France; the piano of Marie Antoinette stands beneath the mirror of the Pompadour. In the *Salon Louis XV.* are gathered the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the eighteenth century—tables of Gouthière, cabinets of Boule and Riesener, coppers of Caffieri. Opening from it is the Oratory; you make out a piano, a few willow chairs, the candelabra with seven branches, and the rolls of the Torah. The *salon de famille* is a stately room, hung with Cordovan leather, antique and priceless, representing the "Triumph of Mordecai." In an ebony bookcase are a few books; you look curiously at the titles—Jacob's "History of France," Paul de Kock's novels, "*Le Juif Errant*" of Eugène Sue. The next room is the *Salon des Tapisseries*, the walls draped with riant tapestries of Watteau, naked nymphs, cupids, mocking shepherdesses; and this blithe hall is historic. Here it was in the bitter days of 1870 that Bismarck and the Baron de Rothschild—it was Alphonse—received the unhappy Jules Favre,

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who came seeking peace for France. For two hours the haughty chancellor smoked cigars with the baron and kept Favre waiting in the anteroom—that he might be well humbled, this envoy of a conquered nation. Bismarck's bedchamber—*la chambre d'honneur*—adjoins this salon.

Will you add your name to the visitors' autographs in the big morocco-bound album?

Here on one page Napoleon III. wrote:

"Souvenir of the charming day of December 16, 1862."

Turn the page; what you read is "Wilhelm, September 21, 1870," and beneath is Bismarck's mighty scrawl.

Ah! history was made at Ferrières!

The "charming days" of the Second Empire had to be paid for in the end.

The social historian will write volumes on this house some day. Strange and fantastic society gathered there in the days of the first baron. The younger Rothschilds are fond of telling the adventures of the Ancestor. Playing whist one day the old man dropped a *louis d'or* on the floor; he stopped the game and took a candle to look for his twenty francs.

"Let me help you," said the Comte d'Orsay; he lit a thousand-franc note and aided in the search.

To-day it would be a broken French aristocrat who stooped to search for the coin, while a Rothschild burned a cynical bank-note.

Ferrières is in mourning now and deserted; the new ruler of the house of Rothschild is too feeble in body to enjoy a country life; he does not journey far from the bank where the Fortune lies; the old baroness—dowager and alone—drives her wild ponies round the empty park, where old women gather fagots. The Rothschild court is at Paris.

In making French society over anew the Rothschilds destroyed much of its old dignity and charm. The Baron Henri de Rothschild of the younger generation is almost a symbol of the new society. Fat, bearded, tumultuous, he dominates almost every assembly; a mighty *chauffeur;* a cloud of dust, the shriek of a horn—and the baron in his automobile passes down the Champs-Elysées.

BARON EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD; OLDEST OF THE PRESENT GENERATION.

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At the reception which followed his marriage to Mademoiselle Weisweiller, he gave an entertainment which sounded, better than anything else, the tone of the new society. He had studied medicine and his tastes were clinical. A cinematograph displayed for the guests Dr. Calot's method of curing hunchbacks. Dr. Calot is head of the Rothschild Hospital; a bone-setter, like Dr. Lorenz, he has done wonderful things. The moving pictures showed one of his operations—a little hunchback face down on a table; the great doctor with muscular skill smoothes the hump into straightness, while numerous aides hold the struggling child. It was interesting; I do not know what society—gathered for a wedding festival—could go in for that would be quite so thrilling; perhaps Dr. Doyen operating for cancer.

BARON LAMBERT, THE ASTUTE HEAD OF THE BRUSSELS BRANCH.

A strange world, excited, agitated, seeking fantastic amusements; that society which is born of wealth and idleness is much the same world-over. A curious strain of idiocy runs through modern society—in Paris, as at Newport, where monkey-dinners once had vogue.

Baron Edouard, the young head of the house, has a sister, Beatrix. She married the Baron Ephrussi. The event is recent enough. She decided that her pet poodle should be married the same day that she was. The canine wedding was given precedence. Her poodle, a white one, was dressed in white satin and lace; it wore a veil of tulle and orange flowers. The canine groom was a poodle belonging to her father; it wore an evening coat with a flower in the buttonhole. The dogs marched into the salon on their hind legs; the Count de Berteaux's bulldog, girt with a tricolor scarf, a silk hat on its head, officiated as mayor, and barked the marriage service; when all was over the poodles went off on their wedding-trip. Then, laughing, the guests made ready for the ceremony that united the great houses of Rothschild and Ephrussi. Curious; but more curious is it that a dozen such marriages have been celebrated in the high life of Europe since then; and Madame Ephrussi found one imitator even at court.

Said he not well who said that such anecdotes are really documents on the social life of an epoch?

The Family has won social authority.

Only a few old aristocrats hold aloof—haughty and penniless sons of the Crusaders, they sulk in their musty castles. Lords and ladies, cohorts of counts and mobs of duchesses follow where the Rothschilds lead. The triumph of the Family has been as notable as that of the Fortune.

THE FUTURE

What has the future in store for the dynasty of the Red Shield?

Unquestionably the Fortune will increase.

"My father left me one milliard," said the old Baron Alphonse, a few days before he died, "and I leave to my son ten milliards."

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That was the growth of the Fortune in a little over thirty-six years. It is not necessary to assume that it will go on growing at the same rate to foresee the time when it will absorb the public fortune of France. And this is the question at which the economists look askance. The new generation does not hoard money; but it can spend a mere fragment of the Rothschildian revenue. Of its own accord the Fortune grows now; the little fortunes accrue to it as the steel chips go to the magnet. The Rothschild foresight has not neglected the political and economic changes that may take place in France. It is noteworthy that the extreme revolutionary newspapers, the socialistic journals especially, are owned or supported by the Rothschilds and their financial associates. International finance has made friends with international revolution. Better than any other money-mighty family the Rothschilds have known how to conciliate the proletariat; and this is a fact of immense political significance. The old baron died May 26th; the next day all Paris talked of the Rothschilds; and the men in the blouses, without exception, said: "They are too rich—yes; but then they are friends of the people."

The Rothschild charities, wisely organized, have impressed the proletariat. There has been no indiscriminate giving. The Rothschild Hospital is a self-supporting institution. Each year the Family gives $20,000 to the poor of the various wards of Paris. But the Rothschilds have always held—with Herbert Spencer—that fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good-for-something is a social crime. Their chosen form of charity is helping men on in the world. By their financial aid thousands upon thousands of poor Jewish refugees from Russia and Poland have been established in profitable business in France; the number of these Rothschild wards is put at ten thousand in Paris alone. It is worthy of remark that in almost every instance the loans have been repaid. Just before he died the old baron arranged for the erection of model tenements, much like the Shaftsbury Buildings in London. The new Rothschild is carrying out the original plans. The city provides the ground. The Rothschilds are erecting the buildings—honeycombs of comfortable dwellings—at a cost of $2,000,000. The rentals have been set at a figure just sufficient to cover the interest on the money.

Indeed, all the Rothschilds give away money. In all public subscriptions their names appear. That one whose generosity has gained the greatest popular repute is the aged Baroness Adolphe. Her husband acquired a huge fortune as financial agent of the luckless kingdom of Naples. Of all the family she alone leads a modest and frugal life. Her home in the rue de Monceau is burgessly plain. She lives with no more outlay or display than the wife of a retired tradesman. Perhaps the only friend she has is the widow—old like herself—of Francis II., once king of Naples. Simple old women in widows' weeds, they spend their quiet days together. And the charity of the old Baroness Adolphe—helpful, abundant, quiet as a summer rain—is one of the most beautiful things in Paris. But she belongs to the past; not the future.

One night at the Opera House in Paris a Baron Hirsch and a Baron Rothschild stood looking down the mob of little gentlemen, useless and fluttering sons of the Crusaders, that thronged the *foyer;* and said one baron to the other baron:

"In a few years they will all be our sons-in-law or our doorkeepers."

It was a prophecy like any other. It holds perhaps a large measure of the future. The Fortune controls the destinies of France; and the Family has craned itself into unquestioned social predominance.

The other day the Grand Rabbi of France consecrated a new Rothschildian yacht. As I write there echoes still in memory the phrase wherewith he closed his discourse; something like this:

"It is the moment for recalling the memory of the founder of this house, the blessed Anselm Mayer of Frankfort; he has been the sun of this family and his memory will live forever by his benefactions and those of his children and of his posterity; so long as the moon shall be lit by the fires of the sun shall shine and endure the noble family of Rothschild."

A fanciful prophecy, you say? I do not know. The old dynasties have had their day; the timber of thrones is rotten; the aristocracies of birth are slipping down into pauperdom and ridicule; in the Old World as in the New, the real kings are those who hold the purse—the new lords are money-lords; and so the rabbi's prediction may well be verified; but I do not know.

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ONE DAY CAME THE PRINCE ON HIS WAY TO A WAR.

"The Deciding Silence."

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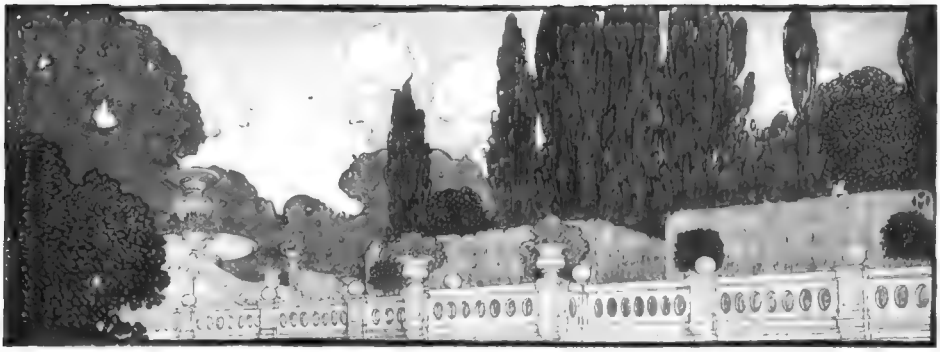

The Deciding Silence

By MARION HAMILTON CARTER

Illustrations by Lawrence Mazzanovich

"THE signorina will now see the crypt below the chapel?"

"The signorina will see it gladly."

"And the signorina visits it because of the story?"

"There is a story? It is new to the signorina."

"*Si* — yes — signorina. And she has not heard of the miracle? No? Here is the door; is it not cleverly concealed? And the steps—the signorina must have a care for the steps—my taper shows the way. But the signorina is not afraid of the chill? Or of the dead, lying below in the vaults?"

"The signorina fears nothing where a story follows."

"Good! Come, then! Now the signorina treads the steps—the very stones—trod by the mad duke himself; and presently— But I shall tell the whole, from the beginning? The signorina understands my English?"

"Perfectly—as her own."

"Ah, the signorina flatters an old woman! Yet, why not? We old ones were young once and learned many things which we do not altogether forget. Will the signorina believe me that I lived ten years in England as lady's maid to the last duchess, who was English, and again here, many years, until she died, leaving me the little house by the gate where the signorina found me, and giving me the care of the chapel, and to show it to the visitors, more particularly to the English and the Americans who appreciate and who graciously remember the needs of the poor—Ah, *grazie, grazie!* The signorina is one of the very gracious!

"Have a care for the last step, signorina, while I light a candle that I have hidden here in a crack and will give to the signorina for herself that she may see all as she pleases.

"Now we stand in the crypt and above is the chapel and about, in the walls, are the vaults. Here is the altar—the signorina's eyes will soon grow accustomed to the dim light—and this (where lie the flowers that I bring) is the tomb of *miladi*, the last duchess, and of the duke, her husband, and her son—him who would not be priest—for whom her heart broke—but that is not the miracle or the story.

"Come this way—have a care to the pavement that is broken—to the very end of the crypt, to where we see the little lamp, the same that the mad duke lighted with his own hands two hundred years ago and that has burned without ceasing to this very day!

"But the signorina is not afraid of the chill? Ah, the signorina is young yet, but for us old ones, hobbling to the grave—! Still it is best that she hear the story following step by step the mad duke and his child-wife.

"Look, now, within this vault, while I tell it as I had it from my grandmother, who in turn had it from her father, who was witness

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to the ending and helped in it, as his father had helped at the beginning.

"He may have been always mad, the duke—who knows?—for he remained unmarried fifty years—and that surely is a sign—though he was much sought after, and owned all the lands about here and the castle which the signorina has seen, and others besides. But he was stern and gloomy and given to long fasts and piety. Some said he should have been the priest—for it was seen that his inclinations were all for the holy life—and his younger brother, who went into the church and became cardinal, should have been duke in his place. Who knows? But duke he was born and duke he had to be for the sake of the name and the family, though he did not marry, as I said, for fifty years.

"But at last he went away to France, and when he returned he brought with him a wife. And the new duchess, ah, but she was beautiful! Beautiful as an angel and as good, good to all the servants and the poor, though she was little more than a child—fourteen, fifteen, perhaps, but no older than sixteen—a child still.

"Any one could see that the duke was mad then—mad with love and jealousy for his lady. At first she took it all smiling, and gay as a lark, for being so young and in a new land she was interested in all the things about her and in the people. But by degrees—the duke being always with her—she chafed and fretted and the gloom of the castle and her lord's strange moods preyed upon her. For there were no festivities at the castle, and the poor little duchess had no one to speak to but the duke and her confessor and the servants, and with her confessor she could hardly speak, for the duke could not bear to see it and wished even to go with her to confession and listen to her words and the words of the priest—and that, as the signorina knows, is a sin!

"Yes, even her little lap-dog—that came with her all the way from France, that she loved and petted like a *bambino*, died—poisoned, some hinted, by the duke because of jealousy, and then she had nothing.

"Before long the child-duchess grew pale and hollow-eyed from loneliness—and fear, who knows?—and her little face became pinched and her violet eyes stared out from it so it was pitiful to see her.

"Well, then, things were so, when one day came the prince—the duke's cousin—on his way to a war, with all his gentlemen riding behind him making a grand procession. The signorina will forgive it if I do not remember the name of the war, there were so many in those days; but it was all put down in the archives—about Prince Enrico's coming and going.

"The prince was a brave young soldier, very strong and beautiful, and loving war and wine—and women too; and as soon as the little duchess set eyes on her new cousin she loved him.

"'Welcome, cousin,' she said, her little pale face going all pink at the sight of him and the thought that now she had some one besides the old duke to talk to. 'Welcome a thousand times. Do you come to make war on us?'

"'It is you who will make war on me, fair cousin,' answered the prince, laughing, but looking greedily at her face crowned with its golden curls—for he had always an eye for a woman, even though she might be the wife of his cousin. 'I am already wounded—here,' and he lays his hand on his heart, very gallantly.

"At this the little duchess laughed gaily while she blushed for pleasure—and perhaps a little for shame also, who knows?

"After that there were days of feasting and merry-making and the little duchess was the brightest and the liveliest of all. And then the prince and his gentlemen rode away and the duchess was sadder than before. Even the duke saw it and he was quick enough to guess the cause.

"But the war was soon over, for our side was in the right as always, and under the protection of the saints; and back to the castle came the young prince.

"'This time, cousin,' he tells the duke, 'I stay longer and make merrier, and then I carry you and my fair cousin to my own castle for a season.'

"And there were dances and feastings and hunts in the forest, but the young prince was always by the side of his little cousin, and the duke's face grew blacker and blacker.

"Then one day the duke took his horse and rode away accompanied only by Antonio, his equerry—him that was father to my grandmother's father—and when they had reached the forest the duke and Antonio dismounted, leaving their horses, and came back by a secret path to the gardens and made their way through the shrubberies and entered the chapel and hid behind the chancel for a

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THE PRINCE WAS ALWAYS BY THE SIDE OF HIS LITTLE COUSIN.

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time; and then they crept to the duchess's rooms.

"And they found her in her boudoir—and she was not alone! *No!* Kneeling at her feet with his arms about her was Prince Enrico.

"The duchess saw them—Antonio and her husband—in the mirror as they opened the door, and she screamed: 'Fly, Enrico, fly for my sake!'

"Before they could stop her she pulled open a door, thrust the prince through—he hardly knowing what he did—and closed it. And while she held the door, facing her lord, the prince escaped.

"The duke would have killed her then and there only that Antonio begged and prayed him to wait—*si*, even upon his knees he begged.

"'She may not be guilty as my lord thinks,' he urged, 'and she is so young—let her tell first——'

"'Speak!' cried the duke.

"The duchess pressed closer to the door; she was at the mercy of a tiger.

"'The truth, woman, or by the blood of God, you die where you stand!'

"But the little duchess said never a word—only stared with her violet eyes and shuddered from head to feet.

"Perhaps she was too much frightened; perhaps she wanted her lover to escape—for women will face the wrath of a husband to save a lover! Perhaps she was too proud to answer to a false accusation—who knows? But meanwhile the prince had fled, and his gentlemen were fast following.

"The duke drew his stiletto, then, to kill her, but again Antonio stopped him.

"'My lord will give her the lesser punishment,' he asks, 'when she deserves the greater? Death is easy for such sin—if she be guilty. For she will die quickly and unrepentant of the wrong done her lord. Let my lord give death slowly, slowly—through hours and days, that she may realize her sin to the full.' This he said to pacify the duke and to gain time, but he looked meaningly and with great pity at the little duchess.

"'And how?' questions the duke, his stiletto shaking in his hand and his mad eyes red with hate and jealousy, and with love too, for he loved the little duchess, as men will, only the more because of his jealousy.

"'In the crypt,' says Antonio bravely, but trying at the time to make a sign to the little duchess to have no fear. 'Below, in the new vault. It is ready for the closing; the stones are piled at the opening.'

"And the duke laughed—ah! how he laughed! It made the blood run cold to hear! It was the laugh of the Evil One himself—(make the sign, as I do, signorina!)—for he was quite, quite mad.

"Antonio drew the duke to one side and whispered: 'Perhaps she is not guilty as we think, and my lord loves her dearly. A little punishment is what my lord desires, not death. Still, if she would swear upon the crucifix——'

"A tall silver crucifix hung above the praying-desk. The duke snatched it and carried it to his wife.

"'Swear!' he hissed through his teeth. 'Swear by the wounds of Christ that you are innocent.'

"But she never so much as moved—only stared and stared with her violet eyes growing wider from fear. Oh, it was pitiful—the poor child, standing there face to face with her mad husband!

"'You see?' laughed the duke. 'You see? She dares not.'

"And then he dragged her to his own room, locking the door, and so left her while he and Antonio got ready the vault.

"The stones were piled at the sides—*so*. Only the plaster was needed, and that was brought by Antonio, with a loaf of bread, too, and a pitcher of water. They put the bread and water far back in the corner there.

"'My lord will punish his lady,' said Antonio as they made all ready, 'but he loves her too much to let her die. In a day or two, when she has grown weak from hunger, my lord and I will come and tear away the stones and my lord will have his love again, and from gratitude to my lord for his mercy, his lady will forget all others and smile only on him.'

"'She shall be punished as she deserves, never fear,' laughed the duke, yet Antonio saw, in spite of his words and his madness, that he thought to release her.

"And now the signorina guesses that Antonio had his own plan. *Si, si!* Yes, that he had! For Antonio was of a tender heart and loved his lady, the child-duchess, because of her kindness to his son Emilio—him that was father to my grandmother—and to the lad's mother in the time of the great sickness. But besides gratitude, he loved her for his own loyalty, so never fear but the good Antonio had a brave plan worthy of his gratitude and his loyalty! For it was no less than to

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open the tomb in the night, release the duchess, open another tomb—may the saints forgive him!—taking thence a body to dress it in the clothes of the duchess, and bring the duchess to his own home, sheltering her there until she could escape to France. As soon as her rescue was accomplished he would urge upon the duke to let her die—of course in the tomb, without opening! Yet should the duke open it—there would be the body to show!

"Ah, it was a brave plan, worthy of the good Antonio, a brave plan! And he accomplished it? The signorina must listen to the end, for there lay the miracle that is set down in the archives, proving that I tell all as it happened.

"Midnight came. The duke and Antonio brought the little duchess to the chapel, down the steps there, carrying her the whole long way to this very spot, and not one soul in all the castle, but the duke and Antonio, knew what was to follow. *No.* Not even her confessor was called, for it was he set down in the archives that on such a day the duchess disappeared, none knowing where, though they searched diligently all the castle and the grounds for many days while her lord seemed crazed with grief—as well he might be, knowing what he had done!

"But while they were carrying her, Antonio managed to whisper, telling her to fear nothing for he would rescue her as soon as he could leave his lord. And he would knock three times—*so*—on his side of the wall, showing he was watching and waiting for his chance to release her—even if the duke were with him he would knock—and she on her side was to knock—*so*—three times, saying she still lived; and he pushed into her hand a little rod to make the signal with.

"Then they stood her in the vault there, and the duke took her silver crucifix which he had carried with him and held it to her lips and begged her to speak. He wept even, so great was his agony. But she stayed silent through all until in a rage the duke threw down the crucifix—which, indeed, proves that he was mad!—and seized a stone and began pushing it into place.

"Before he turned to help, Antonio whispered to the little duchess, 'Fear nothing,' and he thought she understood.

"So they piled the stones, with only a little mortar between—Antonio saw to that—until only her head showed above. But when the duke caught sight of her poor little face, white and ghastly, the rest of her being hidden, he was in a frenzy and stood staring into the black hole devouring her with his eyes, for he loved her more and more, and it was like death to lose her.

"'It is not too late,' he cried out. '*Carissima*, my wife, swear you are innocent, and we pull down the stones! Swear, *carissima*, swear!'

"'For the love of heaven, my lady, swear,' pleaded Antonio, for he was beside himself at the sight of her, and he feared, moreover, that he might not be able to rescue her before she died of her terror in that place. 'Swear, my lady, that you are innocent, for my lord loves you dearly and will forgive.'

"But the little duchess gave never a word in answer to them, only she looked like one already dead.

"Then in a rage the duke with his own hands seized the last stones and heaved them into place, filling the last crack, and with his own hands, too—not trusting Antonio—he took the mortar and smeared it over all, over and over all the stones, spreading it thick and smoothing it with his trowel.

"He got the lamp from the altar there and forced a rod between two stones, with mortar around; and he hung the lamp and lighted it, for it was her tomb. Yet still he loved her. The signorina knows it is the nature of men to smite hardest where they love most.

"He was calm then and no longer in a fury, but he was altogether mad. And so they left her in there alone, with the lamp on the outside.

"All the next hours the duke kept Antonio by him, not letting him once from his sight, and when night came again he stole down to the crypt and to her tomb, Antonio following. Finding the crucifix on the floor where he had thrown it, he took it up and knocked on the mortar: *rap, rap, rap—so!*—the duke rapped. And the little duchess, thinking it was Antonio come to rescue her, answered as Antonio had told her: *rap, rap, rap—so!*—and the duke heard!

"'See!' he whispered to Antonio. 'She lives. It is too soon to open, too soon. To-morrow night will be time enough; time enough, to-morrow.'

"And he went away and made Antonio follow.

"But to-morrow it is the same. *Rap, rap, rap—so!*—on the wall with the crucifix, and *rap, rap, rap—so!*—the little duchess answers.

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"'Too soon, yet,' mutters the duke. 'To-morrow.'

"But Antonio ventured to urge him, for his fear was growing for the little duchess.

"'Let my lord forgive his lady now, for he loves her with all his heart.'

"'Not yet, not yet,' answered the duke. 'To-morrow,' and they went away.

"And so it was the next night and the next, until Antonio implored him earnestly.

"'Who knows if her punishment has been enough?' asked the duke. 'She still lives—listen!' And they heard her rap three times.

"'We must wait for the silence—the silence will decide when the time has come.'

"The duke took the key to the door of the crypt, locking it always after him, keeping Antonio by him through the day so that he might know what he did, but bringing him nightly to listen. And thus it was every night: When the duke rapped—*so*—the little duchess answered—*so*. Sometimes the sounds were faint and far off, sometimes loud and clear. Sometimes the duchess did not answer the first knock because she slept, not knowing night from day; but always when they knocked—*so*—and listened—*so*—they heard her answer as on the first night.

"*Si, si*, signorina, it is true! For weeks, for months, for years—*for forty years*, signorina, the duke came at midnight to the chapel and prayed that he might hear and have another day to decide; stole down to the vault and rapped with his crucifix. And every night for forty years the little duchess answered as he knocked!

"But a strange thing happened.

"Antonio, thinking always, always, of the rescue of his lady, trying night and day to see his chance and break open the tomb—but without success, for his lord kept the key—Antonio, a strong man and in his prime, grew suddenly old, old. *Si*, signorina, in a few months he was tottering on a stick, feeble, white-haired from grief, and in a year he lay on his deathbed.

"But none knew all those months what ailed him, for he told his trouble only to his confessor. Oh, it was pitiful to see him weep and groan! On his deathbed he told all to Emilio, too, him that was father to my grandmother—making the lad swear to keep his secret till the duke died, for he was to take Antonio's place with the duke. And in a year Antonio was dead—from old age, or the work of the Evil One (make the sign, signorina!).

"But the strangest was this: In that year and in all the years that followed, the duke did not change, not so much as by the whitening of a single hair of his head!

"The signorina, who must have seen and studied much, may find a reason, though it seemed to all a miracle of God and beyond the understanding of man, and it was so put down in the archives. *Si, si*, signorina, his father confessor himself declared it a miracle, as indeed it was. For there was Antonio in the prime of his life stricken with age in a year, while the duke, already an old man, remained the same, to the last wrinkle on his face, the last hair on his head, for forty years!

"It may be that the duke lived only in those few minutes while he knocked with the crucifix and waited for the little duchess to answer—some will have it so—and that for the rest he kept his room and fasted and prayed in great piety, thus holding back the years; who knows? None saw him but his confessor and the lad, Emilio, who was with him to the end.

"Hark!—

"Did the signorina hear three raps?—feel a cold wind just now? No? . . .

"It is the chill of the place in my old bones; not superstition—the signorina remembers I lived ten years with her ladyship in England. Still— If the signorina insists on having the ending while she stands on the spot—! Make the sign as I do, signorina, not from superstition, nor from fear, but it is best to be on the safe side.

"Well, then, to continue. Here came the mad duke every night at midnight for forty long years; rapped on the mortar with the crucifix; listened—*so;* and for forty long years the little duchess from her side answered—*so*—and he was satisfied and went away to his prayer—or to his bed, who knows?—and waited for the silence to decide when he should set her free and take her in his arms.

"For forty years, signorina, ***and then the silence came.***

"And this was the way of it. It was Christmas eve and the duke was later than usual because of the mass in the chapel above. When he came he knocked with the end of the crucifix—by this time the cross was worn away to the very feet of the Christ, and on the plaster was a blackly silver patch—knocked three times; listened; no answer. Knocked again louder; no answer. Knocked many, many times; no answer—***nothing***—to all his knocking and his listening.

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"And then the last of his wit, or the last of his madness, came upon him and he raved out all his secret.

"'My wife, the duchess!' he screamed. 'My wife is in there, *dying!* Save her, save her, Emilio!'

"And he began tearing at the mortar with his nails.

"'Run, Emilio, run! Bring help—bring torches—bring picks and bars! Toll the bell! Call all the people—all—to help and to see that I have forgiven her. Run! Run!'

"And he was digging at the mortar with the crucifix when they came—Emilio and all the servants—bringing picks and torches, and in great fright among themselves, not knowing what the case might be—for Emilio, being sworn not to tell while the duke lived, said nothing.

"And they stood about in a half-circle—*so*—the torches glaring and smoking, the bell tolling, tolling far away above their heads, while Emilio's pick rang on the stone.

"The plaster fell in a heap and the stones followed. Emilio worked in such fury that the duke stood back until the opening would admit a man.

"Then one held a torch close and they saw her! *Si*, signorina, there against the wall stood the little duchess, frail and beautiful as a lily, and like life, only that her eyes were closed in sleep.

"And the duke leaped within and took her in his arms.

"'*Celeste*, my wife!' he cried.

"He laid her here on the floor and knelt at her side.

"'Celeste, *carissima*, awake, all is forgiven!'

"But her eyes remained fast closed.

"'*Carissima*, speak! She has fainted! Give her air—stand back, churls, hounds! Give the duchess air—stand back! Come nearer with the light! Bring the light! Bring water—water, do you hear? Celeste, my wife, you are forgiven! Quick, call the priest—quick!'

"That was how he raved while the people stared, trembling and crossing themselves, no one daring so much as to move or take his eyes off the beautiful, mysterious duchess. For none of the servants, excepting Emilio, knew her, all the old ones being dead long since.

"And as they stood gaping came the miracle that none can explain to this day—for it was so put down in the archives, proving that I tell it as it happened: as they watched her she began to grow dim, she faded, she changed, and in an instant, before their very eyes, she *crumbled into dust*—into fine gray dust, a little heap upon the pavement!

"As she faded away the duke, kneeling beside her, moaned and moaned: '*Carissima*, you are forgiven! *Carissima*, my love, my heart, awake!'

"But only when she had fallen into ashes had the people eyes for the duke. Only then they saw what had happened. For as she faded, so faded he himself. The forty years came on his shoulders all at once as he knelt there, ten years in every minute, and he shrank together, little and old. The wrinkles were on his face, his cheeks sunk in, and his hair turned as white and as thin as the down of a ripe thistle. His eyes were bleared with age when at last he looked up blinking at the torches and at the people. And he knew none of his people, not even Emilio, who had served him nearly forty years. He was so old, so old he had forgotten all, *si*, signorina, the little duchess, too, he had forgotten, when at last he looked up from the gray dust on the floor. And they bore him away, gurgling and drooling like a *bambino*.

"Some say the little duchess tried for forty years to prove her innocence, but others look on it as the punishment of God for her sin. But for me it was to a certainty the work of the Evil One himself (make the sign as I do, signorina!) who kept the mad duke waiting, hoping, praying, forty years, and then—!

"Hark!—

"Surely this time the signorina heard three raps?—felt a cold wind? No? . . .

"But make the sign as I do, signorina—not for fear, but for luck. It is well to be on the safe side—and—who knows?"

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Won't You Read the Foreword to Mr. Russell's Series?

BEGINNING on the next page, read enough of it at least to learn what he is trying to do. The series will not be academic. Stories of the fights of your fellow men in other countries to lift up the average of humanity. Tales of real heroism, real daring, real tragedy. This magazine has been the vehicle of savage attacks on criminals in high places. Our efforts have frankly been to tear down, to destroy. But our ultimate purpose is constructive. We tear down that we may help to build better. We have tried to show you that as a people we are money-mad. We have had written for you in scarlet how organized and avaricious capital levies its pitiless tribute on everything you eat and wear and earn. McClure's Magazine has convicted John D. Rockefeller of high crimes in the last court of appeal and laid bare the foul corruption—the graft and boodle—in State and city misrule. The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's Weekly have been working along the same general lines. The great newspapers have been in sympathy. The whole country is keenly alive to the evil conditions. The one thought is, how shall we reform the methods which now permit a few men to appropriate most of the money? How shall we reform business and not be unfair to capital? How shall we distribute profits more widely and not discourage investment and enterprise? How shall we limit the fortunes of the John D. Rockefellers without destroying their initiative, while improving the fortunes of the John Smiths—the eighty millions?

It is not a new problem. The world has always struggled with it—this problem of equality. Not the equal distribution of wealth, but equality in the sense of every man surely getting all that is his by right and no man and no class of men enjoying special privileges. In effect, President Roosevelt's "square deal." How shall we bring about this equality? Do you know? Do you know about the experiments that are being tried in other countries? Government ownership, municipal ownership, cooperation, paternalism, socialism? What have they accomplished when given a trial? Do any of them fit our needs? Wouldn't you like to know? Charles E. Russell, author of the Beef Trust series, in this magazine, student of economics, lover of humanity, has been abroad since May working on this series for you. It will be your loss and the country's if you do not read them. As you have helped us to tear down by reading our destructive articles, won't you help us to build up by reading our constructive series? Read this foreword.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

FOREWORD

FROM all this disheartening and intolerable situation wrought in a free country by money madness and organized greed—*what shall come?*

For the threat of a moneyed autocracy, the passing of wealth, and the power for which wealth stands, into the hands of a few; for the lawless and grasping Corporation; for Beef Trusts that control the nation's food supplies and Standard Oil Companies that seize upon its financial energies; for the perils of Frenzied Finance, the imminent ruin of democratic ideals, and the lowering of national standards of morality—*what cure?*

For such insane saturnalia of wealth and waste as the Equitable story revealed, for the appalling conditions made so clear by Mr. Lawson's narrative, for the growth here of a Power able to nullify laws and defy government, for the trusts that are utterly prohibited and still thrive, for financial buccaneering, for huge and unpunished swindles like the Shipbuilding Company and great confidence games like Amalgamated Copper, for accumulation of fortunes by public plunder—*what shall we do?*

For the failure of our municipal government through the bribe-giving of corporations, for the corrupt control of state and national legislation, for such humiliating scandals, brought about by corporation influence, as the misrule of Philadelphia and the rottenness of New Jersey—*what?*

For the growing slums in great cities, for the millions of lives there without light, hope, or opportunity, for colossal fortunes and rear tenements, for the multiplying millionaire and the multiplying pauper, for the cruelty and insatiable avarice of capital and the darkness of drudging labor—*what?*

We have been slow to admit the evil conditions that we face. We are driven to admit them now. For a long time we have been quite familiar with the combination of capital that dominates industry, stifles competition, and destroys the chance of business independence. We are just beginning to see what such combinations lead to, the peril of the fortunes they create, the peril of law persistently broken, the peril of controlled markets, controlled supplies, and controlled labor, the sobering peril of illimitable power in the hands of irresponsible men. We are beginning to see now that it is impossible to maintain a monstrous aggregation of capital like the Standard Oil System without having in it an institution that influences government and interferes with natural rights.

We have seen the gradual expatriation of the farmer, the steady decline in the number of farm owners, the steady increase in the number of farm tenants, and we know that this means the seizure of the land by great owners and the creation of a land system in all respects similar to the feudal system that has cursed Great Britain.

We have seen industry repeatedly paralyzed by strikes, and in great cities the strange spectacle of armed men constantly on guard to preserve the peace threatened by angry toilers. In Chicago we have seen the entire police force engaged for five weeks at a time in suppressing the violence alleged to have been created by one strike.

The signs multiply that Americans are beginning to weary of these things, of municipal misgovernment, the worst in the world, of the unkempt and barbarous aspect of our cities, the selfish attitude of public officers, and the perversion of all things good by the power of money.

We are restless under a Senate owned body and soul by the railroad and financial interests, under a system that allows rich men to dodge taxes and evade laws. As a nation we are heartily sick of the rule of bribery in our legislatures, boodle in our city councils, and graft in our business. We begin to feel that a system that compels us to pay dividends on fictitious and watered stocks, and to furnish the counters wherewith gamblers play the

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games of high finance, has something in it utterly and hopelessly wrong.

We have learned from Mr. Lawson and from countless examples in our daily affairs how dangerous it is to let these conditions go on—dangerous for ourselves and for the men that profit from them. We have grown familiar with the spectacle of men of good instincts and naturally good character, men who were kindly, tolerant, and generous, transformed into mad devils by the opportunity of unlimited money-getting and the craze for power; transformed so that they will stop at no crime and balk at no mean and dirty device to augment their fortunes. The country is intensely dissatisfied with a situation that makes these crimes not only possible but triumphant.

For all this what answer?

This obvious state of the public mind is not brought about by demagogues preaching alarm, but by facts and events. No one could read the story of Equitable without seeing that its real significance was the danger not merely to the policy-holders but to the whole country of these vast accumulations of capital and this vast power of the foolish or the unscrupulous to play ducks and drakes with the nation's resources. No one can read the reports of the annual profits of one of the great corporations without seeing that it portends things fit to cause the gravest meditation. Take the Standard Oil Company, for one instance. Here are all these annual millions and millions of profits rolling into the hands of five or six men. The sheer force and momentum of them becomes an irresistible power. They must be reinvested, they cannot be hoarded; and every investment thus chosen and appropriated becomes in its turn another machine producing more millions of profits that again annually demand more investments. Thus with the profits of the Standard Oil, the Rockefellers bought the New York Central System. Next year the profits of that system will demand investment and so will the profits of Standard Oil, and these will drive Rockefeller by a force utterly beyond his control, by an imperative and cumulative force, to buy other systems and still others so long as there is anything left to buy.

What this has meant up to the present time you can see from the fact that *the Standard Oil group of capitalists is represented in the directorates of three-quarters of the railroad mileage of the United States.* What it will mean if it goes on unchecked can be foreseen as easily. Take all the enterprises, all the branches of industry which are organized in ways similar to the Standard Oil and in which the same causes are producing the same measureless forces of accumulated profits. *Is it in the least unreasonable to predict a condition a few years hence in which all the productive and transportation industries of the United States will be owned by a single coterie and all other men be their salaried employees?*

These things, of course, cannot go on. We need not be Socialists, nor Radicals, nor Extremists, nor affected in the slightest degree by any doctrine of alleged remedy, to see very clearly that present conditions cannot go on. The most conservative man in America, the slowest-pulsed and coolest-headed, knows as well as the loudest Socialist agitator that they cannot go on. They are impossible, they are not in nature, they contradict the whole trend of recorded race development. They are reversionary, they refute and destroy democracy, they restore feudalism, they are utterly irreconcilable with the American idea.

The rise of this country was wrought by its conditions of freedom, equality, and opportunity guaranteed to all men. A condition in which opportunity becomes the possession and heritage of one infinitesimal class would make our history a huge and sardonic jest. An industrial feudalism is as repugnant to progress as a military feudalism. An autocracy of wealth is in every way as bad as an autocracy of rank, and no more likely to endure. The strength of any nation is the strength of its democracy. Privilege, caste, class, corruption, great wealth (which is to say, great power) in the hands of a few, the idea that wealth is immune from law and the idea that justice can be bought and sold, are the agencies that in all history have undermined and destroyed. Unless we can think that with our eyes open and with full consciousness we are ready to abandon everything we have stood for in the world, all these conditions of evil are doomed.

We need not suppose that we are alone in confronting these problems nor that they are in any way unique or peculiar. They exist around the world; they are faced, or have been faced, by every civilized people. In

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some countries they are poignant and in some they are dormant, but wherever men toil and accumulate there is a situation at least in some degree like our own. It is, indeed, only part of a contest that man began to wage as soon as he was equipped with the rudiments of a machine to think with. In these modern days the record of the devices and expedients to which this contest has forced him, the forward and backward movements, the strange experiments, the gropings about in the darkness of the most perplexing problems of humanity, are far more interesting and instructive than all records of all battles and sieges. Kings and governments come and go, armies win and lose and leave nothing for posterity, but this struggle of men goes on always, the struggle of men to live without coercion, without slavery or enslaving, without oppression or penury, with some decency and some opportunity and what joy they can lay hold of. Nothing else that men have attempted compares with this ancient protest against force, the curious blind struggle to find some way to live by which no man shall have too much and none too little, but all the children of the earth shall have some share of the fruits of the earth with some share of freedom. It is really the only human struggle worth thinking about, for this includes all others and remains when others pass.

In some way the Americans will find a cure for the evils that now beset and hamper them, as in old days they found a cure for monarchical despotism and again for African slavery. It may come from the sheer education of men, so that they will learn that wealth acquired by any means stained with dishonesty or other men's sufferings is not worth having; that merely as a selfish business proposition aggrandizement does not pay. Or it may come by changes in our laws that will effectively prevent undue accumulation and divert native energy to things that are worth while. Or it may come by the force of public opinion that will put the proper brand of shame and dishonor upon tainted money and modern piracy. It may come from such an awakened public conscience that high finance will be put on a plane with burglary and pocket-picking, or it may come from a new race of executives that shall insist upon the strict enforcement of the laws as they stand, without exception and without favor. Or it may come in some other way of which none of us has thought. In some way it will come, if the republic is to endure, and if all the promise of history is not to be crushed by a strange return to force and tyranny.

Without attempting to argue for one way or another, and without prejudice, I purpose to relate here some of the extraordinary experiences that in the last few years have befallen various communities in their struggle to find a solution of the universal problem.

I shall relate how under such conditions as now plague us twenty-eight half-starved weavers gathered in a hovel and struck blindly and unconsciously upon an idea that has revolutionized one country's business and alleviated the condition of millions. I shall tell how their twopenny subscriptions and little self-denials have been better in their results than all the solemn conclusions of all the solemn authorities on political economy. I am to tell how their labors evoked a degree of unselfish devotion to the common good that cynical philosophers assert does not exist. I am to tell how Cooperation seemed at first to be the certain panacea for all the troubles of men oppressed on one side by the greed of the fortunate and on the other by the fear of starvation; how the power of wealth assailed and often overthrew the cooperative movement, and how, with all its blessings and advantages, it failed to reach the mass of suffering humanity. I am to tell all the stages of this remarkable development, one of the most interesting and instructive of the records of men, the story of the accidental starting of the fire by the twenty-eight poor weavers stumbling about in the dark and of how that fire ran around the earth.

Further, I am to narrate how in the course of this supreme struggle of mankind the state has repeatedly taken part and with varying results. It has often interfered with the usual gainful pursuits of men, and assumed the functions that in this country we have uniformly left to private enterprises. In some parts of the world it has sought to prevent the gathering of excessive wealth and power by becoming itself a commercial trader and entering into active competition with its citizens. Sometimes it has provided for the public all the means of transportation and all the telegraphs and telephones, the lighting and even the fuel, and sometimes, as conspicuously in the case of London, it has undertaken to build and rent dwelling-houses, stores, and theaters, operate lines of steamers, and provide work for the unemployed. The idea of state interference, which first took root in a very few countries where private capital was

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not strong enough nor alert enough to build railroads, has grown and made headway until now in Europe more than five-sixths of all the railroads are owned and operated by government. Only France and England remain, among European nations, with privately owned railroad systems, and the arrangements are complete by which in a short time the French railroads, some of the best in the world, are to pass into government hands. In Switzerland the question of trying to cure the universal evil by abolishing privately owned transportation lines was submitted to a vote of the people, as in that ideal democracy all public questions must be submitted, and carried by an overwhelming majority. In Italy, after trying at different times public and private ownership, the government has lately ousted all the railroad companies and undertaken to repeat for its citizens the agreeable results achieved in Switzerland.

The progress of these experiments seems to be well worth the best attention of any American; how they have been devised, how they have been carried out, how sometimes they have succeeded in their aim and sometimes have failed utterly. It will be interesting, I hope, to note that at every stage of the story there has been the resolute opposition of organized capital, or, in other words, of the conservative power of investments and established wealth, which has contended everywhere against the entire movement.

The cooperating workmen of England have had to fight step by step against the forces that profited by the established methods of trading. Municipal ownership of street-car lines and of lighting and water plants has been reached in every case only after a hand-to-hand struggle with powerful private interests. The London County Council has been assailed at every stage of the policy that has introduced such amazing changes in London life. The Swiss election was carried against all the political resources and adroit maneuvers of powerful corporations. The railroad companies in France have sought to defeat or delay the accession of the government to their property. Laws are continually suggested to prevent the further spread of Cooperation. One of the most autocratic of European nations found that when it undertook to extend to a coal-mine the principle of public ownership by which it had long operated its railroads, the coal-mine owners were strong enough to defeat its intention. *So that here we have performed before us in the actual experiences of contemporaneous men the whole range of all the cures that ever have been proposed for the universal evil, the endless struggle of mass and class, the stirring spectacle of the modern battle-field. For in the twentieth century, it may be supposed the forms of the world-old contest have changed, the conflicts that used to be waged with clubs and guns are now settled by intellectual forces, and day after day in these colossal changes we may see fought out before us far more momentous battles than Waterloo.*

Beyond Europe the old struggle has brought forth in Australia a new form of government, a constitution of advanced philosophy, a system by which aggrandizement is curbed, the weak are protected against the strong, and, while no private enterprise is restrained, there can be no huge combinations to prey upon the public and absorb the vitality of capital. Starting later than the rest of us, profiting by so much human experience, and being worked out by what we are pleased to call the ablest thinkers and foremost minds, this constitution has been declared to be the most nearly perfect that ever has been devised, the ripe fruit of modern thought and observation. Under it a hod-carrier has become a chief magistrate, and the people have seemed to secure the largest possible measure of self-government. I am to tell how it has worked in practise, and how it has succeeded as a piece of government machinery, and how it has failed to solve the problem of the happiness and security of mankind.

At the same time in another new land the movement toward state ownership and state control that has lately swept over Europe has been carried to the farthest limits. I am to tell how New Zealand has contended with our problems and what kind of answers she has found for them in a system by which the government owns and operates railroads, telegraphs, telephones, banks, insurances, how it prevents strikes by compulsory arbitration, helps workmen to find employment, and conducts a paternal supervision of every citizen from the cradle to the grave. I am to tell what has come of this, and what life is like in a country where there are no strikes, no lockouts, no contests between labor and capital, no very rich men, none very poor, no disturbances, no riots, no rancorous politics, no "pulls," no jobs,

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no trusts, no Wall Street, no Standard Oil, no Ogden Armour, no unpunished crime, no bribery, no grafting, nothing to fight about and nothing to do but to live and die. The condition of New Zealand has been held up as the ideal and ultimate state to which all modern progress inevitably tends. These papers are to tell how the New Zealand system works in practise and what it really does and fails to do.

And it will appear as a strange and awful fact that in the first of the countries we are to consider in these papers the influence of civilization has become so weak that in the centers of great modern cities, surrounded by wealth and sumptuous display, millions of men and women are daily and visibly relapsing into barbarism. After a long descent from the race most talked about and boasted of, and after all the aids of the most advanced modern life, the fruit there is the type of a dreadful creature, deformed in body and mind, cursed with inherited disease, helpless and hopeless, bringing into the world other creatures more wretched than himself, darkening the glass of civilization with the sinister portent of his haggard face. It will appear that this product of city life in England is increasing so rapidly and becoming so threatening that natural commissions are formed to consider him and how to mitigate the plague of him, and yet he increases, and yet all the excellent plans and schemes that help others and lighten other burdens never reach him nor diminish his numbers nor take from the national life the shadow of his presence. It will appear, I trust, that he is the natural and perfect product of the system of unchecked and insatiable greed, of the system of class and caste which forms England's problem as it forms ours, and that these systems having proceeded much farther and existed much longer in England than in the United States, it is possible for us to stop now and consider whether we really wish to erect Stepneys and Clerkenwells in our own cities.

On the other hand, it will appear that in the last and newest of the countries that in the succeeding chapters we are to deal with, so strong is the new civilization that men whose grandfathers were brown, naked savages in the woods, now sit in councils, shape policies, help to further progress and decide questions of national concern, take important part in government, and discharge with serious and ready minds the full duties of a responsible citizenship. It will appear that in two generations men of this race have been found fully able to play in the world the parts played by the descendants of a long line of civilized beings. And nothing else may seem stranger than this contrast between the civilized Maori of New Zealand and the reverted savage of the East End of London.

And yet it may appear that in spite of reversion here and failure there, in spite of one tale everywhere of remedies that do not cure and efforts that do not reach the goal attempted, something is gained. From all the clashing around the world of opposing ideas and theories, for the generality of mankind something is gained, and eventually, of course, there will be the way out.

For this will seem the inevitable conclusion, that in the end, the substance of all the experiments in various countries I am to write about and of all the attacks upon the old problems is always the rise of the common people. That goes on everywhere, not always evenly nor without defeats, but in the end it goes on. The railroad schedules in Germany are prepared for the convenience of the plain people. The English cooperative movement has lessened somewhat the burden of life for the plain people. The street-car lines of London are operated to enable the plain people to get about. The Swiss railroad management plans cheap rates and excursions for third-class passengers. The constitution of Australia was planned to give the plain people adequate representation. In New Zealand the government is actively conducted by them.

These facts indicate the profound changes of the last century. It ought to be of intense interest to all of us and something for all of us to think of, the part that we played in the early history of this movement. For most of these things have been the certain fruit of the American idea, most of these seeds we planted ourselves. The Declaration of Independence pointed toward the Australia of to-day as certainly as it pointed toward separate nationality here, and with all the other considerations that pertain to this review it may be worth while to see if, having once taught the world a great truth, we are not now in a way to become in our own turn its pupils.

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The Fourth Elizabeth

By ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

Illustrations by Anne Estelle Rice

Place: The Hanover Green Burying-ground.
Characters: Mrs. Doolittle,
Miss Milly Thomas, the young school-teacher.
Mrs. Doolittle, of Hanover Green, speaking:

I D'CLARE, Milly Thomas, you look as sweet as them brier roses you're pickin'. I scairt you, didn't I, speakin' out so sudden when you didn't know a body was near? I shouldn't 'a' spoke if you hadn't stopped to pick them temptin' roses. They're the biggest sweetbrier blossoms 't ever I see. I wonder if it's 'cause they're growin' in the buryin'-ground—my, what you throwin' 'em away for?

You never thought o' them growin' in the graveyard? They don't, your side o' the wall, but the bush starts on this side close by Gran'ma Beebee's grave. If flowers is the spirits of dead folks, you couldn't have no sweeter flower spirit than ol' Gran'ma Beebee's, so tuck the roses in your belt, Milly Thomas, an' try to be as like 'em as you look.

I s'pose you're glad your school-teachin's done for the week, but you ain't started to walk all the way home to Deansville, have you? Oh, I see by your cheeks gittin' pinker'n roses that Charley Knight wa'n't shinin' up his buggy for nothin' this mornin'. Well, Charley's a good boy, an' you——

What be I doin' all 'lone in the buryin'-ground? Why, anybody with half an eye could see I was settin' here knittin' an' enjoyin' myself.

You don't see how anybody can enjoy themselves in a buryin'-ground? That's 'cause you're too young to know that pleasures is diff'rent things to diff'rent people. It's most like visitin' these folks I used to know, to set here by their graves an' think o' all the good times we've had together. Sometimes I go to one lot an' sometimes to another. I'm visitin' the Reeds now. When I git tired I walk round. It's very int'restin' walkin' in a graveyard where you know the folks. There's lots o' good readin' on the stones, too, an' some that's funny if you know the folks that's lyin' under 'em.

There's Abigail Mudge's, fer instance. Abigail could scold a bluer streak than any woman in Hanover Green, an' when she wa'n't scoldin' she was faultfindin'. If there wa'n't anything else handy she'd find fault with the moon. I've heard her. If you was where you could read it, you'd see it said on her stone:

> "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
> Gentle as the summer breeze,"

an' so on. A cyclone was more like Abigail when she got goin', but 'twouldn't do to put it on her gravestone. Come to think on 't, none of us would relish havin' our real characters carved on a stone an' set up over us. I'd ruther not have any character myself.

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Speakin' o' characters reminds me there's three poor women lyin' under that weepin' willer, yonder, that ain't got characters nor names either on their stones—their real names, I mean.

How come that? It come 'long o' their husband bein' so sot in his way. Bless you, no—not a Mormon; he married an' buried 'em one to a time. If you want to see the stones—an' most everybody does—you skip over that tumbled-down place in the wall an' I'll show 'em to you.

Three wives an' all named 'Liz'beth? Does seem so, don't it? First stone says—

"Elizabeth, wife of Isaac A. Rockwell," born so an' so; married so an' so; died so an' so.

Second stone says—

"Elizabeth, second wife of Isaac A. Rockwell," was born, married, an' died, likewise; an' the third stone says—

"Elizabeth, third wife of Isaac A. Rockwell," follered their example.

Now there wa'n't one o' them women named 'Liz'beth, to begin with. Isaac named 'em over after he married 'em—kind of a grown-up chris'nin', you might say.

You'd like to hear 'bout it? Well, come over an' set on the Reeds' bench—the Reeds an' Averys is the only ones that's got furniture in the buryin'-ground—an' I'll tell you.

You know the Rockwell house—that big white one jest out o' the village on the Waterville road? The Rockwells used to be one o' the most free-handed an' hospitable families in the whole county up to Isaac's time. Isaac's pa married Lucreeshy Randall, an' died when Isaac was five years old, leavin' all his prope'ty to Mis' Rockwell, an' after she'd done with it, 'twas to go to Isaac. The Randalls—Mis' Rockwell's folks—was dreadful near. They was the kind that skims their milk top an' bottom, an' then turns it over an' skims it ag'in. Lucreeshy was the savin'est an' stingiest of the whole lot, an' soon's her husband died she turned off the hired help, an' got a half-grown boy to chore it for his board. She shut up the house all but the kitchen an' two bedrooms, an' there they two lived in one corner o' that big house till Isaac was twenty-three years old, when she took sick an' died.

Folks thought after Mis' Rockwell died an' Isaac come into the prope'ty, he'd take up some o' the old Rockwell ways, but he'd allus lived a tallow-candle life, an' didn't seem to want nothin' better. The only change he made was to git married, an' he did that 'cause 'twas cheaper than to hire. His first wife lived thirteen years, an' in all that time they never had her a'nt, that brought her up an' was the only relation she had, there to a single meal. Isaac said he wa'n't goin' to be et out o' house an' home by his wife's relations.

That house is full of the most beautiful things—chiny, an' silver, an' stuff from furrin parts, but as fur as takin' any good of 'em they might jest as well not had 'em. The only time Isaac's wife laid a hand on 'em was when she cleaned house, an' then Isaac used to stan' roun' an' tell her not to waste the soap.

For thirteen years Elspeth jest ground along with hardly 'nough to eat an' no clo'es to speak of—no new ones, I mean.

Yes, 'tis 'Liz'beth, not Elspeth, on the stone, but didn't I tell you 'Liz'beth wa'n't her name? 'Twas Elspeth—Elspeth Graham—an' one day Isaac was sayin' what a queer name 'twas, an' Elspeth said she was named for her great-gran'mother, a Scotchwoman, an' Elspeth was Scotch fer 'Liz'beth.

"If that's so," ses Isaac, "I'll call you 'Liz'beth, fer I ain't no likin' fer the name o' Elspeth."

So he did from that day, an' when she died he went an' had 'Liz'beth put on her gravestone.

His next wife was Mary 'Lizy Whitcomb. Mary 'Lizy was an orphan, too, but she had more snap than Elspeth, an' said she cal'lated to take some good out o' that house, but land! she never did, an' what's more, she had to wear out all Elspeth's old clo'es 'fore Isaac would buy her any more.

They hadn't been married long 'fore Isaac ses:

"I can't git used to Mary 'Lizy. I call you 'Liz'beth 'fore I think, an' seein' it's handier fer me, an' 'Lizy's most like 'Liz'beth anyhow, I'll jest call you 'Liz'beth."

So Mary 'Lizy become 'Liz'beth, an' when she died he went an' had 'Liz'beth put on her gravestone too.

Betsey Drake was his next wife. She didn't marry fer a home like t'others, fer Betsey made a good livin' sewin', an' had most four hunderd dollars saved, so she was well-to-do.

We was packin' a missionary barrel the week 'fore she was married—Betsey was great for missionary work—an' she says to me confidential like:

"Mis' Doolittle, you know folks is wonderin' what I want to marry Isaac Rockwell

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fer, when I've got money laid by. I wouldn't tell everybody, but I'll tell you," ses she. "I'm goin' to be a missionary to him. Isaac ain't never had the gospel o' spendin' preached to him, an' I'm goin' to preach it an' tend to it that he practises it too. You mark my words, you'll see a change. I'm goin' to have the sewin' s'ciety there soon's I'm married, an' the parlor'll be opened for it, an', moreover, I'll be called Betsey even if 'tis a homely name. He won't tack no 'Liz'beth on to me."

I was real cur'ous to see how Betsey'd make out. She was perseverin' once she set 'bout doin' anythin', but she might jest as well 'a' tried to git that tin rooster on Hubbard's barn to stand still when the wind blows as to try to change Isaac Rockwell. She did have the sewin' s'ciety there, but we had to set in the kitchen, an' we wouldn't 'a' had a thing to eat if Betsey hadn't sent Danny Reed, that come with his ma, down to the store fer crackers an' cheese an' some tea. Isaac had took an' locked up everything she'd got ready fer the s'ciety to eat. We never went there ag'in.

An' the worst of it all for Betsey was that he called her 'Liz'beth, same's he did the others. Betsey was proper mad 'bout it, but she couldn't put a stop to it.

"I've allus called my wives 'Liz'beth," ses he, "an' seein' one name's good's another, I'll call you 'Liz'beth too."

She said she'd be called Betsey or nothin', but that didn't make no difference to Isaac. She told me that once she wouldn't speak to him for three weeks, but finally she had to give in. I don't know how she got along with her preachin' of spendin', but Isaac didn't do no practisin'. I guess she wore herself out in the cause, fer she didn't live but three years after she was married. He had 'Liz'beth put on her stone, same as 'twas on t'others, an' they say when he bought it he tried to git it cheaper on 'count o' gittin' so many. The man told him if he'd take three to a time he'd be willin' to throw off some, but Isaac said, no, he could git more fer his money loanin' it out than tyin' it up in gravestones.

"ISAAC USED TO STAN' ROUN' AN' TELL HER NOT TO WASTE THE SOAP."

Of course everybody wondered who'd be the fourth 'Liz'beth, but fer three years he jest had the Widow Burrows in once a week to bake an' clean, an' got 'long the rest o' the time alone.

Year ago last spring he was over to Waterville tradin' an' a young woman come in the store that took his eye in a minute.

"Who was that?" he says, when she'd gone out.

"Her name's 'Liz'beth Hill," ses the storekeeper, snickerin'. "She's stoppin' over to the Benedicts'."

Mis' Benedict is kind of a buttonhole cousin to the Rockwells, an' Isaac went right over there on purpose to see Miss Hill. Everybody knew he'd married his other wives jest fer housekeepers, but he went clean daft over this

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"SHE DID HAVE THE SEWIN' S'CIETY THERE, BUT WE HAD TO SET IN THE KITCHEN."

woman. She's a good deal younger than he is—Isaac's past fifty an' she's thirty-odd—though she don't seem over twenty, she wears such pretty clo'es, an' acts so gay an' full o' fun. She stayed to the Benedicts' all summer an' kep' Isaac on the tenter-hooks. When he first begun goin' to see her, he heard Mis' Benedict call her Betty.

"Why," ses Isaac, "I was told your name was 'Liz'beth."

"I've been told that, too," ses she, "but I don't like the name, so I've changed it to Betty."

Isaac spruced up so you'd hardly know him. Got new clo'es, an' a new carriage, an' lots o' things, an' jest as folks was sayin' they didn't believe she'd ever have him, they was married. They say 'twas the gayest kind of a weddin' too. Isaac had took his other wives right home, but Miss Betty Hill wanted a weddin' tower, so they went to Ol' P'int Comfort. I'll bet a cooky 'twa'n't much of a comfort to Isaac to pay for it, for they do say them hotels charge like anything.

After the weddin' I went over to Waterville to visit Mis' Benedict, an' she told me all 'bout Miss Betty Hill. She hadn't any money 'cept what she earned. She was a music-teacher in New York an' got big prices, an' she'd earn a lot in the winter, an' then in the summer she'd spend it all on clo'es an' good times. When it come fall she wouldn't have a cent left an' then she'd go to work an' earn more. Her pa an' ma's dead, but she's got lots o' relations, Mis' Benedict ses, an' they give her all her weddin' things. She said she knew Miss Betty Hill wouldn't never 'a' married Isaac if she hadn't known he had a good bank account.

'Fore Isaac went on his tower he give the Widow Burrows two dollars an' told her to be to the house when they got home an' have somethin' to eat, but the day after the weddin' she got a letter from Mrs. Betty Hill Rockwell with twenty dollars in it, tellin' Mis' Burrows to git the house all cleaned an' fixed up, an' to hire extry help if she wanted it, an' git a good stout girl to do the work permanent.

Mis' Burrows did her work thorough, an' fixed up the house so it looked like a picter. The Rockwells have got beautiful things, but they've been shut up fer twenty-five years. I run in the night Mis' Burrows expected 'em home, an' it did look cheerful an' no mistake, fer the house was all lit up an' a fire in the big

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"MADAME MIRROR, YOU'RE GOIN' TO REFLECT GAY DOIN'S SOON."

fireplace in the hall, an' the front doors was open, an' a lamp with a red shade on was sendin' a long streak o' colored light down the walk, beckonin'-like for 'em to come in.

Mis' Burrows said she was in the door when they come up the steps, an' Isaac bowed to his wife an' ses:

"Welcome to your new home, 'Liz'beth."

Mis' Rockwell looked round kind o' surprised an' ses she:

"Who be you talkin' to, Isaac?"

"Why, to you, of course," ses he.

"I guess you've forgot my name's Betty," ses she, an' there she stood stock-still, an' never offered to go a step into the house, till Isaac ses, meek as Moses:

"Welcome to your new home, Betty," an' she skipped in like a kitten.

Isaac looked round an' begun to ask Mis' Burrows what all the lights was for, but 'fore he'd fairly begun Mis' Rockwell ses:

"Oh, Isaac, how perfectly sweet of you to have the place all 'luminated fer my home-comin'."

She went into the parlor an' kind o' danced up to the big lookin'-glass 'tween the windows an' made herself a bow an' ses:

"Madame Mirror," ses she, "you're goin' to reflect gay doin's soon. This is the grandest house for all sorts of merry-makin's."

Mis' Burrows said it sounded jest like a book the way she talked.

"Now, will you please show me my room?" ses she, an' she started for the stairs.

Isaac hadn't said a word—fact is, he hadn't had a chance—but now he spoke up an' ses:

"Your room's down-stairs. I ain't never been in the habit o' sleepin' up-stairs."

"Ain't you?" ses she, soft as silk. "I ain't never been in the habit o' sleepin' down-stairs, an' I can't change my habits easy, so my room'll be up-stairs," an' with that she pattered up the steps, an' by the time Mis' Burrows got up, she was in the big front room with her things off an' was smoothin' her hair 'fore the glass.

Mis' Burrows had set the table with the best chiny an' linen, but all the silver was locked up an' she'd had to put on some old steel knives an' forks, an' German silver teaspoons. When they set down to eat, Mis' Rockwell took up one o' the forks an' looked at it an' ses:

"Is these the best knives an' forks we've got? Ain't it lucky I put a few pieces o' mother's silver in my bag 'stead o' packin' it with the rest! I'll get it," ses she, "fer 'twould spile my supper to eat with these things." But Isaac told her to set still, an' he unlocked the big closet built side o' the chimney an' took out spoons an' forks an' knives.

Mis' Burrows wiped 'em off an' was puttin' 'em on the table when there was a clatter in the kitchen.

Isaac started up an' asked who was in the kitchen, but 'fore Mis' Burrows could answer, Mis' Rockwell spoke up:

"I think it's the maid," ses she. Mis' Rockwell's so stylish she calls a hired girl a maid. Sounds like Scripter to me.

Mis' Burrows made an excuse to go to the kitchen, fer she see by Isaac's face somethin' was goin' to happen. If it did, 'twa'n't what Mis' Burrows expected, fer when she come in with the puddin', there set Mis' Rockwell on

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the arm o' Isaac's chair, puttin' sugar an' cream in his tea, an' he'd allus took it clear, Mis' Burrows said.

"We've talked it over, Mis' Burrows," ses Mrs. Betty, "an' seein' the house is so much bigger'n I thought, Mr. Rockwell thinks I ought to have another maid an' a housekeeper, an' if you're at liberty I'd like to have you fer the latter."

Mis' Burrows looked at Isaac, but he jest stirred his tea an' said nothin', so Mis' Burrows said she'd be pleased to stay.

Mis' Burrows was in the pantry while they was eatin' their puddin', an' she says she heard Mis' Rockwell say:

"Isaac, dear, I've never thought to ask what the 'A' stood for in your name."

"A's for Archibald," ses Isaac. "I was named fer my great-grandfather, Colonel Archibald Rockwell."

"Archibald's a splendid name," ses Mis' Rockwell, "an' I don't see why your folks didn't call you that 'stead o' Isaac. I've a good min' to call you Archie, I like it so much better. The name o' Isaac allus makes me think o' burnt offerin's."

Mis' Burrows said she was so 'fraid she'd laugh right out, she went into the kitchen; so she didn't hear what Isaac said, but she had the chance o' judgin', for after breakfast next mornin' Mis' Rockwell says, mild as a dove:

"You might give me the keys, Isaac *Archie*, an' I'll look over the silver with Mis' Burrows an' take out what we want to use fer every day."

Talk 'bout burnt offerin's! Mis' Burrows said Isaac looked like a lamb ready fer sacrifice when he handed out the keys, but he never said a word.

They had a reception right off, an' it set the Green buzzin' when folks got cards sayin' Mr. an' Mis' Isaac Archibald Rockwell requested the pleasure o' their comp'ny. Everybody went, for it was the first time anybody'd been invited to the Rockwell house in over twenty-five years. When we got there we had to go in the back way, an' for fear we wouldn't, they had a man stand to the gate with a lantern to tell us.

"Ain't that jest like Isaac Rockwell," ses I, "makin' us traipse way round to the back door for fear we'd wear out his front steps?"

Thomas said 'twas, but Mis' Burrows told me afterward that Mis' Rockwell said that was the way folks did in the city.

When we got inside, one o' the hired girl maids—she's got three now—told us to go up the back-way stairs an' take off our things, an' go down the front stairs. The hall is a big wide one, an' when we got down, there stood Isaac an' Mis' Rockwell, she with her white satin weddin' dress on, an' he with a swaller-tail coat that set him off so you'd think he come right from the city an' was the

"THEY HAD A RECEPTION RIGHT OFF, AND EVERYBODY WENT, FOR IT WAS THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY'D BEEN INVITED TO THE HOUSE IN OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."

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Gov'ner of it besides, an' made him look ten years younger.

Now the three other Mis' Rockwells hadn't never been 'lowed to use the parlor 'cept for their funerals, an' I don't s'pose that was much of a comfort to 'em, but this Mis' Rockwell, she uses the whole house from top to bottom, an' everything in it too. She has comp'ny most all the time, an' whatever she wants done Isaac does it, an' Mis' Burrows ses she b'lieves he's beginnin' to like it, for he don't say nothing more 'bout the cost o' things. Isaac's met with a change, an' a mighty big one too.

He an' Mis' Rockwell's goin' to Lake Placid next month—somehow I can't think even yet o' it bein' placid fer Isaac to spend money—an' 'fore they go there's goin' to be a change that'll s'prise Hanover Green folks more'n anything Isaac's done yet.

I was here a spell ago, when who should come into the buryin'-ground but Mis' Rockwell an' Isaac.

"What in time's he bringin' her here for?" ses I to myself. "She ain't one o' them that'll take any warnin' from them tombstone verses such as:

"'Reader, behold as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,'

so 'twon't be no use fer him to try to stop her goin's on by showin' 'em to her. I'd give my old shoes to hear what she'll say when she sees them three stones."

They didn't see me, fer I was settin' behind them bushes on the Bentleys' lot, an' they went straight to where the Rockwells was buried.

I wasn't lis'nin' partic'lar, but 'twas so still an' clear I could hear every word they said.

"Betty," ses Isaac, "what did you want to come here for?"

"Why," ses she, "to decide 'bout the monniment, so we can order it when we go to Utiky to-morrow."

"I ain't never thought o' gittin' no monniment," ses Isaac. "Plain gravestones is good 'nough for me."

"For you an' me, mebbe," ses she, "but you've told me so much 'bout your ancestors that was buried here that done things that deserved a monniment, I made sure you was thinkin' o' gittin' one for 'em; but of course if you don't want to——"

"A monniment would cost a pile o' money," put in Isaac, "an' there ain't no place for it with all these stones."

"Oh, when folks has monniments they don't have no stones," ses Mis' Rockwell. "They take 'em all away an' jest put markers to the graves—little low stones with a name on 'em an' nothin' else. They put all the rest there is 'bout 'em on the monniment."

"What," ses Isaac, "throw away all these good stones?"

"Some of 'em's so old they'll have to be throwed away pretty soon," ses Mis' Rockwell; "besides, the monniment would do for you an' me an' save gittin' any more stones. You'd want me to have a good stone, wouldn't you, Isaac, dear?" ses she.

Isaac said she could have any kind o' stone she wanted, an' she said she wanted a monniment, then, fer her heart was jest set on it.

Pretty soon she went round in front o' them three stones there, an' she ses:

"Oh, my, Isaac, you never told me all your other wives was named 'Liz'beth. Ain't that the funniest thing? Four Liz'beths!"

Isaac hemmed an' hawed an' finally stammered out that 'twa'n't their name, but he liked it, so he'd called 'em all 'Liz'beth.

"An' I s'pose," ses Mis' Rockwell, sweet an' simple like, "that you was so bowed down with grief when you went to order their stones, you forgot to have their right names put on. Well, never mind, we can fix that all right on the monniment," ses she.

When Thomas come home to dinner this noon he told me there was a big monniment an' a lot o' little stones to the depot, an' they was for Isaac Rockwell. Soon's ever I got my dinner work done, I changed my dress an' went round there. The men was taking off the boards an' I read the names. There ain't no "'Liz'beth, wife of Isaac Rockwell" on 'em, but there's Elspeth, an' Mary 'Lizy, an' Betsey, that's occupied that office.

Oh, she's cute as a fox, is Mis' Rockwell. Her heart wa'n't so much set on havin' a big monniment, as 'twas set on gittin' them three stones that's been the laughin'-stock o' the town out o' the buryin'-ground.

Isaac's name is on the monniment, an' hers, too, with a place left for 'em to die, but do you think she's had her proper name, 'Liz'beth, on it? No, she has not, Milly Thomas, an' I jest had to laugh when I read Betty, jest Betty.

Gracious, who's that whistlin' so loud? Oh, I see. You'll have to be goin'. It's "Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad," with most girls, but the shoe is on the other foot with the fourth 'Liz'beth.

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THE BRAHMAS, THE ONES WITH LOTS OF MEAT ON THEM.

Chickens

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrations by J. M. Condé

IF a really good man undertook it, and went about it in the right way, I should think a fine article could be written about chickens. It's a big subject, look at it any way you like. Financially, for example. People ride through the country, and hardly notice the hens wallowing in the roadway dust, and scurrying out from under the horse's feet with a frightened squall; they hear the roosters crowing, and it seems to them (if they heed the sound at all) only a part of rural silence, as contrasted with urban racket; they have eggs for breakfast, and they refresh themselves with roast fowl after hearing a long and arduous sermon, and never once attempt to picture to themselves how many millions are in like case, having eggs for breakfast and roast fowl for Sunday dinner. Many a mickle makes a muckle, let me tell you that.

Think of the iron and steel industry in this country. Picture to yourself all the dividends earned by all the big rolling-mills with smoke boiling out of their tall chimneys, with the sweating, half-naked workmen inside, and the long, red, snaky lengths of iron writhing around in the lurid gloom. Think how much iron and steel is used every year. There must be a power of money in that business.

Consider the gold-mining industry, and how much solid, hefty wealth is every year panned out, and crushed out, and wheedled away from penurious and stingy ore by mercury and cyanides. Quite a lot of money made in the gold industry every year in this country.

And yet the two of them put together don't come up to what is made for us as a nation by these same hens wallowing in the roadway dust, and squalling as they scuffle out from under your horse's feet. The man I am telling you about, the competent writer that will do this article about chickens and do it right, won't be as lazy and trifling and do-less as I am, taking his figures from the census report, which shows that the eggs and poultry marketed in the year 1899 amounted to more than $281,000,000. He'll get up-to-date statistics, showing the condition of things for the year ending the fifteenth of this current month. A lot more people are keeping chickens to-day than there were in 1899, but even so, $281,000,000 a year isn't doing so badly. I don't suppose that even Mr. Rockefeller draws down very much more than that every year from his business.

And yet that is by no means all the income there is from the poultry industry, as this writer would undoubtedly show you. The home consumption of eggs doesn't get into the census reports at all. Eggs are a pretty complete ration, and deservedly popular as an article of diet if they have half a chance. I mean just the bare egg with salt and pepper

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VIRGINIA, A PERFECT FOOL OF A HEN.

on it, not counting custards and floating island and cakes, and all such dew-dabs. Those who live a long way from a hen can manage to get away with one egg at a meal, and if they are particularly ravenous and sharp-set can choke down three at a sitting, but you mustn't go by that in making out your estimate. Out where they pick the hen-fruit, so to speak, right off their own vines with the dew still on it, they have far different standards as to what constitutes a full day's work in the matter of eating eggs.

There are about 6,000,000 farms in the United States. The census report says that not all of them keep chickens. That'll do to tell, but you can't ever make me believe it. What? A farmer, and no chickens scratching the barn-yard and laying in the hay mow? Oh, get out! Quit your fooling. But supposing that there are here and there some few such softies. There are hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people with garden-patches and hen-houses that are not farmers, and never think of such a thing as selling an egg or a broiler. They surely ought to make up for the deficiency in farmers, and give us six million hen establishments in this broad land of ours. I think that half a dozen eggs a day does not overstep the mark of consumption for each household that has chickens. That's 3,000,000 dozen eggs a day. At ten cents a dozen—I wish I could get 'em for twice that when they are cheapest—that would mean $300,000 a day, which is quite a respectable income, even though in the chicken industry it is so small that it doesn't get on the petty cash-book.

I don't know how to compute the number of chickens that go into the pot every day. I don't suppose even the quarterly conference reports have any figures in regard to "yellow-leg chickens consumed."

But the financial aspect of chickens is the least interesting to me. I should want the man that gets up this article to pay a good deal of attention to the history of the hen. Where did she originally come from? Are there any birds now extant that may be considered to be the parent stock of our barn-yard fowl? I don't mean that he should go into such things as that the Plymouth Rocks are derived from a cross between the domineckers (well, Dominiques, then, if you're so particular) and the Javas. No. I want to hear about *Gallus bankiva* and all that sort of thing, don't you know? And I want him to be able to make it as interesting as a detective story. I'd want him to trace the Asiatic fowls, like the Brahmas, the ones with lots of meat on them, that have almost lost the trick of flying, that lay brown eggs and not so very many of them, and that want to sit every four weeks and five minutes; I'd want him to work out the story of the Mediterranean stocks, trim, neat of figure, flyers from who laid the rail, poor sitters, but prodigal layers, often reaching 200 eggs a year apiece for whole flocks.

I'd want him to go quite extensively into the habits and customs of hens and demonstrate (*a*) how these habits and customs tended to preserve the race when wild, and (*b*) enabled man to domesticate them. He'd have his work all cut out for him there.

I remember reading quite a charming old book, full of quotations from the Latin classics (considerately translated in the foot-notes) all about this very thing. But it was written in the early part of the nineteenth century before this man—this man— Now what's his name? Begins with D. Draper? No. Darwin. That's it. Darwin. You might have heard of him. Charles Darwin. Before this man Darwin had come to the front.

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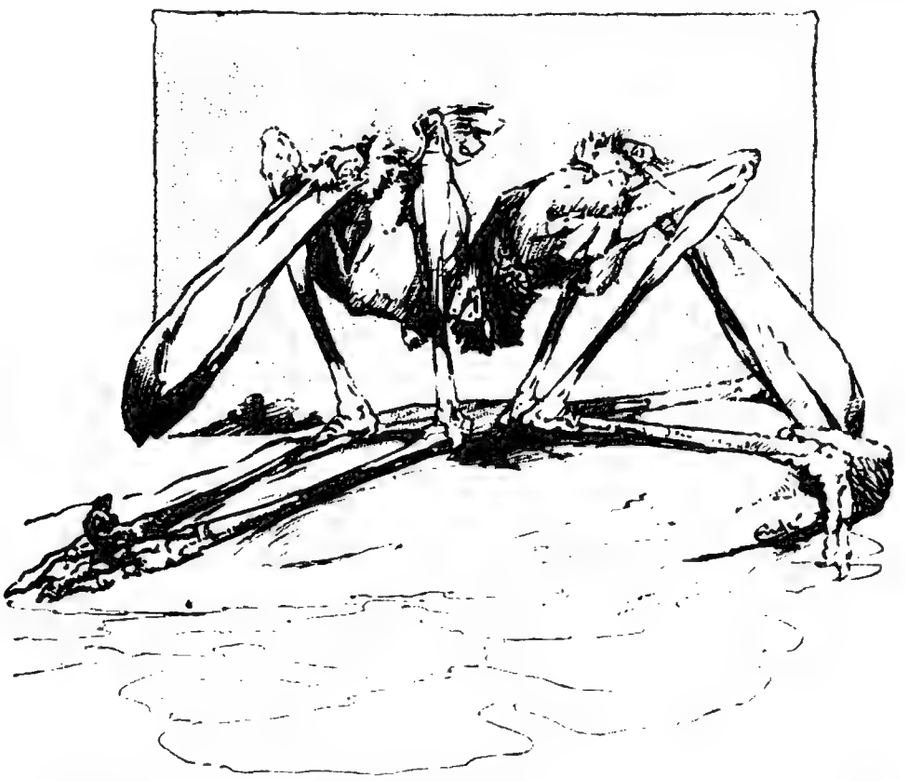
He was just a young chap in those days, but the author of the book had a good deal to say about Erasmus Darwin, his grandfather, and if he didn't fairly beat the carpet with Erasmus! Gentle*men!* It seems Erasmus Darwin had put forth the notion that it wasn't entirely improbable that a stock animal, so to speak, might under the necessity of getting a living, develop special characteristics, one in one industry (as you might say), and another in another, so that after a good long while the descendants of this stock animal would be very different kinds of animals. Take a bird, for instance. Just a plain bird of no particular kind. If it had to get its living on the shore of a lake picking up killies and frogs and such like, its legs would grow long and its bill would stretch out till the first thing you knew, there'd be a crane. Or this bird might turn its attention to another way of getting a living, and its feet would turn into talons, and its bill into a cutting and tearing beak, and there'd be an eagle. Erasmus Darwin—I don't know that he said it in so many words—had the idea that the necessity of getting a living might induce a bird to make structural changes in its make-up, just as men in a trade develop specially shaped tools.

Well, sir, the author of this book just hooted at any such fool idea. He was a clergyman, and it may have been that he was professionally opposed to any doctrine that didn't keep the Almighty on the keen jump every daylight hour of the first six days of the world's history. But he was really in earnest about it, and went at it with more enthusiasm than would a special pleader. Where was the long period of time to come from, pray tell? On the 25th of September, 1843, the world would be exactly 5847 years old (4004 plus 1843). There wasn't time for any such thing. But he was particularly pleased that he was able to prove the doctrine of special creation by chickens. That was a subject that he knew about, and the facts knocked Erasmus Darwin's theory into a cocked hat, whatever that may be.

It was possible, he granted for the sake of argument, to breed varieties of fowl by mating those which showed certain characteristics, but—here was the point—those breeds weren't fixed at all, and tended either to die out from the weakness of too close breeding, or to revert to the original type. Get around that, if you can!

The chicken a wild fowl? Never in the round world. Why look! When do chickens go to roost? In the broad, open daylight, on low limbs, where any beast of prey can get at them. As if that weren't enough, the cock is the only bird that crows at night, as much as



TAKE A BIRD, FOR INSTANCE JUST A PLAIN BIRD OF NO PARTICULAR KIND.

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ALL CREATURES WITH A DELICATE TASTE FOR A NEW-LAID EGG—

to say: "Is it me you're looking for? Right this way." Why, the breed wouldn't last one summer in a wild state.

And if it did, there wouldn't be any more coming on for the next summer. As soon as a hen lays an egg, she sets up a hullabaloo you can hear from here to the court-house, and if you happen to have your mind on something else for the moment and don't notice her racket, she keeps it up until you simply have to understand that she has laid an egg. And the rooster lends his powerful voice to her "Know all by these presents!" In a wild state, all creatures with a delicate taste for a new-laid egg would come from all over the kingdom to get it, when informed that dinner was now ready in the dining-car forward. And how could any little chicks be reared in a wild state? Impossible.

No. Erasmus Darwin's theory wouldn't hang together for a minute. But there was a reasonable explanation of the preservation of hens and roosters, not in spite of those peculiar customs (which would be mere folly in a feral condition), but because of those customs, which were the perfection of wisdom in a civilized condition. Chickens, just as they are, came from the hand of the Almighty, especially devised for the comfort and sustenance of man, roosting low, and going to bed in daylight that he might lay hold upon them easily, cackling that he might find their nests and bring them under subjection. They were created on a Thursday, man on a Friday, and Sabbath morning in every nest there was one egg for him and one egg for a nest-egg.

I couldn't cope with these arguments. I confess I am stumped by them, although I am sufficiently in the style to be rather of the opinion that all domestic animals were originally wild. I might put forth the feeble observation that a hen flies off her nest and doesn't begin to cackle till she gets a good way from it. That looks as if she meant to try to lead ground-snuffing egg-eaters astray if she could, by not setting her foot to earth. But here comes an added difficulty. She walks to her nest, doesn't she? And couldn't the ground-snuffing egg-eater find it by scent just the same?

That's what makes me say that the man who writes this proper chicken article will have his work all cut out for him if he holds that chickens were once wild fowl.

My own brief experience with them has convinced me that the veneering of domestication is very thin indeed, and cracks off with anything like rough handling, exposing the

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—WOULD COME FROM ALL OVER THE KINGDOM TO GET IT.

scary creature underneath, the creature well aware of the fact that she is beloved for herself alone, that Man's affection for her is based entirely on the dinner-pot, and that for many and many a long, long age he was more intent on wringing her neck than scattering seeds of kindness for her.

Take Angelina for an instance. Angelina was among the early broods of chicks brought off the first summer that I raised any. She came from a grocery egg, so I don't know her lineage, which was undoubtedly mixed and Mediterranean, I should say, judging from her trim figure and her demeanor. She was extremely pretty, and as soon as she had feathered out enough to be distinguished, developed a sweet and trusting disposition. Whence her name. A sweet and trusting disposition, especially at meal-time. She early learned to feed from my hand, then later hopped up on my arm, comforting her cold toes on my warm wrist, and at the same time getting first crack at what the tin feed-bucket had within it. She would gobble and gobble until she had to sit up to breathe and try to gulp down the big wad of victuals that had collected on the right-hand side of her throat. I could pet her at such moments, and after the first nervous twitter she didn't mind it in the least. I could tuck her head under my arm, and she would coo a little and then drop off to sleep. She was a dear bird. But the most affecting thing was when she caught sight of me coming, while yet a long way off. She would let out a yoop of: "Oh, there's my jellaman frien'!" and fly perhaps a hundred feet or so to nestle on my arm. That looks like domestication, doesn't it?

But wait till I tell you. All that was in her pulletage. When her tail-feathers grew nicely out (I do think she had the jauntiest tail-feathers I ever saw on a living hen); when her comb got coral-red; when, in a manner of speaking, she began to wear long dresses, and to do her hair up high—then it was all off. Fly to meet me? Feed from my hand? Let me so much as delicately extend my hand, dripping with wheat and rolled oats, in her direction—Whoop! She went right up in the air, and squalled for help. I give you my word that I never wittingly offended her. It was not I that changed, but Angelina. It clearly showed to me how countless millions of generations of daily peril had begotten a caginess within the blood that easily overbore all else.

How different with Henrietta! She was one of my original purchase, a Plymouth

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Rock, essentially an Asiatic bird. Angelina's eggs were white, and the Old Boy himself couldn't get her to sit. Henrietta's eggs were brown, and had a sort of belt around the middle, as if she wanted to give good measure. And as for sitting, two or three times I really had to hurt her feelings, she was so enthusiastic on the subject. I saw it wouldn't do to reason with her and tell her it was all pollifox to think of rearing chickens that she couldn't possibly bring off before the first of October, so I used summary methods, and she didn't like it for a cent. But altogether we were great friends.

Henrietta's was not all a cupboard love. I'll never admit that. She used to walk along beside me, and make conversation, such as the weather, and did I think of digging fish-worms soon again? and what the news was in the hen-house, all in the hen language, with which, I regret to say, I am not as conversant as I should be. Oh, I can make out a few words here and there, but I can't speak it; that is, to carry on any kind of a conversation in it. Henrietta seemed to make allowances,

GO INTO A KIND OF TRANCE WHEN THEY ARE SITTING.

and chat away. It wasn't singing. I like to hear hens chant, out of their pure joy of living, and Henrietta was a good singer, but this was hen language. "Talk, talk, talk," said she, and I tried to answer her. I expect she had many a good quiet laugh at me when she was by herself, but she never corrected any of my mistakes in grammar or pronunciation.

It was as plain as anything that here was a hen that strove to rise above the station in life to which Fate had condemned her. When she was sitting on eggs (and any hen is likely to be crusty then), if I'd go up to her and hold out a handful of grain or a drink of water, she might peck at me once just as a matter of instinct, but you could see she didn't really mean it, and was even provoked at herself for being so old-fogy, for she would take the food and water, and appear appreciative of the courtesy. Now Bedelia distinctly resented it as an uncalled for interference on my part. She pecked at me and drew the blood, and since a hen's bill isn't so very sharp, you may know she hit me quite a clout. As for Virginia, she never let on she saw me. I might move her head with the grain; I might wet her beak in the water. She never let on. I sometimes think hens go into a kind of trance when they are sitting. If so, it's a merciful provision. It must be terribly poky to squat there on eggs for twenty-two days hand-running with no one to come in and talk with you, nothing to read, and not even the consolations of tobacco. I couldn't stand it. I simply could not stand it.

The first year we had her, I think Henrietta had notions of her "career" and "living her own life," and how she couldn't and wouldn't be tied down with the care of children, and never go any place nor see anything. You know. You've heard 'em go on like that yourself. I don't mean hens. I mean folks. So, as soon as ever she decently could, she up and told her young ones as much. In polite language, "she shook 'em." They went around weeping and wailing: "Tee-a-teep! Tee-a-teep!" which, I need hardly tell you, is chicken talk for: "Ma-a-a! Oh, Ma-a-a! Where's my Ma?" Weeping and wailing they were one day when I went out. And where was Henrietta? Hiding behind a barrel from them, peeping out to see if they saw her. I laughed and she looked up at me. She scowled and shook her head at me, for me to keep still and not let on. It was too comical.

But her intellect expanded during the year she was with me. I don't wish to seem to

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brag, but I really think my influence with that hen was uplifting. She was naturally a thinker, and she must have noted how much more dignified and stately in demeanor, how much more looked up to and respected a hen with chicks is than a hen without—one of these lolloping things, trotting hither and thither, squabbling with the others, picking them on the head or yanking out a bunch of feathers in such a hateful, spiteful way. They put you too much in mind of these women that live in hotels, and don't do one formed hate, day in and day out, but dress and read novels and eat candy and kiss fat, wheezy pug-dogs on the mouth. Only, no hen could ever be nothing but a useless expense.

WARMING HER TOES ON MY WRIST.

Well, anyhow, the second spring, Henrietta kept her own chicks, and as fast as Bedelia and Virginia (a perfect fool of a hen) and Mercedes (she was black Spanish) and The Widow (her topknot made you think of a crêpe veil) and Blanche and Aurelia and Ulilla and Marbelia (she was mottled like a marble-topped table) and all the rest of them —as fast as they forsook their young, Henrietta took them up, and kept them until she had eighty-seven in family, all the way up to the hulking things whose legs had feathered so as to make you think they had been amusing themselves by sliding down the cellar-door. People used to stop and laugh to see Henrietta out there on the grass with all that mob under her and on her and around her, an island of hen in an ocean of chickens. I believe that if I hadn't separated her from them by force, she would have kept them until now. I put her in a run by herself, and she was very highty-tighty about it, until Bill came along, bowing and scraping and passing the compliments of the season.

Bill—who was not a hen at all. Far otherwise—Bill was a good fellow. I took to him and he took to me. He had a naturally good, strong barytone voice. I never quite liked his tone-emission, however. I always thought he pressed too hard on his voice, particularly the upper chest register. He ought to have tried for a more "covered" quality. He practised at his vocalises very faithfully and conscientiously, though. I'll say that for him. It was nip-and-tuck between him and the lady next door, who was taking singing lessons from a professor (one of these fellows, you know, that teach "Piano, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, and Voice. Pianos Tuned and Repaired. Sewing-machines and Life Insurance"). It was nip-and-tuck between Bill and her, I say, which should practise the most. If she kept it up later at night, he began earlier in the morning. You couldn't but respect such industry, but I think I could have stood it if he had been a little more slack about his tone-work in the early morn-

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ing, and she, late at night. And honestly, I don't think either of them improved a particle. That's the worst of a bad "method." And they both had the same. That is, they both flattened their chests, stuck out their necks,

MARBELIA AND ULILLA.

protruded their abdomens, rounded their backs, and hollered as loud as they could fetch it. Bill had the best natural voice, though.

He also had many admirable traits of character. He was a small eater for all he was so big a fowl. If he found anything, not a bite would he touch till his hens had been informed. "Ladies first" was his motto. He would shout, "Took took took took!" with all his might, and make a great pretense of gobbling down something mighty good to eat, but not a crumb would he touch till they had had their chance, and even then he wouldn't feed steadily, but had to look up every minute or so to see if all was safe. And if he didn't like the looks of things, he would observe: "Cock! cock cock cock!" which is why he was called a cock.

I guess Bill understood that while I might act queer at times, I was a kind of harmless creature. I endeavored to preserve Bill's good opinion of me, and the little necessary tragedies incident to the rearing of more cockerels than are really needed, and the high prices of butchers' meat, I tried to keep from him; but one time he happened to come near the chopping-stick just as old Tom, the cat, was gnawing on the head of what but a few short moments before had been Chester, and was now destined to bear no higher sounding name than pot-pie. Bill saw the blood, he beheld the bouncing body.

His horror, his alarm, his genuine concern, the shock at finding his own familiar friend in whom he had trusted, engaged in such a business—it was all very human. I—I—cannot tell you how I felt about it.

And there was another very human incident in which Bill figured that I remember quite clearly. He had found something good to eat, just as I have told you, and was calling up his hens, when there butts in a cheeky little snip of a pullet with not even a comb on her head. I just wish you could have seen the look Bill gave her.

"Well of all the nerve!" it said as plain as pica. "Not you, smarty!" and he picked her hard upon the head, the first and only time I ever saw him otherwise than gentle to the other sex. "Take that! And let it be a lesson to you not to be so fresh another time. Took took took took. Ladies! Run here! Run here!"

You understand, I hope, that I am not making any pretensions of writing the article about chickens. I'm only telling you. I'm only trying to show how good the article could be if the right man got at it. I am not the man. I know that well enough. But when he does get at it, I hope he'll not omit to show how much alike we all are, we children of the earth, two-legged and four-legged, feathered and furred and fuzzy.

Doubtless you have all laughed many times at the conundrum which Mr. Bones propounds at every amateur minstrel show: Why is a Hen?

Why did you laugh at it?

"Because it was so foolish."

I don't think so. You don't think so either. It's one of the biggest problems imaginable. Look into it, and you'll see it brings you right bang up against the Mystery of the Universe. Just take one small detail of it. You have doubtless observed a hen with her chicks the first day she brings them off the nest. A prettier sight I shouldn't wish to see. I could stand and watch them by the hour, particularly if I had any work to do. The air is soft and fragrant. Mimic snowflakes

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flutter down from blossoming apple-trees. The grass is lush and green—needing the lawn-mower very badly, too, by the way. By the clump of catnip Henrietta is squatted on the warm turf, now and then cautiously stretching out a leg cramped from sitting three weeks or more in one position. Cautiously, I say, lest she should hurt one of the little dabs of fluff that toddle hither and yon, not knowing what they do, picking at anything and everything, and tipping over with the momentum of their pick. They pipe and twitter, and plaintively cry, "Peep! Peep!" when they get lost a moment. They stare with bright and beady eyes that see nothing, wondering what on earth this world can be. The bright and beady eyes film over suddenly and they drop off to sleep standing up. Then quite as suddenly they wake up and toddle about again in purposeless activity. They run back to Henrietta to snuggle under her cozy wings, to pop their heads out through the valance of her neck feathers, or to warm their little tootsies on her broad back. Sometimes she plucks a blade of grass for her own refreshment, but oftenest she catches up a milk-soaked crumb, and mumbles it in her beak in pantomime, crying: "Took took took took!" They pick at her mouth or gather up the particles of food as taught by her. A sweet sight! A sweet and pretty sight! Tom Moore has told us that "there's naught on earth so sweet as Love's young dream," but I think he's away off in that respect. It's motherhood that is the dearest thing in life.

Henrietta cocks her head up to the sky. If away up yonder she sees a bird swinging in slow and ample circles, with rare wing-flappings, she mutters "Churrrrrrr!"—the same word she uses when the chicks snuggle up to her, but with a harder and more menacing accent. Instantly each little dab of fluff stands moveless and silent. So long as that purr is repeated they are not living things but only images of chicks. It ceases. They come to life again. It is as if she had cried: "Hawk! Hide out, young ones!" and then had said: "King's ex." What happens when the hawk does really drop down from the blue, I do not know. I never witnessed it, but if Henrietta were alive and mothering chickens, I'll bet Mr. Billy Bluetail would wish he hadn't undertaken it. Also I should like to see what a particularly able gamecock could do if he were handy by.

Well now, here's what I'm trying to get at. Mind you, this is the first day out of doors for the dabs of fluff, and only the second or third day since they came out of the shell all wet and mucky. How do they know what "hawk" means, even in the chicken language? How do they know that they must stand right still when mamma says they must?

HIDING BEHIND A BARREL FROM THEM.

I see your hand up. I hear you snap your

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fingers. You know the answer and want to tell it. Well, let's have it.

"Instinct," say you, flushing with conscious pride as you resume your seat.

A very good answer. Capital. Nothing could have been at once so succinct and so complete. What prompts the hen to cry out "Churrrrrrr!" and the chicks to heed the warning? Instinct. And can you tell me what is instinct?

"Instinct," you make answer, "is a spontaneous impulse that moves the lower animals, without reason, to perform actions essential to their existence, preservation, and development, and that reason would approve of as tending to their well-being."

Capital again! Head of the class. I didn't think you could say it off the book like that.

Not so succinct as before, but covering the ground completely. For truly the hen's crying "Churrrrrrr!" at sight of the hawk, and the little chicks' standing in moveless silence is an action "essential to their existence, preservation, and development, and that reason would approve of as tending to their well-being," since to be silent and moveless is well-nigh to escape notice and sudden death. So then, what is it causes the hen and chicks to do that way? Instinct. And Instinct may be defined as that which causes the hen and chicks to do that way.

I don't see that we're much forwarder than when we started out, do you?

Now the satisfactory explanation of all such things comes into the answer to the conundrum: Why is a Hen? It's too much for me. I give it up. But this man that writes the article, he'll *have* to know.

I wish him all kinds of luck with it.

Old Pipe of Mine

By ELIZABETH PAYNE

BEYOND my chamber's safe redoubt
Fierce winds go widely roaming.
Old Pipe, the wild night beats without;
Within—thine incense wreathed about—
I dream away the gloaming.

The niggard hours rich moments spare
When, far from tasks that bore me,
Thy fragrant breath can banish care,
And, thine a privilege none can share,
Her sweet face bring before me.

From out thy smoke-rings, tenderly,
Her wistful gaze enthralls me,
Till, on thy wreathèd wings, earth-free,
My spirit, past its boundary
Flies forth—to hers that calls me.

Old Pipe, the wild night passes by—
Our firelight mocks the weather.
Send out thy curling rings! While die
The red coals warmly, thou and I
Will dream of her together.

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HE HAD CALLED REUBEN FROM HIS BED TO A HALF-FLEDGED MORNING BLOWING RAW.

Hell-for-Leather

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrations by Dan Smith

OLD Reuben James shivered at the door of a third-rate township pub, and railed on the man in the street. The man in the street was Tony Lascelles. He had called Reuben from his bed to a half-fledged morning blowing raw down the empty ways with a pallid sunrise behind it and a sinking mist that was chill to bare feet and the bare chest under Reuben's coat.

Tony stood back on the curb, his mare's bridle hooked into his left armpit, and the clay of twenty sidings and river-bottoms on his leggings. To the tail of a full day's labor he had laid forty-one miles of saddle-work, and the swing of his body was still free and light, and his keen young eyes were eager.

Reuben had ridden to the beat of hot blood in his time; but he had forgotten, as men forget the days on their mother's knees.

"You go 'ome an' grow sense," he said; "an' nex' mornin' as you wake me through the sleep-time fur a foolery as any sane man 'ud put 'is 'eel on, I guess I'll know it."

"You're taking him up for Anderton to break. Don't be an old chouse, Rube. I only want you to give me first show."

Reuben had not the pride which makes a man care for the pride of his kind. He huddled his greatcoat about him, and wore round stiffly.

"Anderton's the fust horse-breaker this side chance. I ain't goin' ter hev no bloomin' syracuse top o' that colt. 'Is full brother died dumb-mad on the rein, an' this one is outcast

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slap through. Near killed Jolly, he did, an' Pat Barnes."

Tony blocked the closing door with his foot. The sap of boyhood was hot in his cheeks, but his temper was under command. A man who would handle horses is schooled to that—first, last, and all hours in between.

"I'm better than Jolly—lumps better. Let me up on him, Rube. Anderton can tackle him after."

"What yer doin' it fur? Been bettin'?"

"No."

"Plain devilment, then?" Tony nodded.

"He's thrown every rider in the district 'cept Anderton—and me."

A quick red shot Rebuen's dull eyes. Somewhere in the groping past he, too, had known a man's lust for an equal fight.

"There was young fools back in my day——"

"They've grown old since. Let me ride him, Rube. I won't kill him."

"Well, on yer own 'ead if 'e kills you. Mind that! We kin take 'im ter that empty section jinin' Mother Marcock's—but yer'll hev ter saddle-up in the stall."

Reuben heard the clatter of the mare's swift hoofs down the stable alleyway as he climbed back to his room. He sat on the bed with his gray stubble head in hands that shook.

"Eh, my days; my days thet used ter be! Is it a cross in the breed somewheres makes a man guv 'is soul ter be cock o' 'is own dung'ill, an' a 'oss stan' it out till 'e's cut inter strips. Eh, eh; it's good buildin' stuff till the blood-cement rots!" He looked down at his stiff, bony knees; sighed, and rolled back to the pillow. "Messin' wi' my mornin' siasters that away! Wonder will 'e put in some sleep fur 'isself."

The wild track to windward was for Tony and such men of his make who judge their strength by no tape-measures, but go and find out for themselves. These are the good days before thigh-and-nerve strain take charge to weaken the back-muscles and stiffen the limbs.

Tony found Reuben's colt in a loose-box. It would lead to the ends of earth unobjecting, and went into the bridle serenely. Tony's bridle was plain, with straight bit and light curb. He whipped on a lip-strap, took up a last hole in the throat-lash, and talked the soft talk that all horses love while he cast up the points he could give and could take.

The colt was a raking light bay, standing seventeen hands. His crest and wither were plain and too low. Tony guessed how most men had left him. Behind he was mightily made, and the fall of his ribs was perfection. The Bairndale stock showed in his width of chest and in the long, clean, muscular fore-arm. The Imp temper was awake in his white-rimmed full eye and the proud side-ways carriage of his flag.

"'And she said, "I am glad I have found you, my lad,"'" murmured Tony, backing out into the light of day where fifteen loafers smoked with Reuben.

"Yer won't saddle 'im in the section," snapped Reuben.

"Don't want a saddle. Open the gate, some of you fellows."

"That 'oss needs more'n jes' ridin'," cried Reuben, hobbling after. "Yer needs grit, an' secon' sight, an' the temper o' a scurifim, an' jes' so much more devil 's 'e got 'isself 'at it won't let yer tire."

Tony laughed. His shoulders showed confidence, and the morning sun was clear in his eyes. He jammed the hurdle of the railed section behind the colt's tail, and led out to the center. A drabbled woman throwing water from a back-door paused, her hand on her hip, to watch. Seven children and a tramp climbed the fence beside Reuben's squad, and a voice said from somewhere:

"Picks up his feet like a bally-darncer, that colt."

"'E'll pick up more'n 'is feet d'rectly," growled Reuben. "Chuck 'isself over like a skippin'-rope, 'e can. Scuppered three chaps a'ready."

Tony ran a light, firm hand along the crest, gathered the reins, and sprang. The colt shivered, drew two breaths, and began to buck. He bucked four times round the section, with a rattle of broken tins and refuse underfoot, and half the township wide-eyed on the fence-rail. He pig-jumped, kicked mule-wise, struck out with swift, savage fore feet. Tony sat him from ears to rump, and perceptibly under the barrel. It was not pretty riding, but it made the men on the fence hold their breath.

"Mout as well try to buck out 'r his skin be appearances. That chap's workin' in a loose socket, but he won't part. Who is he?"

A rabbiter told. He had been in to the township to knock down his check, and something of the keen, clean edge of life came back as he leaned over the rail to see.

"Eh, eh," said Reuben. "Tony ain't no bloomin' onjonny, but this is cradlin' ter what 'e's goin' ter git. Ah-h! Sulky!"

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THE COLT WENT UP STRAIGHT AS A DYING WHALE.

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The colt propped suddenly; head down, legs bunched, and body humped like an ant-hill. Tony swung upright with the promptness of a steel-yard indicator; wrenched the rein in a cast-iron grasp, and brought his short green-hide whip along the quarter with a neat drawing stroke. The colt sprang from it, screaming, and the rabbiter straightened in a pride to which he had no claim.

"They're going to get down to it now! Hy-ah, Tony; break his heart, break his heart! They're none so blessed tough when you knows how."

Tony had cast his hat and coat at the hurdle. The sun was cruel on his forehead, his shoulders, and the neck above the collar-band as the colt swung and twisted and fought; wicked, cunning, and untired. The sweat grew greasy on the hairy barrel, and Tony stuck by his knee-grip and spurs. He used the whip in unflagging continuance because clean through him he knew the defiance of the mad heart that thumped under his leg. In a two-yard circle the earth spun up in dust. It stung Tony's eyes and gritted in his teeth. The colt gathered and shot up like a rocket, slinging round to land his hind feet in the marks of his fore. Tony had looked for that. He countered by blows on the quivering muzzle and a fiercer hook of the spurs.

Then the colt went blind-mad, and from the fence Reuben crowed loud approval.

It was a keen, quick battle of wills, with no mercy to give or to take. For each was glutted with hate, and the blood on the heaving sides was full paid by the blood on the reins that slipped and were caught again to rasp through the straining hands.

"Hammer an' tongs," said the rabbiter pensively. "Hammer an' tongs, an' the hot coals under. He'll be filed an' put by till the Trumpets come, d'rectly. But it's wuth comin' out for to see."

The colt went up straight as a dying whale, and the backward thud in the dust-spume turned men sick. It was a clever fall, but Tony slung clear. He had been there before for the learning.

He came up on the colt, and a cheer rocked the fence. Then the thing grew automatical. The wild beat of hoofs on the breathless air; the flash of bared teeth and white eyes; the dead-weight shock shaking the earth. And always somehow and somewhere, rose Tony, unbroken and sitting still, as the great shoulders heaved themselves upright.

"'E'll do it ten times yet," said Reuben, "an' twenty to back it. No man can stan' it out that long. It's a crool 'ard game ter play. 'E'll git pinched in the endin', an' no fault o' 'is either—by th' Lord, 'e was near it that time!"

Tony carried no weight, and he kept his head cool. It is wise to do this when a hair-breadth mistake in deduction may grind out the hot life in one gasp. But the strain tightened moment by moment. All his powers were flung forward on guard, and the colt met each move with a fury and a despair that were human. Sweat ran off the two, and once the lather of the wither smeared Tony's mouth as he twisted free. This turned him giddy for an instant, but he came back with jaw clamped like a bulldog. For a man must go through with the thing he commences.

The sun flared to midday, and passed it. Children gaped through the rails on their way from the schools, and half the fence-line went home to their dinners. The rabbiter pulled out his pipe, looked at it sadly as his gorge rose, and dropped it back in his pocket.

"Must a-bin worse'n I thought," he said. "No smokin' fur me this week—an' I had the nerve o' that boy onst! But he won't break the horse. I seen men like him—lots. You can kill 'em by inches, but they'll never be broke."

Some one in authority was speaking to Reuben. The old man rocked on the rail and chuckled.

"Go an' stop it yerself, then," he said. "Man, I've seed a good fight this day. A full foot o' rawhide 'e's lost off of that whip, an' the 'ide 'e's lost o' 'is own ain't fur countin'."

"It's a brutal exhibition," said some one in authority. Reuben grunted.

"It's nat'ral. One must be master. Yer must break, or break others. But 'e ain't goin' ter squeejee th' Ten Cantonments out'n that brute."

A half-hour later he slid from the fence and went up the section. In the far corner, where all the grass was torn up, the colt was tying himself into reef-knots and unraveling with indescribable elaborations.

"You come off of there, Tony," shouted Reuben. "Yer done yer possible, an' more. 'E's a devil, that's what 'e is—an' a Zebberah too, jes' now. But yer mout's well warp th' bark off a tree. 'E'll die 'fore 'e guvs it best."

Tony was dead-white, and as near exhaustion as a man may well be. The snap-

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THE COLT MET EACH MOVE WITH A FURY AND A DESPAIR THAT WERE HUMAN

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ping of his pride had stung him to recklessness, and his voice came charged with sobs.

"I'll kill him, then. By the Lord, I will kill him! Stand back, you ass."

He rained down the blows blindly, and the colt reached round, bringing away a legging-strap with his lathered buck teeth. Reuben grew angry.

"Come down out o' that, yer young coleopsus. What? Anderton! I'll not take 'im ter Anderton. Turn 'im loose on the 'ills agin—that's all 'e's fit fur. Let 'im run wi' the mob an' be darned. Tony, will yer come now, eh?"

Tony came. To them on the fence he said stoutly that he was beaten—drummed clean out of camp. Then he locked Reuben's door against his prayers and curses, fell upon the bed, and shivered and cried with pure body-and-nerve ache. It is not nice to go out to fly a kite and then lose it when it has pulled you into the ditch.

Reuben saddled for home in the morning. The colt's ribs were not pretty to look at, but he carried himself with the dignity of a conqueror. He stood at the rings by the bar door beside Reuben's old hack, and the Hatter crossed the street zigzag to lean for balance on the colt's quarter. Ten voices warned him off. The Hatter worked along to the colt's neck, and kissed him beerily; and the colt nuzzled against the beard with his full eye kind.

"Nice hoss that," remarked the Hatter, proceeding to the bar. "W-w-what yer want for him, you what b'longs him?"

"Ten pund," said Reuben, smelling a joke.

"L-losht my hosses somewheres," said the Hatter. "I'll took him."

He pulled his trousers pocket inside out on the bar, and made up the amount in half-sovereigns and coppers, borrowing three-and-fivepence from a musterer. Then he led the colt round to the stables. And eighteen men went with the Hatter, to see him load up his half-year's stores on Reuben's colt.

Tony came down the stairs as the two rode into the street-way. The Hatter swayed atop of clattering billies, bags of flour, and cooking-pots, and he was hauling the colt's head about with a rusty bit in a broken green-hide bridle.

"Git ap," he said, hitting the colt between the ears with an iron spoon. The colt broke into a long free trot, and passed in rolling dust over the bridge and up the hill. Tony sat down on the horse-trough.

"I had no hand in that," he said. Reuben nodded agreement.

"'E's a man, that colt, fur all 'e's a outcast. 'E'll fight 'is ekils knee ter knee, an' no quarter. 'E'll be tender as a woman wi' the 'Atter what is a child an' cud load 'im up wi' the Tour o' Babble an' 'isself as roof. But 'e'll 'ave no man 'is master. I seen that kind o' thing afore."

"And what the mischief is the sense of telling me that now?" asked Tony savagely.

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The Sacred Animals of India

By EDMUND RUSSELL

Illustrated with Photographs Belonging to the Author

THE last merrymaking before the Mutiny was at the auction sale of the menagerie of the King of Oudh. The idea that the glory of the Mogul Court was the glory of India, had been long maintained by British Government, but when the court declined to the shadow-of-its-shadow and was found to mean nothing at all to Hindu allegiance, the weak old ghost of an Emperor was kicked off the lowest rung of his lotus-lion-throne, his nine hundred wives turned out into the street to become *nautchnis*, and the remains of the royal menagerie put under the hammer—even to the parrot, shrieking insults at his purchasers.

The collecting of expensive animals was always a feature of courts that loved to collect anything extravagant paid for by subjects who earn four cents a day by-the-will-of-God. But when the heroic *Rani* of Jhansi was cut down on the battle-field fighting as a warrior at the head of her troops, with the pearls of Scindia around her throat; and the few rajahs who joined with the rebellious Sepoys had been tied backward to the mouths of cannon, the rest accepted the lesson of patent-steel for war, patent-leather for peace, and secure dynasties forever. Now, much money is spent on modern dissipation; little on ancient glory. Moth and rust may not touch jewels, but they lie unused in *tosha-khanas;* and when the animals die, they are never replaced. The Master-of-the-Universe now finds it difficult enough to be his own chauffeur.

Only the old and outskirt rajah, who divides his long white beard and turns it up at each side under his turban, still comes to town on his superannuated elephant, with lame camels and skinny horses carrying *sowars* in rusty armor set with sapphires and emeralds, with loose pearls running up and down the blood-trenches of their swords. Soon the last of his type will find himself too weak to mount the silver scaling-ladder to the crimson-cushioned howdah. No voices will repeat the daily *jai Maharaj!* (Victory, O King!) The wondrous arts will lie on museum shelves simply labeled—"Curiosities of a Heathen People."

The great Khandarao of Baroda, himself a human leopard, had an arena where tigers and elephants tore each other to pieces; the buffalo fought the rhinoceros; a donkey kicked a hyena to death. But the present Guikwar rarely goes there, though he sometimes orders an elephant-fight for European guests. I saw one. It was very tame. Money is money now—the elephant too costly a beast to smash his forehead against another's. No king to-day spends half a *lakh* of *rupees* on the marriage of his favorite pigeon with that of his Prime Minister.

But the real glory is not departed. India's pets are not royal but celestial. To write of animals in the land which keeps its Vedic prayers and forgets the names of its emperors, one must leave solid ground and ascend to heaven, must speak in poetry, not prose, in hyperbole rather than in plain speech. The question of animals cannot indeed be soberly treated. Everywhere one sees acts toward them that can be explained only by their sacred and legendary importance. One can scarcely believe one's senses. This attitude is not the fantasy of a moment nor the *bête-blanche*, so to speak, of a single author. It is the accumulated national delirium of thousands of years. To detach such animal-worship from Indian life is to tear the rug to pieces, and we can weave nothing more beautiful.

The place held by these creatures in India is different from that accorded them in any other country. Every animal is looked upon as but the covering of a spirit. Is not its mind with God? Are not its *auras* and vibrations far purer than ours? May not even the soul of our grandmother look from its eyes? May not we ourselves return to lower than its state if we give it not reverence?

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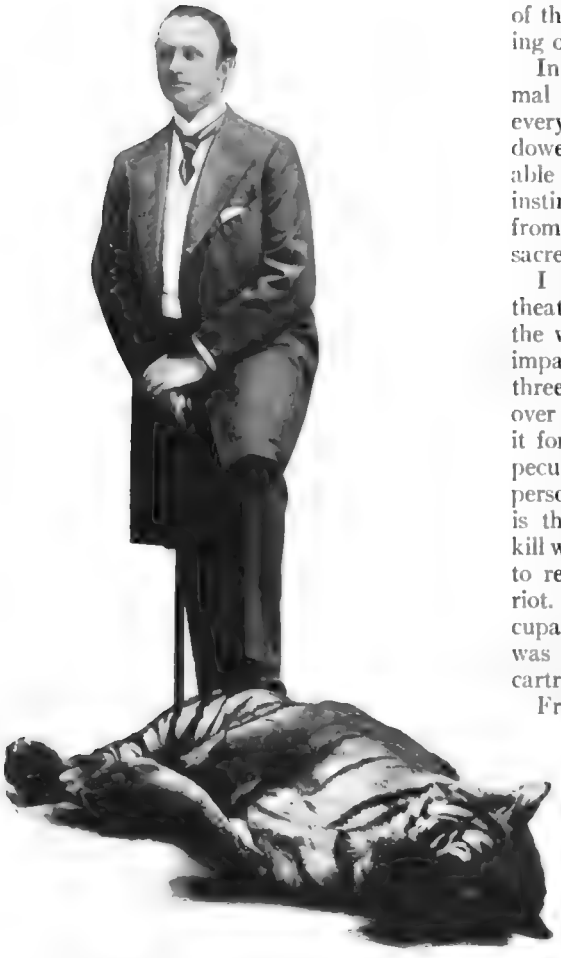

LORD CURZON AND THE VICTIM OF A ROYAL TIGER HUNT.

Such conceptions are not culled from obsolete thought, but from the vibrant lip and life of India to-day. Once is always in the Orient. "It is your misfortune that you have to talk so much of progress," said a sage to me—"*we* have *progressed.*"

Some one has called Hindu worship a religion based on the care of the cow. Certainly the affection and veneration bestowed upon this animal cannot be even dimly grasped by the Western mind. "Brother to the ox" is no poetic fiction on lips that daily speak, "Our Mother the Cow."

The idea may be traced back to the primitive naturalism of the prayers of the *Rig-Veda*, whose sonorous Sanscrit *m's* and *n's* invoke but cows. God is Cow-Giver, Lord-of-Pastures, Bestower-of-Cattle. The symphonies of these eucharistic songs sound like the lowing of cows for their new-born calves.

In later mythology, every god has his animal vehicle or *vahan*, inseparable from him; every epic-hero is aided by some beast endowed with human powers. Poem and parable carry on the strain; till with the Hindu instinct to make of everything an emanation from God, animals have become even more sacred than men.

I remember once playing in an Indian theater, where a calf, in attempting to leap the wooden fence of the compound, became impaled on the pickets. It lay there for three days. Its groans could be heard all over the house, but no one dared rescue it for it might be killed during the act. A peculiar insensibility to suffering, even when personal, prevails all through the Orient. It is the *killing* that is the crime. God will kill when He is ready. If we had endeavored to remove the calf there would have been a riot. It is the sorest point of the British occupancy that the red-coats feed on beef. It was the enforced touching of cow-greased cartridges to the lips that caused the Mutiny.

From Sanscrit legends we may learn how deep-rooted are the religious convictions on which the sacredness of the cow is based; the tender regard in which she is held; the affectionate companionship accorded her; also the horror with which our eating the flesh of "our mother" is regarded. Everything about the cow has been observed and noted. Every emanation from her body is venerated and used in worship. "As much water as will lie in a hole made in the mud by a cow's hoof," is a well-known Aryan measure.

The sacred *Brahmani* bulls almost constitute an order of religious mendicants by themselves. They feed at will from straw-pile, fruit-seller's basket, or evening meal at door of hut, making holy any dish which they touch. The older ones are fully alive to their privileges, and select the finest fruit. Sometimes a patient *halwa*-seller will remonstrate: "My brother, eat not from my stall, it is not worthy! The man across the way makes much better *gulab*-jam; he is richer than I, and can better afford to have thee for a friend! May it please your holiness to go!—nay!—nay, brother—it is too bad! But take thy will."

Even a foreigner can almost feel this affection for the royal bullocks that draw the gold

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and silver carriages of state, can respond to the sweetness in their forest-glances which invite caress of white velvet flanks and admiration of gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet. The jeweled harness with trailing cloths stiff with precious handiwork completes the richness of carved metal, inlaid teak and ivory, and wind-swept curtains from which glance dawn-flashing, dawn-reflecting eyes, their pupils black bees caught in white jade lotus-prisons. The cart may be red lacquer, with peacocks gilded on the poles and Burma rubies seeded in its diapers. Wreathed with scarlet flowers the cattle look indeed of celestial origin and like no animals we know.

There is an old legend that the Emperor Hoomayon, when taking his favorite *begum* to drive, used to act as charioteer in a carriage drawn by beautiful white oxen. Most of the orthodox wealthy natives still prefer this curtained vehicle with great carved hubs and rough-hewn spokes, and all royal ladies, excepting, perhaps, the *ranis* of Gondal and Cooch-Behar, who are thoroughly Europeanized, still see the world through gold nets fringed with pearls. In Kashmir it is the shawl-bearing goat that plays the rôle of sacred cow. The Kashmiris told me that Adam came to their Vale, after being driven out of Paradise, to buy shawls for Eve.

The buffalo is more in use for ordinary purposes. A dreadful looking beast he is, of sweaty leather that seems well chosen as the *vahan* of Yama, lord-of-death. The cow in India gives but little milk, and never except when the calf sucks; the great-horned-one has abundant yield, especially rich in cream. Observing how pale the butter looked in Delhi, I asked the cause, and found to my horror that it did not come from cows but from these creatures. Brown bread and buffalo butter is a favorite five-o'clock Anglo-Indian alliteration.

What the cow is to the humble is the elephant to royalty. In every palace courtyard stands this king-beast-of-the-stables; as in the center of every royal cow-shed one finds a tiger in a cage; for singularly enough this animal is said to bring good luck to cows, probably by increasing their milk through fear. The great beast *Hathi* often roams unattended through the bazaars and seems to know everybody, quite with the air of the "oldest inhabitant" of a New England village.

The gorgeousness of the state elephant has often been written, but no circus reproduction of *Durbar*-pageant gives any idea of his accoutered glory; the paintings of the late Edwin Lord Weeks were in no way exaggerations of his magnificence, which, overpowering as it seems to-day, history tells to be but a glimmer of former splendor. In old temple-sculpture may be seen endless processions of elephant-massing. When Chandra Gupta, Emperor, received the daughter of Seleucos in marriage, he gave to her father,

HIS HIGHNESS, THE GUIKWAR OF BARODA, DRIVES IN A VICTORIA OF SOLID GOLD.

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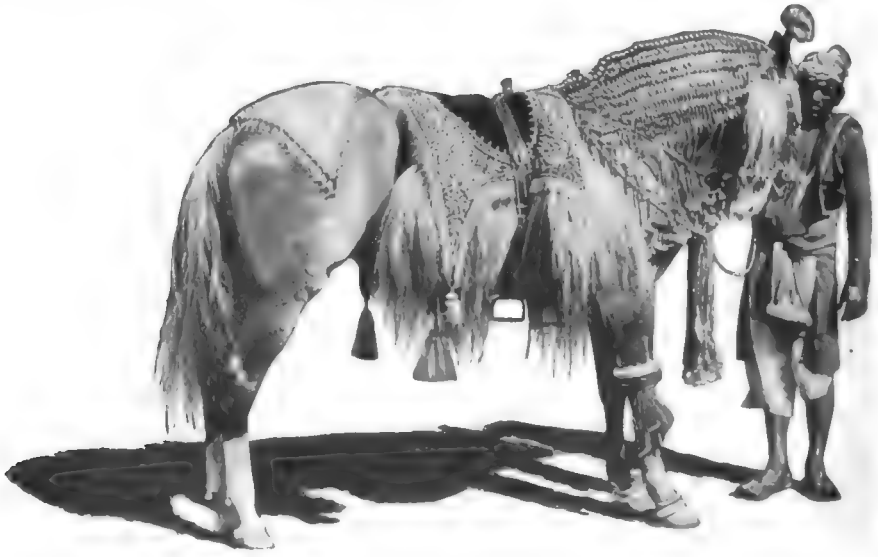
LEOPARDS KEPT IN LUXURIOUS CAPTIVITY AND USED IN HUNTS.

one of Alexander's generals who founded the Scythian monarchy after the Greek invasion (not conquest, as so often stated), a present of five hundred elephants, and promised an annual gift of fifty more. It is said of Akbar, that his elephants were so covered with precious stones that they were no longer animals but moving mountains of jewels. The historian Amar Khusru tells of the Mohammedan conquest of the Deccan that when the *Malik* came to muster the elephants they extended over three *parasangs* (more than nine miles).

In ancient times a royal princess was allowed to select her husband—as in Sir Edwin Arnold's description of the *Syamvara* or bride-choice of Ysodhara. In some cities when kings died and left no successor, the marriage garland was thrown over the trunk of a female elephant allowed to roam at will, and whosesoever neck she wreathed it with was proclaimed king. Sometimes she would roam for days, then suddenly stop, make obeisance before the chosen one, lift him on her back, and return in triumph. If a woman was chosen, she was crowned queen.

Scythe-girded elephants must have made wonderful dramatic effect as they mowed down Northern invaders. They were retired by the invention of gunpowder, as a flank turn of fear-maddened mammoths was most destructive to the ranks of their owners. Aurungzeb, in a great fight on the plains of Delhi with Prince Darra, chained his elephants to posts



SADDLE HORSE OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF JEYPORE, HUNG WITH NET OF PEARL AND GOLD.

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FIGHTING RAMS ARE A FEATURE OF THE ROYAL STABLES OF INDIA.

to show the army that there would be no retreat. Wonderful the descriptions of epic battles where—"Mountains of arrow-pierced elephants lay heaped on the field, whose dismembered trunks seemed black alligators swimming in a sea of blood."

From Hindu tales that have come through the Chinese, who give us most of our Indian records—the *rishis* were dreamers and not recorders—we have this story of Buddha:

The Lord demanded one day of an elephant-trainer what were the means he employed to subdue his beasts.

"Three," said the *mahout*—"one applies to the mouth a hook of iron which he attaches to breast-clasp, and the elephant cannot lift his neck. Then one gives less and less food till thin and weak; and finally beats."

"And what does one accomplish by these means?" asked He-of-the-yellow-light.

"The *crochet-de-fer* serves to overcome the resistance of the head. The deprivation of food and drink, the violence of the body. The stick subdues the spirit. After this all is easy."

The Nimbused-bronze-one said:—

"I also have three ways to subdue:—

"First, by perfect sincerity I control what goes forth from the mouth. By affection and charity I harmonize the irregularities of the body. By inward vibration of thought I calm the spirit. Did you ever think of trying these on the elephant?"

In the morning when the gem-sellers, the purveyors of shawls and ancient weapons spread their wares at your door, *Hathi*

ROYAL BULLOCKS, GOLD-SHOD, HUNG WITH JEWELED HARNESS.

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tayar hai! ("the elephant waits") resounds from one side, while perhaps a carriage drawn by curry-colored camels sweeps up on the other. The dash with them is superb. A doctor told me that a daily ride would cure all bodily ills. The shock when the leader stops to turn round to see what the others are doing, while they go on, is especially beneficial. Near by, men hold the fighting rams for your pleasure, with scarlet cloths and paper wreaths ready to crown the victor. A crowd of all the relatives of all the servants comes to scramble for the shower of silver with which the sahib is expected to salute the tremendous butting of heads together.

In Junagadh, Kathiawar, I saw the royal rhinoceroses wander as freely through the bazaars as elephants, though with their reptilian horned snouts they look utterly untamable; and, indeed, if of African race, would be so —but all Asiatic beasts are of milder nature. They follow the processional-steed and bedizened elephant in state-*sowaris*. Lady Curzon was snapshoted when she rode on one of them, but claimed the negative. Very vicious ones used to be kept for the great animal-fights of Khandarao of Baroda, the last Indian monarch who really lived in ancient style and personal power.

There was one in the fort of Gwalior before it was restored to the Maharajah, with whom the garrison officers used to have exciting times that they called "Football with Rhino." Of exceedingly violent temper, he was confined in a small enclosure surrounded with iron pillars wide enough to allow the lithe turbaned trainers to slip through, but too close for his monstrous bulk to pass. Somewhere in the enclosure lay his food bucket, and this the players, taking opposite sides, used for the ball. It was a dangerous game. Only two besides the rhinoceros could play. One would step inside and give the bucket a fearful kick; the instant the beast heard the bang he was after him like a horned locomotive. Then the other player would dash and get in a good whack while Rhino was chasing his companion—and his turn it was to flee while the opposite side got in its innings. Had one stumbled or been caught he would have "kicked the bucket" indeed. After half-time was called the rhinoceros would often begin to play cunningly and lurk near the pail. When the Maharajah Scindia took on the fort and the garrison departed, poor Rhino pined away, he so missed his daily football-flirtation.

His Highness the Nawab of Junagadh also enjoys the distinction of keeping the only preserve of lions left in Hindustan. In the days of the great fossil saber-toothed tiger, these beasts—"who bore an implacable animosity for the race of elephants and in the fore-points of whose crooked claws stuck the pearls torn from mammoth frontal-bones," roamed all over India; but now only a small herd is left in the sacred Girwar forest in this little corner of the Mahratta peninsula. They are almost tame, are known and called by name. A few are kept around the palace of the king. So long ago the memory of the lion faded away in India, no word remains in ordinary vernaculars. The natives call them *ontia-waghs*, or camel-colored tigers.

There is something about the skin of a leopard that seems to make all neighboring color richer and more passionate. Orange, turquoise, scarlet never so vibrate as when in juxtaposition with this spotted tawniness —even tiger skin has not its tone-value. With collars of jewels, leashed by bronze attendants, they give a sultry fierceness and grace to the siesta of somnolent palaces, and their eyes look as the eyes of the Hindus themselves would if they dared. They are used for hunting, as is also the lynx. When the *cheetah* (*chit*, "spot," from which root comes our word "chintz") springs on buck or doe, the *shikaris* run up and cry, "Be it lawful!" before cutting the throat.

Though English life is pushing very far, in the jungle lithe forms still crouch, great eyes gleam like golden balls as bloody tongues lap the dark waters. The jungle butcher-bill is very large. One man-eater has been known to keep in terror thirty villages, another to close a great public road to travel. In the Central Provinces alone there were more than a thousand persons killed by tigers last year. A friend of mine dashing through a jungle-road, with carriage and pair, near Bangalore, came on a turn plump upon a tiger, so suddenly that no one, not even the horses, was frightened—that is, no one except the tiger. For a tiger can be frightened; in Bengal they have an expression—"The night was so terrible it would have scared a male tiger into a female one."

Cherubic Lord Curzon, standing on the dead body of the royal-slain, looks little like the great *shikar*-of-the-jungle he is, and suggests that it is rolling at his feet to bring

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ELEPHANTS STANDING READY TO TAKE ROYALTY FOR AN OUTING.

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THE DAY'S KILL AFTER A ROYAL HUNT.

the homage of India. The photograph was taken when the Viceroy was the guest of the dashing young Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior. There had been a hunt, and as every viceregal moment is laid out, while the tigers were being brought in the party retired to don frocks for the reception to follow, and the royal George apparently saw no incongruity in being photographed standing on the dead cat, looking as though he had just killed it with his cane.

When staying at Agra, I heard of a strange beast captured on the roof top of a neighboring bungalow the autumn before—a tiger with purple stripes, which on being killed was found to have its teeth filled with gold. It was probably the escaped palace-pet of some Maharajah, who had read of the purple cow and had had the tiger dipped in diamond dyes, in order to be up to date.

Sometimes they come very near. A lone native operator in a railway station telegraphed: "Tiger dancing on the platform—please arrange."

Hill tribes worship both the *bagh-bhut*, or tiger-spirit, and the living tiger. In this spirit-worship a wonderful thing happened not long ago in Rangoon. A half-starved tiger stole at night through the throng of worshipers that always surrounds the great *Swi Dagon* temple and began to climb the gold-

IN THIS CHARIOT THE INDIAN BEGGAR-WOMAN FINDS CONTENTMENT

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incrusted carvings where the roof slopes in gradual steps to the *pagoda*. In the morning the prostrate throng marveled to see a lean and mangy golden-shape half up the roof of gold with spirit-eyes glaring down upon them. It was thought to be the ghost of a king, and great were the protestations to the English—who would shoot anything, even a god, if they got the chance—for the slaughter would bring down a horde of spirit-tigers hot for vengeance.

The giving up of the mastery of the horse and the sword I have always felt to be an incalculable loss to modern man. It has been replaced by slavery to the machine. One day man may become master of the machine likewise and realize what it is good for and what it is not, and then beauty and art may revive again.

The Indian princes show some of their old training on the polo grounds, which they flash over like swords from jeweled scabbards. A few *rajahs* keep up expensive racing stables. The college of royal princes in Kathiawar has its own amateur cavalry corps, and the new Imperial Cadets, forming a body-guard to the Viceroy, is the most admired division of the Indian army, and never fails to evoke wildest enthusiasm. They sit as melted to their horses and hold themselves with princely pride and dignity. A distinguished correspondent from the Durbar wrote:—"I have seen the grand reviews in Germany, and in Russia and England, but I never saw so thoroughly satisfactory and fascinating a corps as the Imperial Cadet Corps of India." This is formed of young *rajahs* and *raj-kumars*. The commander is that superb old veteran, Rajah Sir Pertab Sing, a great friend of King Edward, who, to give this favorite dignitary distinction over the maharajahs who attended Queen Victoria's Jubilees and were offended at their place at the end of the procession behind even the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, made him one of his own *aides*, and so kept him in first rank. Coal-black horses housed with snow-leopard skins, cream-white uniform with pale blue facings and turbans with corps-cipher in gold, make a most beautiful effect; though the princes would shine still more in their traditional vesture.

The state-horses still are held by sapphire- and beryl reins, are hung with pearl-wrought nets of gold, but these are of ancient make and used only once a year. The armorers of the king are no longer the artist-artisans of ancient days, but mere machinists and blacksmiths. The horses' tails are still dyed pink, but there are no more moonstones and star-stones in the manger.

When any king wished or felt himself ready for universal dominion he made an *aswamedha*, or great horse sacrifice, the most wonderful festival of ancient Aryan life, which proclaimed him *chakravahti* (Lord-of-the-wheel, or radius) from sea to sea. A white horse was chosen by certain marks, then sent to wander at will for a year and a day, and every kingdom he entered must either give battle or acknowledge sovereignty. At the end of the year the sacrificial-posts were overlaid with gold, the great eagle-altar raised, the sacrificial-pit dug, and all the new-made feudatories joined in the feast-of-the-horse, which was sacrificed with at least six hundred and nine other victims of all kinds—"tame and wild, terrestrial and aquatic, walking, flying, swimming, and creeping" (princes were never vegetarians in India, except in old age when they became ascetics).

Buddha's clemency and later the edicts of his royal disciple King Ashoka put an end to this sacrifice, but for long it was the touchstone of Rajput supremacy. The scene must have been of stupendous grandeur. Queens desiring child slept all night beside the dead steed, and one hundred *asvamedhas* raised the sacrificer to equal rank with Indra, god-of-the-lesser-heavens, who was always jealous of this ceremony, as bringing mortals too near him.

But no head may lift higher than that of the *rajah's* personal friend, the monkey. Well may this be, for is he not of both sacred and royal origin? All over India monkeys run in and out the pattern of life. You will see them looking in through your window as you take your *chotd-hazri*, or "little-breakfast"; they scamper over the roofs holding their young in distressingly human fashion, sit down on their blue or orange pelvic-cushions, and perhaps hold up in derision some object they have just stolen from the table. I heard of one who caught a small pig and, apparently struck by a thought when he heard it squeal, took it in his arms and began twisting its tail round and round like the handle of an organ.

In palaces they assume the gravity of princes; in temples, the holiness of priests. Many live in hollow trees in Benares or hide in the recesses of the sanctuary to pick up

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the grains that fall from pilgrims' offerings. They extend hands horribly repulsive, often covered with cheap rings that the *bayadères* of the temple have given them. They have even been known to seize a strip of veil and go through a mock marriage ceremony with unprompted precision.

"And where do I come in?" says *naga*, the serpent. "Do I not hold the world on my seven heads of bronze-inlaid-with-silver? Am I not at once couch-and-canopy for the lotus-sleep of Vishnu till he calls white Kalkin? Do I not kill eleven-twelfths of all human beings slain each year by wild-ones, and yet they still worship me and set me pans of spice-milk?"

Yes, it was thy wish to kill me, too. I found thee in my bed one night, coiled under the *chuddah*. I salute thee and pass. Thou art too great for our feeble wisdom. We admire thy jewels, but our hearts hold no place for thee.

"Forget not the dog, O Sahib! Forget not the dog! Did he not accompany Yudhisthira to heaven? He must have place!"

No, we will not forget the dog, remembering even the puppet of Sahu of Satara, grandson of great Sivaji, who, having been saved by a dog, dressed it in brocade and jewels, put a turban on its head, and made Mahratta chieftains bow before it in full durbar; but the Ulysses-hound of Vyasa's epic, the most celebrated minor animal of Indian history, he shall have place of glory!—companion to the king of the Pandavas, his brothers and the peerless Draupadi, even to the gate of Swaga.

After the great wars of Bharat, the forest exile, the return, the victory, Yudhisthira and the rest were minded to be done with earthly things: "We will find death who seeketh other men." All fall on the way to the golden mount, for their little-sins-of-sinless-souls, unworthy to enter heaven without dying. All but Yudhisthira, and even to the gate of glory—"the hound followed him, only the hound." When told it was unclean, he must drive it away, it could not enter heaven, the great king refused. Tempted still, to the last he holds. The hound vanishes and in its stead stands Dharms, Lord-of-Eternal-Justice.

"O, thou true king! . . .
Hear thou my word! Because thou didst not mount
This car divine, lest the poor hound be shent
Who looked to thee, lo! there is none in heaven
Shall sit above thee, . . .
Thou shalt throne with us!"

The tiger-striped bee that's honey-drunk from lotus cups sings: "Speak of me! no lover's song, but tell I form the line of Kama's bowstring." Sarasvati's peacocks stop their dance to sing, "Of me." The *raja-hansa*, royal swan, "Of me! tell them of Damayanti and the Swan!" The *köil* nightingale sings: "Have you any bird like me!" The parrots wheel, a flight of emeralds, and as the vessel leaves the shore we see a living sunset of flamingoes flame on scarlet tree, and feel like poor *chakra* and *chakri*—birds that keep happy company all day but at evening separate, doomed to pass the night on opposite banks of the river calling piteously for each other.

November

By ELIZABETH K. REYNOLDS.

Gray skies and leafless trees;
The drip of falling rain;
A sodden path—a lonely hut—
And memories.

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The Night that Made Me a Revolutionist

By ERNEST POOLE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The grim autobiography that follows is not fiction: it is a literal transcript from life. It stands almost word for word as it was told, a few weeks ago, by a young Caucasian peasant leader to Ernest Poole. Church tyranny, police brutality, and the cruel prejudice against peasant education are some of the oppressions that made the teller of this story a revolutionist. This is the second of Mr. Poole's powerful interpretations of the Russian life of to-day.

IT was six years ago. I was nineteen and in my last year at a little mountain college. I did jobs in the town where I went to college, but I couldn't make money enough, so my parents had helped me for three years.

My father was a kind, simple peasant and very poor; he was thin and old at forty-six. He and my gray-haired mother had to work hard, back in their mountain cabin, to scrape up that forty-five rubles [$22.50] for me every year; but they never let me know how hard it was. My mother was always so happy when I came home; she just beamed whenever I kissed her; she chuckled and made little jokes and cooked a big yellow pudding. I never knew how she starved and sweated between times. But one day I found out.

I was tramping home for my five days' Christmas vacation. I had pushed thirty miles up the mountain pass the day before, and now I was swinging in long steps down the highway. The air was sharp and sparkling—you could feel it to the bottom of your lungs—but not chilly, for the sun in our country shines warm and bright even in winter. Up in the clouds the snow peaks were so big and dazzling you couldn't look at them long. The birds sang as loud as they could; not one of them ever thought of stopping. As I came along I shouted our glad old Georgian drinking songs, one after the other. Whenever I passed an ox-cart on the road or peasants in the little, steep, sloping fields I shouted "Good day to you! Good day! Good day!" I kissed two girls—beauties! How their black eyes laughed! A third girl slapped me, but not hard.

I stopped in at the cabin of a kind granny who had long been a friend of our family. As soon as she saw me leave the road and climb up toward her cabin, she dropped her knitting on the log porch and went in and brought out a big jug of soft, red Georgian wine, just as she always did. But when I had tipped it up to the clouds and was taking a long cool drink, I noticed she didn't begin to babble her kind nonsense. I tipped down the jug to see her better. She was looking at me strangely.

"My boy," she said, "why were you singing on the road?"

I leaned back and laughed, for the wine had already turned hot and was jumping from the roots of my hair to the ends of my toes. "Sing? Sing when I'm going home for Christmas? Why granny, what's the matter with you?"

"Why!—Why!" She walked a few steps away and picked up her knitting. Then she dropped it again on the dirt floor and leaned over and cried. I couldn't make her speak. In a few minutes I started for home, and I almost ran for the next two hours. At last our village came in sight, and in five minutes more I climbed up to our cabin.

The cabin inside was just a black log room with a dirt floor. No windows. Up over the low rafters was a big dark place with cobwebs.

The bonfire in the middle was dead. The cabin was damp and chilly. All five of my brothers and sisters, big ones and little curly-headed ones with bare feet, stood still around something in a black corner. The old yellow dog Masha stood with his nose poked through

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between two of them. No one saw me come in. I tell you I got cold! I dropped my sack of clothes and Christmas presents and sprang across the room. I looked over the head of my smallest sister. My mother was dead.

I only stared. My throat got thick inside, and when I tried to ask something, I found I couldn't speak at all. After a time the others noticed me—all the faces looked around; and the minute my smallest sister saw me her face wrinkled up and she cried—but very softly. My other sister, who was sixteen, said in a whisper, "She died last night." Then we all kept staring down. Evening came. Little by little the shadows slid down from the black place over the rafters. Only the doorway was light. At last, my youngest sister was quiet.

My father came in. He gazed at us for a minute, and then he got down on the dirt and began to make the fire. He knelt fumbling among the fagots. I took a long shaking breath and turned and watched him. He looked twice as old; you could see that he had suddenly been made a different man for the rest of his life. His gray hair was rumpled up high on his head; the two thick muscles on his temples kept jumping in and out; his big eyebrows twitched and his eyes stared at nothing. He piled up the fagots carefully and slowly. Now and then he stopped and looked at the dirt. He dropped one crooked, gray fagot; I got down on my knees and picked it up and poked it at him. At first he didn't see it, but then he took it, laid it on the pile, and lit the white ribbons of birch bark beneath. We stayed on our knees and watched the thick red blazes jump and flutter.

In a minute he turned and gripped my hand. His own was hot and damp; his voice sounded loud and old. "To-morrow," he said, "you and I—we go to Father Ignati. I need you with me. You have had schooling, so you will know what to say. He told me to-night I was too stupid—too stupid to talk with a priest. We had a quarrel—I can't think about it now—I can't think at all. Perhaps you will make it right." He straightened up on his knees and looked around. "Well—we must cook—cook something. The youngest ones—have eaten nothing all day." He kept staring. "I wonder what we must cook?"

I felt worn out and aching from my thirty-mile tramp that day, but I couldn't sleep. I lay on the wide bench of split logs built close against the log wall. The whole family lay there in a row crossways with their clothes on, breathing hard. My little soft-haired sister lay next to me. She was only seven years old. She kept turning over and talked very fast in her dream about our mother. I tried to listen, but her words were all hurried and jumbled. Anyway, I couldn't listen long to anything. Once she woke up, sat up and looked at the long white blotch in the corner, and then she grabbed my hand and held on tight in the darkness. She kept whispering quick and hot in my ear: "Where is she now?—Where is she now?" It took me a long time, with both arms and many whispers, to get her asleep again. At last her shivers stopped and her breaths got long and steady. But I still held her; it did me good; and so at last I could think again. My father's words came into my mind:

"Last month your mother was sick and tired—tired out by work. The time had come to pay our taxes. They were raised this year from twenty rubles to thirty [$15]. We hadn't money enough, so I worked day and night. So did she. She was making a rug and she would get five rubles for it. She had worked on it more than a month. She hardly slept. She got worse and worse. Blood began to come out from her throat. She often choked for breath. So that's why she died. Taxes."

"That's why. Taxes." I kept saying this to myself like an ugly song, over and over, with my chin in the soft curls of my sister, staring out the door at the black mountain-tops rising into the stars. At last the stars got white, the mists came floating up the mountainside, and a chill crept into the cabin. A bird began to chirp and then stopped. I kept trying to think it out. A new feeling began to creep through my veins; and all my muscles tightened. "That's why. Taxes."

Early in the morning I led my father off to the priest. Our priest had been the priest of our grandfather. All of us children and even our mother forty years before had been baptized by him. He was a tall, thin, hard-eyed old man in a black gown; he had a long beard and stiff locks of gray hair down over his shoulders; his bony face was always tight and stern; his eyes were dull; his deep voice was slow and never had a glad sound in it. He had no friends, but just rode along the mountain roads alone; all of us children and even the old people were afraid of him. Once when I was very small I was driving a goat with my little sister on his back. The old goat was so solemn that some rich fat mer-

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chants driving by stopped and laughed. The priest was with them. When they laughed he, too, tried to smile kindly at us. That was the only time I ever saw him try, and the smile was just a grin with no life in it. There was an old story that his wife had not been afraid and had bossed him, but even she got worn out and ran away. He never opened his mouth except for two things. Either he spoke to God chanting prayers and masses, or else he spoke to the peasants, growling "Pay, pay."

His house stood a little way up the mountain on the edge of a gorge. You could tell it must be the house of a priest or some other rich man, for it had four or five rooms.

The old woman servant left us in a gloomy, gray-walled room next the kitchen. We waited about an hour or two hours; we both felt so dull and sick we couldn't tell how long it was. We gazed up at the holy ikon (image) in a big gilt frame on the wall, with "the endless lamp" burning very low and shaky in front of it. The house was all dead and silent, except when the woman walked on the bare floors. At last the tall priest came in.

He held out his hand for both of us to kiss. Then he fixed his dull eyes sternly on my father and spoke in a slow, hard voice:

"Well, David, you are here again. This time I hope you have brought the money."

The blankness in my father's eyes changed into fear.

"How can I bring the money?" he began, low and stammering. "I told you yesterday —I can't think of any way to scrape together so much—I can't think——"

"Then good day!" The priest clapped his hands. "You can bury your wife yourself. If you complain to any one that I refused, if they come and ask me why, then I shall have plenty of good reasons to prove that I am right! Now go!"

My old father dropped on his knees and then fell right down on his hands; he was so weak, for he had been dreading this all night.

"For the big love of God!" he cried, "give her holy prayers and save her soul from the fire! God has witnessed that I have done all I can—all I can to get you the money to pay for the service! You must bury her! You made her birth-prayers long ago when she was born! All her life you have been the father of her soul! You cannot leave her! You cannot!"

"Peasant!" said the priest, looking coldly down and pointing his long finger, "you are insolent. How dare you talk so to your confessor? How dare you reason before your spiritual father? Stop! It is useless. . . . H'm"—as my father kissed the priest's robe. "That is better. David, I know your thoughts, even the smallest thought, for God has given me this power over your soul. I know you. You have plenty of money. I say plenty of money for the Devil's things, but no money for God!" He stamped his foot close by my father's shaking knees. "You peasants grow more and more stingy! I ask and ask for money! But nothing! You have forsaken your God!"

My father held his hands up over his head to ward off the curse.

"Don't! Don't!" he whispered. I could hardly hear him. "I have not forsaken. I have no money. My taxes are bigger. What shall I do?"

"Stop!" said the priest. "You complain of taxes. You complain of your master the Czar. When you insult your Czar you insult your God! Now listen. I warned you last Easter when you refused to give me money—I said, 'Don't be so impious. Don't spit into the well, for you may want to drink from it presently.' That's what I said. I warned you, but still you refused. Well, the time has come. God has punished you for your wicked stinginess by killing your wife. You have opposed the church: you have refused to pay. I say now the time has come." He looked a moment down at the face of my father and then he said slowly. "I shall speak with God and He will prepare a terrible place in hell for your wife—unless you pay."

At this I smiled, for in college I had learned that there is no hell. I put my hand quickly to my face to hide my smile. Then I looked at my father.

His face had all changed. No more weakness! He was struggling between dread and rage. But the priest saw nothing. He went on:

"Now calculate. Since Easter we have had ten Holy Days." He counted slowly on his fingers. "Eight small ones and two large ones. You paid for no prayers, no mass, nothing, on any one of those days. Now, if I give them to you all at once I will give them to you cheaper. Eight small ones for three rubles each; that makes twenty-four rubles [$12]. Two large ones for five rubles each; that makes ten rubles more. The whole lot comes to thirty-four rubles. That is ab-

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solutely the lowest price. It would be an insult to the High God to give this cheaper. Even this price is too low.

"You owe thirty-four rubles to God already and yet you expect me to double this debt. Wait, I had forgotten. You have not even paid all for your wedding over twenty-two years ago. You still owe three rubles. That makes thirty-seven rubles. And now you want a burial service on credit when you have not even paid for your wedding! Bosh! An old man like you—and yet you think like a little child. I have only one thing to say to you. Think and think deeply how you are to get the money. For remember that without it your wife must—" The priest angrily raised his long hand.

"Father!" cried the old man, shaking with fear or wild anger—I could not tell which—"I can't pay you! I have nothing! Last fall I sold all my corn for taxes. I kept only enough—only enough to keep my children and the two oxen through the winter! I can't pay you! I—I am pounded down into a hole!" His eyes were wild. I began to fear he would do something.

"Don't snarl like a beaten dog!" cried the priest. "I say you must give me the money! I know all you curs, for I am the father of your souls. I have power from God. I know you well. You are all poisoned by these new ideas. 'I can give nothing to the church!' you cry. 'I have nothing to keep myself alive!' And right after that you go and bow low to the Devil and say, 'Come in, my new father. Here is all my money. How much does your Satanic Majesty require?'" Now even the priest's cold face was worked up. Little specks of sweat glistened over his big white eyebrows.

"What do you mean now?" My father turned up his face and I could see how suddenly scared he was. His voice was low again. "Who? What devil do I go to?"

"School-teachers! All the bad men and women in the college who poison your son with new sciences. You pay them forty-five rubles a year. I know, for I watch you. You have wrung that money from me. The money of Holy Church is laid at the feet of these science devils!

"The Devil ruined Eve, didn't he? And now you are all again being ruined!" He turned and glared with red eyes at me. "Learning pride against God and the Czar and all your masters. Oh, how these new devils chuckle as they work their schemes in the college! 'You shall be powerful as God,' said the serpent devil to Eve. But what did God tell Eve afterward? 'Now, Eve!' God shouted, loud as thunder, 'Eve! All your daughters shall bear children in agony!' And to Adam he cried, 'You, Adam, shall earn your bread in the sweat of your brow!' So God decreed. But now you—you! Not only shall you sweat on the brow and back and hands and feet, but you shall starve as well! You curs! You fools who think—think you can jump above your own noses! Blasphemers! Traitors to your Czar! Betrayers of your Christ! Get out!"

Dark-red in the face, his hands shaking in his wide sleeves, the tall priest turned and in big steps left the room.

We stared at each other in silence. My father's face was all confused. The rage burned still in his eyes, but he was too broken with grieving for his wife; the rage died down for the moment.

We went home to my dead mother and sat watching her all day. My father kept staring at her. Rage and agony jumped into his eyes by turns. I got more and more eager to see that look of rage. I was thinking hard. The new feeling I had had in the night was now creeping through me every minute. I watched the old man closely.

Toward evening both of us were called to the police-station. We were taken in before the Chief of Police.

He was a man of fifty. He was not at all like the priest, but short and burly, with a thick soft neck and a face all red and puffed out; his fingers trembled from vodka. He had been in the army and had now been given this easy place; he had never learned to read or write till after he was thirty. He always had trouble to speak, for his breath came short, his brain was clouded, and you could see by his eyes that he was always trying to grab his thoughts and hold them together. He showed all the signs of a vodka drunkard. Every morning he was sad; every afternoon he was cross; every evening he got more and more stupid.

We found him in the cross period. He lay on the sofa wrapped in a long gray cloak. The cloak was unbuttoned in front, and you could see his black, hairy chest. He held a cigar very tight in his teeth; a white cat lay in his lap, and his fat red hands kept trembling over the cat's back.

"Well—you've come," he grunted, looking at us sideways out of his dull eyes. He did

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not even move his head; he could not. "Stand over there—where I can see you." He tried two or three times to speak, but he couldn't get started. "It's a long time!—A long time!" He stopped to take a noisy breath, then he grabbed his thoughts again. "I've wanted—to get my hands—on you!" He shut his eyes. "Because!"—he suddenly opened his eyes and started up about six inches—"because you—you belong to Holy Church! That makes—your crime—that makes it worse! If you were Mohammedans I would only flog you. But you are orthodox. And when orthodox subjects refuse to have the burial service, then—ah!" He bumped back and his eyelids fell shut.

"Please, sir," I asked him, "tell us why we are brought here?" At this his eyelids lifted again, and he stared at me too amazed to think. I spoke quick before he could answer. "We can't bury her because we have no money. The priest told us we must just put her in the ground ourselves. He said he would punish her soul in hell. But why are we brought before you about things of the soul?" At this my old father looked at me and nodded; his jaws got tight, and he looked hard at the chief, who lay struggling to speak.

"Dog! Cur!" at last the chief shouted. "Don't you think! Don't you try to reason before me! Don't you! Don't you! I say you refuse to bury! You blasphemer! You—Ha! Ha! This fool talks about the Church! Tries to think about the Church! Straight to prison! I will use a whole forest of birches on your back! Don't I know my duty—ah!—without your telling me? Now listen. I have my orders; you have insulted the Church; I speak to you as a father; I have all the power; I am only responsible to my Czar—and you—you low dogs, you dare to—to think before me!" His face got wrinkled and red, and a little gray froth came to his lips. The cat in sudden fear jumped to the floor. "Do you know whom you speak to? Do you know I can do anything? Your master speaks and you—you dare to reason with him! Get out!" His voice broke and dropped to a husky whisper. "Vysca! Bring me vodka!"

In rushed Vysca, the servant, with a huge carafe on a tray. We were going out. We bumped into the servant and then ran out. As we went down-stairs we heard the chief still shouting, for he had forgotten we were gone: "Dogs! Shut your mouths! Don't reason! Get out! I'll flog you! I'll cover your faces with blood! Here! Here! Come back!"

We ran back. He lay exhausted now on the sofa, for the stupid stage of the day was beginning. He feebly waved his hand.

"Go—stay in your hut!" he grunted. "Don't you move from there! My police shall see you. I am getting old—old—too old to spoil myself—on you cattle! Now go! You! You!"

We walked back to our cabin. On the way I watched my father's tight, silent face. I could see how hard he was feeling and thinking and how he was changing. Two or three times we turned and looked at each other but did not speak.

Then we came to the cabin and could think of nothing but my mother. My sister had closed the hut and kept the children outside in the sunset and was giving them supper. To us the smell of food was bad. We sat down on a log and went on thinking.

In the evening two police came with a young officer. He was large and fat, with a soft brown beard; his eyes were sunk under the fat of his cheeks; but his voice was jolly and he spoke kindly to my father.

"David," he said, "you must bury your wife."

Then my father told him the whole story.

The jolly officer did not listen, but only kept winking and smiling at my sister, who shrank back in the corner where my mother lay.

"But, listen!" he cried; he was a little angry because my sister would not wink back. "Nobody asks you about whether you want to pay or not. I tell you, David, old dog, that if you get your back up and try to play wise man, then I'll have you flogged from head to foot so hard you won't need a bath afterward. I'm quite tired of all this whining." He turned to the police. "Here, police, take both his oxen and lead them to the priest." He looked at my father. "Now you understand my method. Words aren't the best things to talk with. Kneel down! Smile! Oh, you sly old dog! Thank me for saving your soul!" My father on his knees only glared up. "Now get up and follow me." They took my father and the oxen away.

In two hours my father came back. He was all torn and bleeding, but he did not seem to feel it.

"Katya!" he cried to my sister, seizing her arm. "And you, Michaeèl! Run away! The police are coming to arrest you. Quick!"

He kept begging us. Even exhausted and bleeding as he was, he would not lie down.

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He would not let my sister fix his wounds. He could not even stand still. He kept walking in big steps up and down the cabin.

Katya and I whispered hard together. About midnight we woke up our little sister and three brothers and packed their clothes and their one old doll into a sack and took them away. The old dog Masha trotted behind. We went to a cabin down the valley and left them all with some kind neighbors. Then we came back to our cabin.

The old man was still walking up and down before his wife. He was not speaking a word; only staring straight ahead. The cabin was very dark. The fire had died into a pile of gray with just a red hole in the middle, and flames leaping out now and then—flickering into the blackness; big shadows jumped on the log walls.

He heard nothing when we came in. We did not speak to him; we got our few things together in two sacks, fumbling and stumbling in the darkness. Soon the old dog pushed the door open with her nose and came in and then kept rubbing against us, now poking her big cold snout in our hands, now lying down and getting stumbled on.

Once Katya beckoned me to come to where my mother was. One candle burned by her head. Just below on the floor was a lot of my father's blood. He must have stood there a long time watching her.

At last we were ready, so we stopped him walking. We all went and looked once more at our mother.

"I know," the old man whispered. "She came to me to-night and said, 'Go quick. Make my children safe. That is better for my soul than a hundred burials. Go.'"

We walked on and on for hours under the stars, and none of us said a word. My father was walking ahead. At last he waited for us to come up to him. He grabbed me hard by the shoulder. His red eyes flashed into mine. I remember every word he said:

"Listen, Michaeèl. You know now how terrible this life is. You have lost your mother. She was killed by taxes. Why are these taxes? To feed that policeman, to feed the Czar, that is all. The Czar and all his police and judges have choked her to death. We tried to bury her. You have heard the priest. Now look. Here is my blood. What does it mean? Why was I flogged? I will tell you.

"When they took me to the priest's house with the oxen, the fat officer had ridden ahead and already he had drunk two bottles of vodka with the priest.

"'David,' said the officer, 'your oxen are gone and you can't work. You will starve. But look here. I don't want your oxen. I am kind. I am willing to give your oxen back. All you have to do is to give me your daughter. I want the older one, who stood near the old dead woman in the cabin.'"

At this I felt young Katya grab my arm in the darkness. I grabbed her too.

"'Give her to me as a servant,' said the officer. 'She shall work for me a year and pay the price of your oxen. When I am through with her I give you my word of honor as an officer she shall not be left dishonored, for I will make one of my police marry her. Now see how kind I am,' said this red fat man with a grin. 'Your girl is not worth one ox and yet I give two oxen for just one year of her.'

"Then all of a sudden my old head got on fire! I spat in his face. His men began to flog me. They beat me right in the priest's room. And between the blows I could hear the fat officer shouting, 'This insult shall be avenged. Prison and death! Prison and death!'

"So you both must see we can never go to our home again."

My father stopped talking. We just stood, all three of us, and stared at each other. We all knew what we must do. Soon we walked on faster. We got to talking harder and harder. We talked till the night got cold and white with mist; the sky got slowly yellow over the black rims of the mountains. The day began.

Revolutionist books and theories? Bosh! There are hotter things than books.

It will be your loss, and the country's, if you do not read the foreword to Charles E. Russell's great series, "Soldiers of the Common Good," on page 597 of this number.

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THEY WAITED AROUND UNTIL PETE CAME AND I INTRODUCED THEM.

True Blue

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by Howard Giles

[*Extract from a letter written by Mary Macdonald to her aunt in Japan*]

I JUST told Pete that if he didn't let me tell *somebody*, I should certainly go crazy, and he said you're so far away that it can't possibly get back here. Anyway, when you were still living here you were as great a football shark as any of us, and you'd understand why it would not do to let anybody know. I wouldn't have said a word even to you, if he hadn't said I might, for I'd promised him, honest Injun! that wild horses couldn't drag it out of me—not even one of the girls at school!

I'm going to begin at the beginning, for I don't suppose that you've been able to really keep up with the football end of the family—though you were here when Will was on the team and you can imagine what it's been. You must remember how awfully proud mother and dad were of him, and how they were as crazy over football as any undergrad. *I* remember all about it and I was only a kid. Will says now that he thinks father's prouder of that end-run his oldest son made in the Yale game of '95 than of his being such a success in banking.

Well, when Petesy came along we all thought it was going to be Will over again. He was on the Lawrenceville team, and when he came up to college he was one of the biggest freshmen they'd ever seen. But you know Pete—at least, you know what he was like before you went away—he's as big as all outdoors, but he's not so *awfully* quick. He played on the scrub all his freshman season—never got near the varsity—and dad and Will were no end disappointed. But Pete was young and they were sure he'd make the team the next year. Will used to put the babies to one side every time he saw Pete and talk football to him till the poor boy was dizzy. Just as if he didn't feel desperate about it already. "Say, kid," he'd say to me when he came to the school to take me home,

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"say, kid, there's no use in talking! I've got to make the team. I've *got* to!" And I'd squeeze his hand hard, for I knew just how he felt about it.

I used to go out on the field to watch them practise, and I was pretty near as tired as Pete when they got through, I'd been wishing so hard he'd make it. Once the coach—the great Mr. Burroughs—stopped near me and said: "That big soph has got the stuff in him if he'd only get a hustle on." I told Pete that, after dinner, and he banged his big fist down on the arm of the chair and said: "By Jove, Polly, I'll hustle if it kills me!" And about a week later he told us at dinner that he was going to play center on the varsity next day.

Dad just stared at him and then ran to the telephone and called up Will: "Peter plays on the varsity to-morrow!" he said. Mother said she was so proud of her son, and Will came falling in about ten minutes later, and we all shook Pete's hand as if he'd been elected class president or something. Mother was a little afraid he'd get hurt, but dad and Will came down on her so hard, and anyhow she'd had so much experience with Will that she said she knew there was no danger and she wasn't really anxious. She knows so much more than most mothers about what it means to be in condition and all that. And Will! You ought to have seen him! He was as pleased as though he was going to play himself [illegible]ed that [illegible] old Petesy—just blushed all [illegible]. Tkied face, he was so set up.

We all went to the game and, as many football games as I've been to, that was one of the most exciting. Pete didn't do anything special, but Will said he didn't make any mistakes nor lose any real opportunity, and we'd all been so afraid he wouldn't make the team that we couldn't have been pleaseder if he'd been the star.

There were only two more games that season, and though Pete played in them, it was only as he was called on to take the place of somebody who got hurt or tired out, so, of course, he didn't have the right to wear his college initial on his sweater yet. He worked like a horse all summer to keep in good condition, and the very first time the squad went out to practise he was put on the varsity. That evening he told me: "Well, kiddy, I guess I've made it this time. If I can only play in a few more games, I'll walk to school with you some morning with a piece of the alphabet on my sweater."

I went nearly every day to watch them practise, and once when they were all down, waiting for the signal, Pete looked up just a half a minute and nodded to me and smiled a little. I was with some of the boys and girls from school and they were *so* proud that one of the varsity had spoken to them. Afterward they waited around until Pete came

I NEVER WAS SO PROUD IN MY LIFE,—EVERYBODY TURNED AND STARED.

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I DID UNDERSTAND, BUT IT ALMOST BROKE MY HEART.

and I introduced them to him. They'd hardly speak to anybody at school the next day, they were so set up. But O Aunt Polly, that was the beginning of all the miserableness—though Pete says I must think as he does that it's all for the best. I do try to be a true sport, but I *can't* be as noble about it as he is.

You see, from seeing how overcome they all were at just speaking to Pete I thought that it would be loads of fun to take him to our practise-field and watch our prep-school team lose its nerve to have one of the varsity looking at them. (Of course, he wasn't *really* varsity yet, but we were so sure he would be!) So I asked him if he wouldn't come over some time and he said yes, and the next day he was there. But, as bad luck would have it, that was the very day that Fred Davidson came back to help the coach. Fred was one of the stars on our team the year before and he'd graduated thinking he'd go to college, but he failed on Greek and mathematics and couldn't get in. He didn't have money enough for a special tutor (one of those sharks, you know, that charge such awful prices but push you right through any old exam.), and so he was just hanging around to see what would turn up. All he cared about, anyway, was football, and I must say he does play a dandy game.

Pete hadn't watched him more than a minute when he was asking everybody who was the boy playing center. I told him about Fred and how he hadn't gotten into college, and Pete said: "Well, it's a mighty good thing for me that he didn't. I wouldn't stand *any* show if there was a center like that on the scrub." And then he didn't speak for a long time, but he never took his eyes off of Fred. After a while he said, sort o' to himself, "Good Lord, how *can* he be so speedy? He must weigh as much as I do!"

Later he walked me over to where the coach stood and asked him some questions about Fred. I thought then I had all the glory I could bear, standing out there with Pete and our coach. I could just feel everybody looking at me, and our history teacher, who thinks himself such a sport, bowed as he passed near us as though I'd been a real young lady.

But even that was nothing to the next day when Pete came back and brought—who do

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you think, but Burroughs, the great varsity coach! He introduced me to him and I walked along with them to the field. I never was so proud in my life. Everybody turned and stared, and when we got to the field they opened up a path for us through the side-lines as though it had been all arranged beforehand. When our coach saw Mr. Burroughs he nearly fell over, and came right up to ask, didn't he want to go out on the field? But Burroughs shook his head and just then Davidson came running on—looking as big as a barn, with his black hair sticking out in tufts through his head-guard. Pete touched Burroughs on the arm and said: "That's the man!" and they both stared at him for almost half an hour. Finally, Pete said: "What do you think?" and Burroughs drew a long breath and said: "Gad, he's a wonder! He'd go on the all-American this minute. How, under the sun, does it happen that nobody knew of him before?"

Just then the whole squad stopped for a grand talk—they say there's not another

PETE SAT ON THE SUBSTITUTE BENCH.

prep-school team in the country that does as much talking as ours, and they always laugh and say it's because there are girls in the school. Fred Davidson began telling the captain some new trick he'd thought up, and Burroughs said: "Gad, Macdonald, do you hear that?" They couldn't hear very well where we were, and so they walked out on the field. I almost went with them, I was so much interested—it sounded like a corker. But of course our coach would have ordered me off double-quick—if I *am* Pete Macdonald's kid sister. So I hung out over the side-lines and tried to make out what they were saying, but all I could hear was Burroughs saying every once in a while: "Gad! Gad! Gad!" getting more astonished every time. When Fred finished he said: "See here, young man, did you think that out for yourself?" Fred said: "Yes, sir, just now after that play of the tackle's," and then Burroughs said "Gad!" again and he and Pete came back. Pete was saying: "Isn't he a wonder? Did I draw a long bow?" and Burroughs struck his hand on Pete's shoulder: "Old man, if he were in college, you'd never get your sweater ornamented! There's not another such center in the States!"

Pete and I walked home and he didn't say a word, but I never saw his freckles stand out so. I said: "Why, Petesy, you look awfully done up! What's the matter? You're not feeling out of sorts, are you?" Because if he got out of condition, he couldn't play, you see. But he just shook his head and didn't open his mouth. At dinner, dad kept talking football, as usual, and it seemed to make Pete sort of sore. Dad said: "It was like old times when Will was winning glory for himself and us, to have a lot of people come up and ask me about my son on the team. I said that we're a family that believes in keeping up a good tradition, and so we are! By Jove, if Polly weren't a girl I believe she'd play herself."

Pete sort of scringed at that and said, a little shortly: "I'm not on the team, dad. I wish you wouldn't talk to people about it." Father just laughed as though he was cocksure: "Well, I guess anybody who's played in three games already and has been practising on the varsity since the beginning of the season will make the team all right!" But Pete looked so miserable, I wanted to cry, though I didn't know what was the matter with him.

After dinner he came and asked me how much money I had. I told him I hadn't spent that twenty-five you sent me for my birthday, and he said he wanted to borrow it till his allowance was due. He looked so white and awful that it scared me and in a flash I thought I saw what he was up to. I jumped up and ran toward the door, crying

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out: "O Pete, I know—you're going to bribe the examiners to let in that hateful Fred Davidson and he'll take your place on the varsity. I'm going to tell father and have him stop you!" Pete took about two of his long steps and slammed the door to, and then

WHEN PETE MADE A TOUCH-DOWN, . . . I WON'T TELL YOU WHAT DAD DID!

got me by the shoulders and shook me till I stopped crying: "You little ninny! People don't bribe the examiners—you don't know what you are talking about." But I knew something was up and I squirmed and tried to get away, and I said: "If it's not that, you're going to get him in, some way, and father shall stop you!"

And then all at once Pete let go of me and said in a low tone: "Polly, I'm very much disappointed in you!" and his voice sounded so queer and solemn that it scared me worse than his shaking. He went on: "We've always been pals, little sister, and I thought you were a true sport—even if you are a girl!"

"I am," I said, for I'm proud of that.

"Well, then, promise me you won't tell a soul what I'm going to do, and I'll tell you what it is, and you'll see it's the only square thing to do." He looked so serious and big that the first thing I knew I had promised, and then he said: "Polly, what's a mucker?"

"A low-down, selfish fellow who's no sport and wants everything for himself!"

"Well, I'd be a mucker if I didn't want the best man possible for the varsity whether it puts me out or not. Kid, it's the varsity that counts—not dad and Will, and not me, but having the varsity the best it can be. I'd be ashamed of my kid sister if she couldn't see that after I was so sure there was one girl who knew what was the straight thing to do."

I did see, all right, but it just broke my heart, and I cried till I was tired, while Pete went on explaining how he was going to get a wonder of a crammer he knew (he was one of the instructors now, but he'd do it for Pete), and have Fred put through in short order. I felt as though I'd suffocate, I was so stirred up, and I said: "Well, Fred's a mucker—the worst kind—if he lets you help him to put you off the team!"

Pete laughed a queer little laugh. "You don't suppose, Polly, I'd let him know who it is doing it. I'm going to get one of the fellows to loan it to his father. It's all for

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the varsity—and, anyhow, maybe I can get up enough speed to keep on the team."

Aunt Polly, did you ever hear of anything so just *great?* I never dreamed anybody could be so fine as that! I was so proud of him, but so awfully cut up! He sat there, sort of abstracted, pulling that forelock of his as though he'd pull it out. By and by he said, with a long breath, "I'm sorry to disappoint Will"; and then I just rose up and told him that I'd stand by him and he gave me a hug, and I went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

For about three weeks nothing happened—this was at the very beginning of the season and the team had played only one game. Then one evening Pete said: "A new man came out at practise this afternoon. He played center on the scrub." Nobody said anything—dad was carving and we were all watching him the way you do when the carver is trying to find the joints—and then Pete went on: "He seems to be a star. Burroughs thought he might do for the varsity."

Dad dropped his knife with a clatter and looked worried: "If you let a freshman push you off the team——!"

Pete's freckles showed a little plainer and it most made me cry to see him try and smile as he said: "He really is a wonder. He is the one who played on the team of Polly's school last year. He weighs two hundred in condition and yet he's only twenty. He's swift, too!"

Dad went on carving and nobody said anything more about it, but the air was just thick. After dinner father went out and he must have gone to Will's, for in a few minutes in came Will looking like a thundercloud. He got Pete off in a corner and talked to him in an excited sort of a way, but in such a low voice that I couldn't hear, till toward the end he said: "Why, Pete, all you've got to do is to get a hustle on you! You're as strong as an ox—! Get a move on!" Pete said (I suppose it was dreadful, but he was so hectored he didn't know what he *was* saying): "Good God! I do the best I can. I simply *can't* get there the way Davidson does!" And then they both looked at me and stopped. I went over, and though Pete hates to be kissed worse than anything, I couldn't help kissing him.

A day or two afterward, Burroughs put Davidson on the team and Pete back on the scrub, and Will wouldn't talk for two days. Pete shut up, too, and looked like death, and altogether the house was perfectly awful.

But the worst was at the Yale game. We went—dad hadn't missed the game with Yale in five years and so he went. But he told mother he felt like hiding his face—he'd told so many people Pete would surely play in that game. We sat on the grand stand and Pete on the substitute bench. Fred was the star—everybody was crazy about him. Several new tricks had been fixed up to give him an extra chance, and he went through the Yale line like a catapult. The cheering stand kept yelling his name till I was sick of the sound of it. Poor old Petesy never looked around at us at all; he just sat and shaded his eyes with his hand and watched the game without winking. He knew well enough how father and Will were feeling, and I knew how *he* was feeling. I don't know when I've been stirred up in so many different ways—what with the excitement of the game, and all the people cheering their heads off, and dad and Will as silent as clams, and my heart just *breaking* over Petesy down on the sub's bench.

I hope it wasn't wicked, but I prayed with all my might that Davidson would get hurt and give Pete a chance to play. I didn't use to think praying did very much good, but this is what happened that time: I had just said "Amen," when Davidson went through the line like a cannon-ball and somebody fell on him just the wrong way. When things cleared up there he was laid out—every bit of breath knocked out of him, but lying with all his two hundred pounds on the ball—our ball! They sponged off his face and did all sorts of things to him, but he was pretty well knocked out; and finally the captain turned around and waved to Pete. Dad and Will gave one whoop as old Petesy pulled off his sweater and sailed in.

Now, Aunt Polly, aren't girls queer! You'd think I'd have been too pleased for words—here was most a plain answer to prayer and the very thing I had been hoping for, but do you know I felt so—well, so queer! Pete played like a Trojan—he just did wonders—and Will was beating dad on the shoulder with his hat most of the time, shouting: "I told you the boy had it in him!" And dad, when Pete went down the field like an express train, nobody daring to tackle him, and made a touch-down—think, auntie, a touch-down in the Yale game!—well, I won't tell you what dad did, for I'm afraid you'd laugh! *I* didn't laugh! I was feeling too wicked! I kept craning around and trying to see where

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Fred was and if he'd come to, and I kept remembering what soft black eyes he had, and how good he'd been to me in prep-school once, when I was in a scrape with the principal, and I kept feeling meaner and meaner, till I couldn't take any comfort in all Pete's glory —and he had lots of it!

After the game was over, we stood around waiting to see Pete, and I tell you I felt awfully done up. Such an excitement, first one way and then the other! I had a lump in my throat so I couldn't speak when I thought of Fred Davidson, and when Pete came out, I wouldn't wait to let dad and Will congratulate him; I just made him rush right off and see how Fred was. And then if he didn't come back bringing Fred himself, limping and as white as a sheet, but all right. How black his big eyes looked in his pale face. Pete laughed and said: "Here he is, all safe, kiddy. I understand, Davidson, that you and my little sister are schoolmates." And then Davidson shook my hand and dad's, and we invited him home to dinner.

That dinner! It was most as bad as the game all over again, for we had to tell mother how it happened, and nobody had enough knives and forks to eat with, because everybody kept snatching them to make a line-up on the table-cloth. And I cut some big C's out of blue paper and pinned them on Pete and Fred, and Petesy kissed me right before everybody.

Afterward we all went into the library and quieted down a little. Mother went off down-stairs to see some visitors and Pete took dad off for something. Fred and I were left alone in front of the fire, and I knew it was due to Pete to be game and own up to a fault. "O Fred—Mr. Davidson," I said, "I ought to beg your pardon—and I do. I am sorry I prayed."

"What's that?" he asked, batting his eyes, sort of bewildered.

I was awfully ashamed, but I knew what Pete would want me to do and I went on: "I was so crazy to have Pete in the game, I'm afraid I prayed you'd get hurt—just a little hurt, you know—and give him a chance."

I thought he would be shocked and think I was a little beast, but he only laughed and said: "Well, if you hadn't prayed, I wouldn't have been here to-night and Pete would not have had a chance." That stuck me! I *couldn't* say I was sorry for that, and I just

"I OUGHT TO BEG YOUR PARDON—AND I DO. I AM SORRY I PRAYED."

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hung my head. He roared with laughter at that and patted me on the head as he said: "You little Roman with your thumbs turned down! You jolly little kid Roman!"

I pulled away and said: "I'm not a child! In three months I'll be seventeen and then I'll put my hair up."

He stopped, laughed, and looked at me a whole minute and then: "It seems a sort o' pity for a nice, game little kid like you to grow up into just a girl—just a young lady."

"But I won't!" I'm afraid I fairly shouted that; "I hate 'just young ladies'! And I'll always be the same."

"By Jove," he said, "if you do! I say, in three months, if you put your hair up you'll be having callers. Will you let me be the first one?" And he looked at me so oddly, and the light of the fire made his eyes look as though little flames were lighted in them, and I think I must have blushed, my face got so hot.

Just then Pete came in and Fred turned to him: "Macdonald, your little sister has been telling me that she's not going to grow up into just a young lady. Also I want to tell you I'm going to be the first man who calls on her."

Pete laughed and said: "It's a trump—the kid sister! All due to my bringing up, too."

Then dad and mother came in and Fred said good-night. Before he went away he came over where I was and said: "Listen, little girl. You may not be sure whether you are glad or sorry you prayed. As for me, I'm glad you did! And, maybe, some day I can make you glad, too!"

O Aunt Polly, what makes me feel so—so queer?

The Changing Year

By LLOYD ROBERTS

SUMMER, autumn, winter, spring—
Back and forth the seasons swing;
Sun and snows returning ever,
Like the wild geese on the wing.

When the clean sap climbs the tree,
When the strong winds groan and flee—
Dance the daisies on the hill-tops
To the thin tune of the bee.

When the golden noons hang still,
Crimson flames run down the hill,
And the musk-rats in the bayou
Feel the waters growing chill.

Wood-smoke mists the naked moor;
Dead leaves shroud the forest floor;
When the white frosts cross the threshold,
Summer softly shuts the door.

Like cold love and empty pain,
Fades the sun and drifts the rain.
Tips the world and slips the season,
Swinging wide the doors again.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART III

EDITOR'S NOTE.—High politics, a spectacular bank failure, the Northern Pacific Corner, the heartless greed and ingratitude of frenzied financiers are the themes of this instalment. The author details how "Standard Oil" used the United States Senate as a club to force Senator Clark of Montana to desert Heinze and line up with Amalgamated. The fight to save the Globe National Bank of Boston, the tragic downfall of its president, and the brutal perfidy of his associates at the moment of calamity, the giant struggle of Harriman to wrest the control of Northern Pacific from Morgan and Hill, and the tremendous ruin and disaster that ensued constitute a narrative of thrilling interest.

CHAPTER XIX

STANDARD OIL'S PUPPET—THE U. S. SENATE

IN my attempt last month to depict in their true colors Heinze and his most intimate associates, I so overran the limits of my space as seemingly to do an injustice to the part played by Senator William A. Clark in the Montana tragicomedy. Not for a moment would I have my readers imagine that the brief mention accorded the copper millionaire in the October instalment comprised the full record of his participation in Montana affairs or did justice to my impression of his shining personality. So rich and ambitious a man demands and deserves a chapter to himself and his crowning accomplishment—his election to the United States Senate. Something of the character of this achievement may be gathered from the relationship through which it was made possible—and indeed, as after-events proved, the Senator, in executing his purpose, was neither handicapped nor deterred by squeamish misgivings or conscientious scruples. But to go on with the story:

At the first election in Montana after the Clark-Heinze line-up, their combined forces swept the State. Later, the Legislature they elected sent Clark to the United States Senate, and apparently his goal was won. But in stepping from Montana to Washington, the ambitious millionaire had simply passed out of the tall grass and entered the enemy's country. Barbarous Montana was not under the "Standard Oil" spell—but in the Senate Rogers was a demigod. The first intimation that Clark had of his danger was peremptory notice from Rogers to break with Heinze and ally himself with "Standard Oil," or be expelled from the Senate. At that time the Montana Copper King did not know Mr. Rogers as well as he learned to later, and promptly he suggested to the intermediary that "Standard Oil" might go to ——. Soon after this message had been delivered there arose an outcry as to the manner and methods of Senator Clark's election, and plentiful evidence was published to prove that he had committed the heinous and unusual crime of purchasing the support of certain Senators and members of the Assembly. The virtuous Senate of the United States ordered an investigation, and Clark realized his mistake too late. He resigned just in time to save himself from being thrown out.

The manner of Clark's resignation was in keeping with the methods of this new Ameri-

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can royalty, the royalty of dollars. The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate, after an investigation, reported that his election was void, but before the report was acted on, Clark replied in a speech, on May 15th, that he had already sent his resignation to the Governor, and that the whole question would again be submitted to the free and enlightened people of Montana for their decision. Fair enough, as one reads it, but at this time the Governor of the State, Smith, was absent from Montana, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Spriggs, ruled in his place. Now, this Spriggs was one of Clark's henchmen, and he immediately appointed the Copper King to fill the vacancy created by his own resignation. That very night Governor Smith returned post-haste to Helena and at once consulted with the Attorney-General of the State as to the propriety of wiring the Senate against the acceptance of Clark's credentials on the ground that the appointment was vitiated by fraud.

This is what Governor Smith contended: that the appointment was the result of a conspiracy between the son of the honorable Senator and Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs; that the Senator's resignation, which bore the date of May 11th, had really been written in April, and then intrusted to the custody of Charles A. Clark to await the appropriate moment for filing. A job had then been put up to inveigle Governor Smith out of the State, whereupon, Spriggs having become Executive, young Clark at once filed the resignation, which he had been holding for weeks, and Spriggs made the appointment.

The plot was so obvious, so crude, so foul-smelling, that even the courageous Copper King—who is certainly not easily abashed—did not dare to present himself before the Senate to be sworn in, but decided to take his chances at the next election. The recital of the details of this immodest mess may well bring to the cheeks of all American patriots the blush of shame, that the institutions of this great country should be so befouled and prostituted in order that a millionaire upstart might satisfy a vulgar desire for political and social prominence. By order of the Supreme Court of Montana, Clark's counsel was put on trial for bribing the Legislature, and in the ensuing proceedings Clark's own methods were exposed in the open. Among other facts, it was developed that the high-water-mark price for a seat in the most expensive club in the world, the honorable United States Senate, had been touched in Montana; that Clark had paid $500,000 to obtain it; that fifty votes were bought at an average price of $10,000 apiece, and that the dickering for these votes was conducted as openly as are the buying and selling of lean and overfat boars and sows at a hog mart. State Senator Whiteside, an educated, honest man of the passing school, described how the business of buying a seat in the United States Senate was conducted, and said that he had turned over to the legislative committee three envelopes. When the envelopes were opened they were found to contain thirty fresh, crisp $1,000 bills. The money was surrendered to the State Treasury of Montana, where it lies to-day.

In due course election time came round again, and the delectable combination of Clark and Heinze again fought shoulder to shoulder. In spite of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Rogers, in spite of all "Standard Oil" could do to defeat the outfit, it scored another victory, and the Copper King was triumphantly rechosen United States Senator. Before Clark presented himself for admittance to the Senate, Rogers prevailed on him to enter a conference, and the two went at it hammer and tongs. Rogers intimated that as long as the Montanan remained the ally of Heinze he could not enter the Senate, that the cards were again stacked for his expulsion, and that he had better patch up with "Standard Oil" before it was too late. Clark did not believe that even the Master of "Standard Oil" could actually "deliver" the Senate of the United States, and bluntly he told Rogers that he believed he was bluffing. He was willing to put the threat to a test—if Rogers could show him a majority of the United States Senate pledged in writing to refuse him admittance, he would concede defeat, drop Heinze, and join "Standard Oil." On the other hand, if Rogers failed, "Standard Oil" should cease its opposition to his admittance to the Senate.

In making this proposition Clark imagined that he had imposed an impossible condition on Rogers, for, at that time, he had no conception of the immense power of dollar royalty. He did not realize how completely and absolutely the ruling forces of this great country of ours rest in the hands of a small band of millionaires. Thinking that he had the great wholesaler of dollars, lives, and liberties hung on his own spit, he came to a halt; but his weasel eyes opened wide when Mr. Rogers quietly but pointedly said: "It's a bargain.

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If I don't give you the proof as I say one week from to-day, I will not trouble you again in connection with our Heinze affairs."

At the appointed time the great manipulator of men, as calmly as though he were exhibiting a bill of sale for a car-load of barreled petroleum, allowed Clark to inspect a list of two over a majority of our grave and reverend seigniors.

Clark delivered his goods like the conservative business man he is, and from that time until to-day has occupied the No. 1 niche in Heinze's gallery of "To be Slaughtered."

I should be loath to deny to the Prince of Butte and Bunco any quality properly belonging to him, and eloquence in vituperation is among his accomplishments. One hearing him describe his quondam partner and ally might well believe that Heinze had unearthed the most extraordinary rascal and traitor of all time—a human muck-worm uniting in its chill and shrunken soul the perfidy of Judas, the treachery of Benedict Arnold, and the ingratitude of the wicked daughters of King Lear. However, Clark has gone untroubled on his way, and from that time to this has faithfully performed his obeisances before the great Oil Throne.

CHAPTER XX

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GLOBE NATIONAL BANK

A TWIST in this long and tortuous history includes episodes which are apparently extraneous to the main events, but which link fittingly into the crime chain forged in the molding of Amalgamated. The wild wave of speculation in mining stocks which followed upon the announcement of "Standard Oil's" copper plans engulfed many a stout financial craft, and though the Globe National Bank was not directly implicated in our affairs, this old-time and prosperous institution was wrecked on copper rocks of the "System's" planting. Its failure was altogether a melancholy affair, climaxing as it did in the jailing of Charles H. Cole; and though I did what man could to avert the catastrophe, the memory of my own share in the yellowish-black mess, and of the cruelty, cowardice, and ingratitude at that time revealed still sickens me to the soul in spite of all the heavy-footed years with their burden of guilt and anguish which since have dragged ball and chain across my consciousness.

Looking back over the blood-stained scroll from which month after month I have been transcribing act after act of perfidy, lawlessness, and greed, it seems to me my readers may well exclaim against a narrative so sinister and so unrelieved by instances of fineness or generosity. I can only say in extenuation that the facts set forth are not of my making. The surgeon must uncover the cancer he would remove, spendthrifting no time admiring the beauties of his patient's skin or the exquisiteness of the systems of veins and arteries which he cuts through. A thorough knowledge on the part of the people of the financial corruption tainting our body politic and constituting to-day a national dishonor is essential before a remedy may be unveiled.

I am reminded every morning by the papers that in spite of the publicity with which I have overwhelmed it the "System" is working its crushing mill overtime turning out victims just as it did in the worst days of Amalgamated. As I write the story of Charlie Cole, a Boston banker, who is now in prison because he did as he found his contemporaries doing, there lies in front of me an account of the recent investigation of the "Big Three" insurance companies (the New York Life, the Mutual, and the Equitable of New York), wherein their presidents, secretaries, and trustees, all men of millions, even scores of millions, men of the highest standing in all America, admit, with a sickening callousness to their moral and legal obligations, having habitually falsified the companies' books, habitually committed perjury in swearing to false returns and statements, and profited individually through stock-market manipulation of the hundreds of millions of trust funds collected from the people because of the solemn urgency of death and the responsibility for the widow and the orphan. The standards of fair dealing and propriety must surely be downtrodden, trampled deep in the dust when these distinguished men dare declare defiantly, as they did before the legislative committee of the great State of New York, that they saw no moral nor legal reason why they should not first collect by false pretenses the vast sums which they administer and then juggle them in the stock-market—provided they allowed the company to have a portion of the resultant profits while they appropriated the balance. When I read the brazen confessions of these human hyenas

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and see them parading their ill-gotten millions to the tune of applause from America's social and financial upperdom, I long for words stronger than I have yet used and such a fiery eloquence as to move the American people to a sense of their wrongs, so that they will rise in their might and sweep the ruthless "System" and its votaries into some Gehenna terrible enough to punish their crimes.

The Globe National Bank, at the time the copper boom began, was one of those proud and prosperous financial institutions that are Boston's glory. Its origin lay back in the middle ages of New England history, but though it laid strong stress on its conservatism, it was as hot after business and profits as its newest competitor. At this time the Globe was head-center for an active group of State Street financiers, who were busy trying to add fresh millions to their already fat fortunes. To these men, copper was a subject of great interest; for among them they controlled the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston companies, and the chief oracle of the group was the president of the two corporations, as well as the most prominent director of the bank.

The president of the Globe was Charles H. Cole, an able, active, even strenuous man who, though he cherished and maintained the old bank's reputation for conservatism, kept that institution well in the financial van of State Street. Yet his success caused no heartburnings, provoked no disparagement, for Charlie Cole, as he was familiarly called, was one of the most popular men in Boston and carried with proper modesty the honors of the position to which he had raised himself (he had entered the Globe thirty years before as office-boy). He seemed at that time one of fortune's fondlings, for besides the big share of worldly prosperity which had rewarded his industry, he was blessed with a good wife and helpmate, and three fine sons, whose character and promise might well fill a father's heart with happiness and their father's neighbors with envy. Until the copper boom spread itself over our town, I don't believe that Charlie Cole ever rose from his bed or sought it without thinking that he owed his Maker thanks for the blessings so plenteously showered on him.

The start of the copper boom found the Globe Bank coterie full of ardor for any sort of a money campaign, and they were soon as busy as ourselves organizing and directing big enterprises. Their chief new venture outside was the United States Mining Company, a copper proposition which they industriously manipulated; and they also had millions in the North American Gold Dredging Company and the United States Oil Companies. At the beginning of all this activity Charles H. Cole was the typical bank president—the vigilant executive, obeying the orders of the Board, keeping a stern eye on the funds of the institution, and watching alertly for commercial accounts and large deposits. He had no part at first in the speculations which were being conducted from the directors' room, but inevitably he came to know about what was going on, was let into this, that, and the other good thing, and as a natural consequence those good things became fair risks for the bank's assets. The desire for "made" dollars spreads in a man's blood like a fever infection, and President Cole was no exception to the rule. From being a passive participant in the game, he soon rose to leadership and for a time was talked of as a financial Napoleon—that fatal distinction which like pride seems to mark its nominee for a fall.

I was in no way connected with the Globe —on the contrary, their brands of financial enterprise and mine seldom blended, and I and my friends were almost invariably on the side opposite to the Globe in all its ventures. Many and sanguinary were our stock-market battles, and out of the varying fortunes of these contests grew two parties in State Street's affairs: one the "Standard Oil," which I captained, the other the "Three C's," deriving its name from its leaders, Coolidge, Clark, and Cole. The "Three C's" busied themselves spreading the gospel of United States Mining, and with so much success that at one time, in spite of my hard work in opposition, they bade fair to supplant us in public favor.

There was another side to this situation, of which at the time I was ignorant. That astute juggler, Henry H. Rogers, invariably manages to keep a variety of balls twisting simultaneously in the air while holding his associate's attention to making magic with one or two spheres. Secretly he had established money relations with the Globe Bank coterie, and was shaping its members so that they would be agreeable to the purposes of Amalgamated and would come into the consolidation with some of their own stocks and subscriptions. This he succeeded in doing so cleverly that the first intimation I had of the friendliness of these hostiles was when, in

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counting noses after the subscription, I discovered that thousands upon thousands of Amalgamated shares centered in the Globe Bank. In reply to my insistent queries as to how he had captured the Globe coterie while they were so strenuously opposed to me, Mr. Rogers smiled and said:

"Lawson, that is one of Lewisohn's money nests, and when he winks, they all blink. I told him to be sure and wink with both eyes this time."

Thus the Globe Bank, on its own account, as well as through the large private commitments of the "Three C's," became a factor in Amalgamated, and when the dark days came in the wake of the subscription, the institution began to suffer. In December of that year the favorite stocks of the "Three C's" began to wobble in the market, and then of a sudden, a darkly ominous cloud of rumors gathered over State Street. Before there was time to shorten sail, the storm was upon us. I had just got to my office in Young's Hotel one morning when my telephone bell rang and the head of one of our active Stock Exchange houses asked if he could have five minutes on a most important matter. He was with me in a jiff. "You'll take what I'm going to tell you in sacred confidence?" he demanded.

When I answered in the affirmative, he said in a street whisper: "If the 'Three C's' crowd don't have help before the opening (meaning the opening of the Stock Exchange at ten o'clock), there will be a dozen failures to-day and some of them will be frightful."

It took me only a minute to see the danger.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Let me bring Coolidge and Clark here at once," he said. "I have them at my office and they will show you the crisis."

In another whittle of time both were with me. I was acquainted with them, particularly with William H. Coolidge, one of the most prominent corporation lawyers in New England, better known to the outside world as Billy Coolidge, one of Harvard's great athletes and the leading member of one of its most famous baseball teams.

"Billy," I said, "talk quick and to the point if you expect anything of me, for we have less than twenty minutes before the opening. You need not go into all your affairs now—simply tell me what must be done right away, and if I see my way, I'll do it; we can get down to details later."

"Tom," he replied, "there will be large selling orders in on United States Mining this morning and we cannot protect it another dollar. If some one does not buy, and to the extent of a number of thousands of shares, it will break wide open, and if it does—well, —— has told you what will happen."

"If I hold the price to-day, do you see your way clear into to-morrow?" I asked.

"Yes," Clark and Coolidge answered together.

I rang up my principal brokers at the Exchange and told them to buy whatever United States Mining was necessary to hold the price.

All three were effusively grateful, especially as I made it plain that in helping them I was doing my own interests an injury. At that moment I was short some 15,000 shares of their pet stocks, for I had suspected trouble, though not of so serious a character as evidently was now on the ways. Indeed I had organized my forces to take a smash at their properties, and now perforce I must turn my hide and be temporarily bull. That day I had to buy the full 15,000 shares I was short, and so I lost the handsome profit that would have been legitimately mine if I had let the market break. In the afternoon we met again and Coolidge and Clark made a statement of their commitments. Cole was absent in California, but his associates were sure the bank was in good shape and that he could be depended upon to steer clear of breakers as soon as he could be got back to the wheel. As in all such affairs—and I have been in many—I was shown but the edges of the shadow of the pyramid. Indeed it afterward developed that the bank's part, of which Coolidge and Clark were surest, was the weakest element in the situation. However, I was on the books to stay by the ship till she rode out the gale and I set myself to running over the "Three C's" chart, seeking a way to clear water. I found none save to aid with main money force, and next day was on deck again and managed to hold her nose to the wind.

Shortly after the opening, a delegation of Stock Exchange members waited upon me for a consultation. Some were involved, and some, like myself, were working for the good of things in general. They disclosed a very ominous situation, looking at it from the viewpoint of financial Boston, and demonstrated that unless at least 2,000,000 of fresh dollars were quickly thrown into the now

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sputtering pot, it would surely boil over and perhaps scald the whole of State Street. Then it came out that the "Three C's" crowd, in their endeavor to finance themselves, had loaded up the different brokerage houses with their stocks on margin, until the amounts carried ran away up in the millions. The banks were alarmed and were calling the loans made on these shares as collateral, which meant that all would be driven to the Exchange to realize. That would cause a terrible crash not only in "Three C's" stocks but in the entire list of securities; at least the "Three C's" stocks would practically drop out of sight. Another dangerous phase of the situation was that the rumors afloat had caused a quiet run on the Globe itself.

This was bad news, but I heard worse later. I got proof that certain of the directors and officers of the bank were themselves drawing out their individual and corporation deposits. This had a very ugly look, and I at once sent for a leading director of the bank. At the same time I called into consultation one of the big men of the Beef Trust and one of the "Standard Oil" men, both of whom had come to town at the first whiff of the coming storm. It was a memorable meeting. All financial Boston remembers it, for it leaked out on to the Street that I was making the effort and that upon the decision reached in my rooms at Young's Hotel would depend the safety or the—no-man-knew-what, of Boston. The following incident will give my readers an idea of how fast financial history makes when it's making: During this conference Coolidge rapped at the door and said: "Lawson, our bars are down unexpectedly. Here is —— with me; he loaned me $100,000 for two days to tide us over, and if he does not receive it now—this minute, he will levy an attachment and the jig's up."

It was not my affair, and there was no reason why I or the "Standard Oil" or the Beef Trust man should put up $100,000 to benefit another who was already deep in; one too, who could probably lay down dollar for dollar into many millions—with any of us. But such crises make close kinsmen of all ship owners who have argosies on the seas; and besides, Coolidge's creditor was a good old jack-knife swapping Yank who "knew his biz."

I turned to my three visitors, and said:

"Here is Coolidge with a problem which must be solved at once or we need waste no more of our time." And I quickly gave them the situation.

"I'll chip in $25,000 with the rest of you," said the "Standard Oil" man. "Same here," said the Beef Trust official. "I'm in," I answered, and there was nothing now for the Globe man to do but chip in too. In about five minutes I handed Coolidge a check for $100,000; the other three each handed over to me one of $25,000, and we resumed our confab. In that brief space we four had parted with $100,000 as though we had used it to ignite a cigarette—so far as its meaning anything to us was concerned. That was the last we ever saw of our money, and as I write, years after, all that remains to remind me of the transaction is a square bit of paper setting forth in a few brief words the facts I have given above.

Such is modern finance. I suppose that at the moment when we were vainly calking this leak, within a radius of a thousand feet of where we sat there were hundreds of suffering families whose vivid hells could have been turned into palpitant heavens with that wad of money; and yet the four occupants of my room would have looked upon any one suggesting such a disposition of the sum as a candidate for a padded cell. However, one is compelled to admit that no real damage, harm, or mischief came to the world because of this particular deal; for what, after all, did it amount to but four makers of come-easy-go-easy dollars transferring a hundred thousand of the people's savings, a hundred thousand which scores of honest toilers had to sweat and suffer to produce, to another stony-hearted coiner of the same kind of pelf?

CHAPTER XXI

LEADING A FORLORN FINANCIAL HOPE

OUR conference had not proceeded far when it became evident to at least three of the four consultants that something desperate must be done to save the bank and that at once. I called Mr. Rogers on the telephone, and in the fewest words possible convinced him that it was of vital importance that he be in Boston that night. He smelt the fuse and said he would leave New York on the one o'clock train. We managed to live through that day's Stock Exchange session, and financial affairs are so conducted in Wall and State streets that existence at the closing of the

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Stock Exchange means we shall be alive at the opening next day.

At seven o'clock that night I was drawing for Mr. Rogers pictures and maps of the what-had-beens, what-would-be's, and what-perhaps-might-be's unless he advanced $2,000,000 right then to the one man in the Globe Bank who might save that institution.

It was an interesting and lurid word wrestle; I was at my best, because I was not pleading for myself and there was, therefore, no chance of unkind or unpleasant words.

Mr. Rogers did not like the man.

He did not like the situation.

He did not like to part with $2,000,000, even as a loan; no, that he did not like a little bit.

He fought like a bull-terrier that is being hauled up to the searing-iron after having his ears clipped, but at last—and the at last was not so long coming after all—he growled, "Go get him and the lawyers and I'll do it and get back on the midnight."

Have any of my readers stood on the shore while some storm-tossed ship careened amid the angry breakers far beyond the puny aid of an individual? Faint and heart-sick your eyes take in the helpless beings clinging to the wave-lashed sides and broken spars; to your ears, above the howls of the gale, are borne cries of anguish and despair—then the blackness is rent by a rocket; torches flash; stout arms propel the life-boat into the roaring waters, and as she slowly rides the waves' crests out toward the wreck, how all the world seems to brighten with glad relief. The black night breaks, and the gleaming of kindly stars lights the life-savers on their way. Then you lift up your voice in a glad cry of, "Help's come. All's well!"

Summon this picture before your minds and you will realize how I felt when the Master of "Standard Oil" grimly consented to come to the rescue of the tottering institution. As I left the Vendome Hotel, where he was putting up, to call the bank director and the lawyer, every star shone like a moon, the trees along the avenue seemed waving welcoming arms toward me, and the stone pavement seemed to be a springy velvet covering, over which my feet flew as though they were winged.

By 9.30 the technicalities had been attended to; the bank director had turned over valuable securities, and Mr. Rogers his check for $2,000,000. The expressions of gratitude were heartfelt and I heaved a sigh of relief—the situation was saved. A moment later Mr. Rogers and I were alone again, I in a congratulatory mood, he quietly listening to my talk, breaking in at intervals with some dry comment. At a quarter to ten I left him to rush down to Young's to give the news to the heads of two houses that were hanging by a hair and must have help before ten o'clock next day. To one I advanced $50,000 and to the other $30,000, and told them all would be well in the morning. Then back to Mr. Rogers, and at eleven, after he had gone to his sleeper—to make assurance doubly sure, I went to the home of the bank director for a final word about the next day. I saw him—he was a changed man.

Calmly, he told me that in the brief time since his acceptance of Mr. Rogers's check he had experienced a change of heart. His personal counsel—none other than the ubiquitous Samuel G. Untermyer—had put in an appearance in response to a hurry call to New York a few minutes after our interview, and together they had discussed the situation. Mr. Untermyer had proved to the director that the newly acquired two millions should be used, not to support the market nor to help the bank—but to straighten out the director's own personal affairs. His duty to his family surely required him to act for their comfort before he allowed himself to be charitable—and I would have to admit, he insisted, that the money had been advanced on his own securities.

I expostulated, but to no avail. I explained, what he well knew, that it was on the implied understanding that the two millions would be used to save the situation that I had commandeered them from Mr. Rogers; that in no circumstances, no matter how valuable his security, would the money have been advanced otherwise; that it was betrayal of me, of Mr. Rogers, and of his associates for him to use the amount in any way but that in which we had intended.

Coldly he returned that this sum had been loaned to him on his own stocks and not to the bank nor to the Boston Stock Exchange; that if it were lost in supporting the market, the loss would be his, personally, not the bank's nor the Stock Exchange's.

His reasoning was straight to the point. To apply the money as I had urged would have been philanthropy—this man, that night, was not a philanthropist; I had no right to demand that he sacrifice himself or his family for the common weal of financial Boston; he

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would have had no justification in so immolating himself unless he felt conscientiously impelled to do so. I left him. I went out into the street again and headed for home. Again the face of the world had changed. The stars had shrunk to heated needle points and every paving-stone between his house and mine was hard, cold flint. As I went to sleep I heard the shrieks and curses of the next day's victims.

The morrow was quickly upon us.

By daylight I was at my office, and long before Stock Exchange opening had interviewed "the Street." It knew that when the gong struck at ten o'clock hell would break over the boundaries. And it did. I'm not going to live again that memorable day; yet I am glad to recall how through the blackness of crashing thunder-clouds there came at intervals bright glints of light. I had had word for a half-hour of the failure of the house of the man I had let have the $50,000 the previous evening, but consoled myself with the thought that even if I had got to him early enough I could not have saved the money, because he would not have given it back. Suddenly there came a rapping on my door, and the very man who had been in my mind entered.

"One word," he whispered. "You see we were obliged to throw up our hands, but I want you to know we appreciate what you tried to do." He quickly slipped me fifty one-thousand-dollar bills. "I had deposited your check before I heard the bad news," he went on, "but I drew the bills against it, though I suppose I had no right to draw out anything now that we have failed. I'll be blamed if I was going to soak you just for the benefit of those who had no right to a dollar of your money."

I was touched to the quick. Here was one of the brightest Stock Exchange members, who the day before had had a fortune, a prosperous banking and brokerage house, and "the business," and to-day he didn't have enough left to pay his lawyer. Yet because of the big broad white streaks which crossed and recrossed his make-up, in his extremity he thought only of what he owed to me.

The crash came. The Globe Bank went down. A tremendous howl went up—editorials, denunciations, sermons on financial immorality—all the familiar word-thunder and ink-lightning that follow such disasters. Who was to blame? There must be a victim. Charlie Cole heard the outcries. He telegraphed that he was on the first train for Boston, and when he stepped off an officer was there to greet him. To the bank he gave up every dollar he had, every dollar his family had, and they represented a large amount. He turned to and advised what should be done to clean up the mess of the bank's affairs. It was excellent advice and following it brought valuable results. For all that, the affair demanded a victim, and he was clearly nominated for the rôle.

The Grand Jury brought in an indictment. I read it in the morning papers—also that bail had been fixed at $50,000, and that the family up to that point had found it impossible to obtain securities for so large a sum. I had not seen Charlie Cole since his trouble, for I had been so busy over my own affairs that there was no time to think of the distress of others; but as I read this, there came over me a disgust for the great public's treatment of those unfortunates who drop down and out in the brute battle for millions in which we are all struggling. But a few days before Charles H. Cole, one of the foremost bankers in the greatest banking city in America, would have been overwhelmed with offers of a million-dollar bail had he asked it for his clerk; now he must languish in jail during the weeks and months that would elapse before he could be brought before his peers to have his innocence or guilt proved, for lack of a sum paltry in comparison with the millions of those with whom he had been associated—associates who shared his guilt and who had posed as his friends. I sent for his son and said:

"Tell your father if he needs bail, I'll put it up—and more, tell him that in my opinion the others are going to let him be offered up as a sacrifice and that he must expect a long term in prison, and that as I know I can pick blindfolded a score of State Street's best who deserve a hundred years to his ten days, I shall not think I have been wronged if he concludes to go to South America."

"Father would be drawn and quartered before he would run away," said young Cole. "He knows he has never intended to do a man, woman, or child a wrong. Mother knows it; we know it, but we are all agreed that if he has made a mistake and the law says so, he will take whatever punishment the court gives him, although we all believe it will kill him to be convicted even of technical crime."

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The case was set for trial soon afterward. Cole was charged with technical infringement of the federal banking regulations. He pleaded guilty. He has now been some five or six years in prison. Not so very long ago a petition asking for his pardon was presented to the President. It recited the conditions of President Cole's conviction, and the fact that the years of his confinement represented adequate atonement for his sins. The document was one of the most impressive exhibits ever seen. It bore the names of almost all the distinguished statesmen and government officials of Massachusetts and all the leading business men of Boston; every man and woman in Charlie Cole's native town, Hingham, signed it, the first signature being that of Ex-Governor and Ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long. However, the President, in the exercise of that lofty and impartial wisdom which so recently extended absolution to the ex-traffic manager of the Atchison Railway, who happened to be his Secretary of the Navy, and which has given the nation Thomas F. Ryan's legal adviser for Secretary of State with J. P. Morgan's ex-partner for an assistant, refused to release Charles H. Cole to his wife and sons.

The old Globe Bank is no more. An able Government examiner so administered the "worthless traps," for loading the institution with which President Cole had gone to jail, that the depositors received 100 cents on the dollar. Every frenzied financier in Boston got a piece of the so-called "cats-and-dogs," the aggregate of which is now worth a large amount over and above what Charlie Cole had loaned on them. What is more, the able examiner who performed these wonders gained such knowledge of financial magic that before he had cleaned up the Globe mess he was put at the head of another important Boston financial institution, and in the brief space of years in which the unfortunate Charlie Cole has been in jail, this man has by thrift in consolidating and absorbing other repositories of the people's moneys made himself president and head of one of the two great national banks of New England. How true it is that one man's extremity may be another man's opportunity.

Far be it from a mere provincial to pass on the intricate problems that pucker the intellectual brows of our eminent rulers, but it would seem the nobler function of high office to lift up the humbled than to add new altitudes to the stature of the exalted.

CHAPTER XXII

FRIENDS IN FRENZIED FINANCE

THIS moving tale is not yet ended. I have so often dwelt on the callous greed of "frenzied finance," that further examples may seem an overplaying of the hand. There's a bit of sequel here, however, too valuable as an exhibit to suppress merely in the interest of artistic moderation. From the foregoing narrative it will be plain that Charlie Cole was no more to blame for the disasters that had overwhelmed the Globe Bank than were the directors who tempted him into speculation and loaded up his institution with their "cats-and-dogs," or the associates who organized and profited by the ventures in which he participated. Such guilt as might be proven against him those others showed in abundant measure. Consequently, you would think that, when he became the scapegoat, and the wrath of an outraged community vented itself on his devoted head, he would have been accorded a full measure of sympathy by those whom his prominence had concealed from the vengeance of the law. You might imagine them quietly rallying round the victim's family, paying his counsel fees and the crushing costs of that momentous trial. You might fancy them performing other deeds of loyalty, or rather justice, appropriate in such a contingency, but all such assumptions would be dream-stuff in this instance, for his associates and his accomplices calmly left Charlie Cole to his fate. He had turned over to the bank all tangible property belonging to himself or his family, and must have been seriously embarrassed by the lack of funds to meet the ordinary requirements of such a troublous and expensive time. There remained one asset, however, an undivided interest in one of the floors—the fifth floor—of the Amalgamated structure I have before described. For this interest he had nothing tangible to show, because, as such deals are managed in the dark, no partner has either token or securities with which to demonstrate his participation. Those of my readers who are accustomed to exact a receipt for even their smallest expenditures have no conception of this unceremonious method of conducting great business affairs, involving, as did the case in question, fabulous amounts of money. Rogers whispered to Lewisohn that he might whisper to his Boston associate, who, in turn, would pass it on to his own intimate in the

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Globe Bank crowd, that they would be allotted a number of millions of the good thing, Amalgamated, upon the ground-floor price. To take advantage of this privilege, all the favored ones had to do was to send to the one of their number nominated by Lewisohn's associate a check for the amount each desired to subscribe, and to pass the money on to Lewisohn, who himself handed over the contributions to Mr. Rogers. The next step of the transaction was taken behind closed doors at 26 Broadway. In the ordinary course of events, nothing more would be heard of the affair until Mr. Rogers, being good and ready, should slip over to Mr. Lewisohn another check, which would mean that the deal was closed. If it were successful—and Mr. Rogers was seldom a loser—the check he returned would be much larger than the total of those he had received, and it would devolve on Lewisohn's associate to return the investment and divide the profits among the contributors—according to the amounts each had chipped in.

That eminent business men swinging great interests should be in the habit of slipping their money into a crack and, in the hope of gain, be absolutely blind to what happened to it, may seem incredible. In the recent life-insurance investigation in New York, one of the high officials of the Mutual Life Insurance Company explained that all parties to any of the scores of 5-million to 105-million syndicates in which his corporation participated, accepted blindly the checks turned over to them by the promoters of the syndicate, and not only knew nothing of what had been done with their money, but never saw even an accounting of the transaction. It was the custom of "the Street," he said, "to assume the honesty of the big banking-houses which managed these syndicates," and he did not believe such trusts were ever betrayed. This latter assumption is part of the Wall Street flimflam. Your eminent practitioner of "frenzied finance" will look you straight in the center of the pupil and solemnly declare that the man who reaches that height of supremacy in Wall Street which admits him into the syndicate-organizing class has been so tried by fire and sword that his incorruptibility is beyond all question; that such a man is incapable of deceiving his associates, which means that he can be depended on not to keep back from "the gang" profits fairly coming to it. This is simply one of those traditional superstitions carefully promulgated in connection with all forms of chance. You will hear of the sturdy "honesty" of some notorious gambler; you will find a faro dealer nicknamed "Honest" Abe White. All such designations are no more than advertisements—a part of the paraphernalia of the pea-and-shell performance, the prosperity of which depends on persuading the victim that he is having a square deal. As a matter of fact, syndicates are organized in Wall Street by successful bankers or capitalists—men who have made a great deal of money—not by men notable for their personal virtue and moral purity. In fact, the latter qualities never enter into the consideration of those who chip in to this form of blind pool. The head of the "syndicate" may be a slick operator who takes full advantage of the traditional secrecy connected with the syndicate, to turn over to his partners only such part of the gains of a particular venture as will insure their good-will for his next. The attraction for the others is not his "honesty" but the privilege of sharing the profits he is sure to capture. He can charge what he pleases for promotion costs; he can appropriate to himself such stock bonuses as may fall to his syndicate; he can give out that the operation has proved a loss—no one is the wiser, and the rule prescribes that accounts, whatever they be, are to be considered necessarily correct. Detection of robbery being impossible, there has grown up the tradition that syndicates are inevitably pure. I described to my readers early in this story how Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller erected the fifth-floor Amalgamated structure and hocused a number of most distinguished capitalists into believing that they were all in on the ground floor. Later the checks handed out to the participants were considerably less than the actual share of profit due each.

President Cole's participation in the Amalgamated pool having been arranged with Mr. Rogers through Lewisohn, I had no personal knowledge of it, and in his trouble Cole overlooked the transaction. "The gang," supposing him dead so far as protecting himself was concerned, either divided his share among themselves, or allowed Rogers to absorb it. Whatever happened, Cole received nothing. One day, in the solitude of his cell, chasing the specters of the past, Cole remembered that

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The First Love of the Saxon

By GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

I

IT was the night of the monthly *baile* of the Visayan Club, and the newcomer to Iloilo, whom no one seemed to know except Lanvale, was discussing and dissecting human nature for the benefit of that gentleman. They sat on the club veranda, which had, by the banking of fresh-cut palms and the stringing of Japanese lanterns, been turned into a conservatory where men and women rested in bamboo chairs, and had club servants bring them iced drinks between dances. Sweeping away to the south, the white-sanded beach glittered, and the bay beyond it showed palish green in the light of the stars. From waving palms and trailing foliage came the subdued chirp and chitter of the denizens of the night; and down by the quartermaster's dock and the custom-house, the lights of army transports and other sea-going craft seemed the eyes of Gargantuan monsters of the deep, glowering balefully.

The newcomer waved his hand and smiled. "The first love of the Saxon," he affirmed positively, and with the air of one refuting a statement, "is his desire for a fight. It is the only love that he's faithful to. It may be a fight with weapons or a fist fight; it may be the clash of opposing armies, the battle of brains, or the fight for existence—that's all in the constitution of the particular man; but take away his reasons for desiring a fight and the Anglo-Saxon is worthless. That's why Americans will never make a success with these islands. They can't reach the stage where they're content to become contented. There's no fight. Existence is too easy and requires too little." He smiled again, and raised his glass to his lips with the air of one who has satisfactorily terminated an argument.

Very near the stranger sat a man whose face was turned to the girl leaning toward him. He wore the uniform of the Philippines Constabulary, and the four gold bars on his red epaulettes signified his majority. The girl, darkly beautiful, was talking to him in a voice which she did not affect to believe held no traces of tenderness. She was not aware that her companion had failed to hear what she had been saying; and that he had unwillingly hearkened to the words of the newcomer.

"The first love of the Saxon," muttered the man.

"Eh?" queried the girl, puzzled.

He shook his head gravely. "It was nothing."

She eyed him, well aware that he was not thinking of her, but uncertain of the reasons. "Come," she said abruptly. "There is a waltz. We will dance, *amigo mio*." She rose, the soft piña-cloth of her gown falling about her lithe and willowy figure, and the light from the lantern overhead showing the generously classic and almost sensuous lines of her bared bosom, and the near perfect curves of the ivory-like arms and shoulders. She moved forward with a feline grace, her head with its masses of blue-black hair proudly aloft. The man followed somewhat unwillingly, it seemed, and with traces of perturbation on his unhandsome face. He was over six feet and proportioned well, his figure showing to advantage in the tightly fitting uniform he wore. His face was marked by a hooked nose, a thin-lipped mouth, and heavy, sunken eyes.

"And who may that couple be?" the newcomer asked Lanvale, but before an answer came held up his hand. "Wait until I see them dance," he added.

He rose from his chair and moved to the door leading to and commanding a full view of the long room, the high walls of which were covered with freshly cut palms and other tropical growths, here and there a brilliant orchid flaming against the green background. From an anteroom, banked with greenery, the military band from Guimaras discoursed airs popular in the States years before. The polished floor was soon obscured by a mass of men and women swaying to the strains:

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a color scheme to do a skilful stage-manager credit. Here were the white and gold of army officers' tropical costume of drill; occasional blue blouses that marked those more inured to the heat; a few somber figures of civilians perspiring in the black claw-hammer of home; and, in vivid contrast to these and the white evening-clothes of those not entitled to uniform, the red, white, and gold of the Constabulary and the women's many-hued gowns of jusi and piña-cloth showed bright spots of color.

The stranger's eyes followed for some little while the movements of the tall man and the sinuous girl; and then, returning to the balcony, he resumed his seat by Lanvale.

"That girl," he commented, "has native blood. Trust a Southerner to find that out."

Lanvale proffered a cigar, but the stranger nodded toward his cigarette, and Lanvale lighted the weed himself. "Well, Lethbridge," he admitted, "she has. But she doesn't show much of it."

"It's intuition, I fancy," rejoined Lethbridge. "Most of us south of Mason and Dixon's can find it. But she's the best-looking *mestiza* I've seen in the islands."

"Belle of the town," agreed Lanvale. "Incidentally she's the daughter of old Figuera, who controls most of the hemp in Panay. He's worth some million pesos or so. The girl was educated in Paris."

The stranger smiled incredulously. "And with the islands full of penniless gentlemen-adventurers, she remains single! It doesn't seem possible. Why, she's a veritable prize for some poverty-stricken army-man. A veritable dispensation from heaven."

Lanvale laughed. "It's not for want of asking," he replied. "She's not the sort who regard the fact of a man's being white and well-bred good and sufficient reason for marriage. I suppose twenty army-men have, at different times in the last four years, asked her to accept military rank. As for civilians and Constabulary officers—there are too many of those to count. Of course there are some who stop because of the touch of the tar-brush."

The stranger threw away his cigarette and lighted a fresh one. "That man with her?" he hinted.

The other looked up and around and responded in a lower tone. "He's the one she wants. She's practically thrown herself at his head, and I think he'll catch the next toss. His folks were Virginians, so they say, and he has some prejudices on the ground of color."

The stranger, Lethbridge, turned and deliberately surveyed the man they were discussing as he stood framed in the doorway, stepping aside a moment later to let his companion precede him to the veranda. He returned Lethbridge's gaze with uninterested calmness, and followed the girl to the end of the balcony.

"A Major of Constabulary," mused Lethbridge. "He doesn't look like the sort who'd be content with that."

Lanvale hitched his chair closer to his companion. "He has been a good man in his time," he said. "Some trouble back home took the life out of him—love affair, I guess. He's preaching the gospel of contentment now. Says happiness and ambition are not compatible." Lanvale laughed queerly. "One gets to think those things out here. That's the reason I'm going back to the States next month——"

"A paradox," commented the stranger.

"Before the opinion gets any stronger in me," finished Lanvale.

Lethbridge elevated his eyebrows. "Which proves, as I said before, that the Saxon isn't happy unless he's fighting. Now this man—" Lethbridge's brows were wrinkled in thought, and he ran his fingers through his short grizzled hair. "Can he be— Who is the man, Hal?"

"His name," replied Lanvale, "is Torrence——"

"Ah!" The stranger sucked in his breath. "A. Brewster Torrence. I was sure he was still in the islands."

"He signs it Arthur B. Torrence out here," commented Lanvale, mildly interested. He waited for an explanation.

"It seems strange for the proprietor of a New York newspaper to be its war correspondent," Lethbridge began with apparent irrelevance. "But I've done everything else in the newspaper way, and I wanted a shy at the biggest end of it. So I'm out here for that purpose. I thought war would be on when I reached Japan. It wasn't, so I ran down here to see you, and also to find this very man. I had a suspicion that he was in Iloilo. He was the best man out here during the trouble. His stuff came out in book-form after that, and it was the best stuff I've seen since Stephen Crane. He's been out of sight for five years—I made up my mind that he should represent my paper

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with the Russians while I went with the Japanese."

Lanvale did not reply for some time. When he did, he prefaced his words with a wave of his hand toward the white-sanded beach, the palms, and the Southern Cross glittering in the sky. "That sort of thing grips a man after he's lived here awhile," he said slowly, and as though meditating. "Then, too, there's Beateria de Figuera, who is very beautiful and very rich, and who loves Torrence. I don't think he'll go," he added after a pause.

"You don't believe what I said about the first love of the Saxon?" Lethbridge answered. "This man is preaching contentment, not to persuade you, but to persuade himself. He isn't contented and he knows it. He wants to be quit of all this, but he hasn't the spur."

A little later, Lethbridge heard a *muchacho* calling his name. "*Señor Lethbridge esta aqui,*" he answered, raising his hand. The boy came forward explaining that a message had come from the *telegrafio*. "A cablegram," commented Lanvale in some surprise. Lethbridge nodded and tore open the yellow envelope, after excusing himself to his companion. As he read his eyes glistened, and on the enclosed blank for answer he scribbled a line or two. He read them over, and then looked at Lanvale. "It's 'Arthur Brewster Torrence' then?" Lanvale nodded before he had time to ask reasons. The stranger folded the paper and handed it to the *muchacho*.

"*Á prisa,*" he said sharply, dropping a half-peseta in the boy's hand. With voluble thanks, the *muchacho* hurried away.

The other looked at Lanvale and smiled pleasantly. "You want to know what the cablegram had to do with Torrence, eh?"

"If you care to have me know," provisoed Lanvale.

"I said he wanted a spur—Torrence, you know," explained Lethbridge. "And the genii have forged the spur." He pushed the cable slip across the table and took out his cigarette case. As he tapped the cigarette on the metal box, he looked up and encountered Lanvale's eyes showing the *n*th power of astonishment.

"It can't be true—war begun between Russia and Japan!" he gasped.

"It appears that there was a little surprise party, and the Nipponese left torpedoes in place of cards. Not at all formal, but it will hold," smiled Lethbridge.

II

It was perhaps an hour later, and Torrence with his companion was in the billiard-room, transformed into a reception-parlor, where *muchachos* were serving punch from a huge oyster-shell of papier-mâché. He handed her a glass of it. She raised it to her lips, sipped it, then handed it back to him, and, smiling faintly, put her handkerchief to her lips.

"I think, Arturo," she said with a curious little smile, "that it were better that we go now. I do not feel well. The punch perhaps——"

"Very well," he replied, turning toward her. Something in her eyes worried him. "You are not ill, Beateria?" he queried with sudden solicitude.

She shook her head, and taking his arm, leaned on him just enough for him to realize her pulsating body, as they went down the steps. Torrence stopped for his cap and her shawl, draping the latter skilfully about her shoulders. A servant preceded them through the garden and iron gateway and summoned the Figuera victoria. Torrence helped her within, and then stood beside the carriage, cap in hand.

"Oh, you are coming too!" she said. He hesitated and she understood that he was framing an excuse. "You must come or I shall be angry. Antonio will drive you to your *casa* when you have seen me home."

He stepped in, knowing that it would be useless to argue the matter. As he sat down, and the carriage whirled off, the girl moved closer to him, and the scent of roses came to his nostrils.

"You did not want to come," she said reproachfully. "You are cruel to me, Arturo." She made a little despairing gesture. "It is because you are growing tired of me. And I have tried to please you." Her mouth quivered and her lashes swept her cheeks. He did not answer. He knew and had known for some time that she craved a declaration of love from him. He had striven to be honest with her. All the real love he could give a woman was buried with some one back there in God's country. This girl pleased him as would a pretty child; and sometimes she appealed to what was sensuous in him. He knew that she loved him, and would devote her life to his pleasure; he knew, too, that the fortune which was to be hers would remove all care from the shoulders of her future husband.

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For five years this man had been trying to forget another country and another people; had striven to banish from his recollection the fact that he had once wished to write his name on the scrolls of the great. Yet there was still with him a sense of honor that he could not forget; and he did not wish this girl's tree of love to bear Dead Sea fruit.

Had he looked at her while he thought, he might have seen her eyes harden with a great determination. She had not the centuries of inherited repression which the well-bred woman of his country had. In her veins flowed some of the blood of the savage, and the primitive passion of her grandmother awoke within her. She loved this man and she would have him. His assailable point she well knew. It was his chivalry—the zest for the protection of womankind which is in the heart of every gentleman of his race.

When he turned it was because of a queer little gasp. He saw that she was weeping softly. "Beateria," he said tenderly.

Her little hand sought his, and the touch of the soft fingers sent the blood racing to his head. He looked up. The eyes of the *cochero* were on his horses. The street was deserted. As one ashamed he placed his arm about her. She looked up shyly, almost timorously, and there was invitation in the scarlet lips. His heart smote him suddenly, and his head was bent down; but at that moment the carriage turned into the porte-cochère of the Figuera *casa*, and he withdrew his arm suddenly and sat stiffly erect, his cheeks blazing. Her eyes closed in utter weariness, a prelude to the tempest which would break forth when she found herself alone. She had so nearly won him!

The victoria drew up before the stone steps which led to the inner garden of the patio, and Torrence helped her to alight. She moved to the steps and ascended them, then stretched out her hand. The man took it tenderly; and the resolution slowly formed came to expression.

"I shall come to-morrow, Beateria," he said quietly. "I have something to say then—something I should rather say then than now. *Buenas noches—carita.*"

The girl's face shone radiant in the moonlight. "*Buenas noches, Arturo,*" she said with infinite tenderness; then as she stood on the upper balcony, her figure outlined in the silvery light against a background of brilliant orchids, she took a flower from her hair, pressed it to her lips, and tossed it down to him. "*Buenas noches, querido mio,*" she murmured softly to herself, then turning, went within.

Torrence picked up the flower and held it awkwardly for a moment before he put it in his pocket. The subtle perfume of the woman and her flower was with him as he turned into the street after declining the *cochero's* services. He had made up his mind at last, and he was glad he had done so. It had not been easy, this resisting of temptation—knowing all the while that compliance would bring the happiness of *dolce far niente*, the abandonment of care. The girl loved him with all the passion of the Southron, she would be his to command; in her manner was always the ineffable sweetness of abandonment. It would be unnecessary to drive away the blue devils of ambition after she had come to him. It would need but the twining of her arms about his neck, her red lips to his, her eyes declaring her obliviousness of self, the scent of the tropical orchid she was, in his nostrils, to make him glad he had given up a life which held none of this.

There would be no reason for worldly care after marriage with her. He need think no more of the necessity for earning a livelihood. All the luxuries that he craved for comfort's sake would be his for the asking. He would have liked to believe that her money meant nothing to him. It did mean something, however, and he knew it; but that alone would never have brought him to a declaration. The girl herself had managed that. She had this very night struck the right note, appealing as she did for protection rather than love. That protection she should have. He could give her everything except a forgetfulness of another woman dead for the sake of him. That love had been quite different, for it held no thought of benefits to be gained, nor had it the sensuous note. But such love as that was seldom found. He did love Beateria for many qualities, but chiefly he loved her because in her presence he was able to forget another existence and another people, and to put away the wild, high-flown dreams of ambitious youth.

As he continued his walk under the Southern Cross, a great wave of exultation came over him at the thought of possessing this beautiful creature for his very own. With her, he could dream out a beautiful life in the land of skies ever starlit. So to-morrow he would go to her and ask her to be his wife. A certain

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sweetness came to him with the air of midnight and a lilt of care-freeness rose to his lips. Now that he had made the first step there was to be no retracing, even mentally, and the man had persuaded himself that what had been done was what he had, all along, intended to do.

III

When he reached his own house, and his servant had unbarred the door, he was informed that a strange señor waited for him up-stairs. No, Anselmo did not know the strange señor. He had not been honored with a sight of him before. The strange señor had come an hour ago, and was waiting.

A cold hand seemed to have been placed upon Torrence, but he whistled the lilt again, and went into his study where the man sat, the shaded electric bulb close to him, and a magazine in his hand. He looked up, and Torrence remembered him with vague disquiet as the stranger who had spoken those prescient words for Lanvale's ear.

The man rose to his feet, and Torrence noted that he was short, sinewy, with grizzled hair. "Major Torrence," he said, "you will pardon this intrusion, will you not? The matter was important. I am David Lethbridge. As my visit is a business one, let me add that I am the owner of the New York *Chronicle.*"

The Constabulary officer started suddenly, then extended his hand, murmuring something eulogistic concerning the paper. "You will have a cigarette, won't you?" He held the metal-box forward and Lethbridge took one. Torrence struck a match and both men lighted their cigarettes.

Then clearing his throat and laying his cigarette on the edge of the box, Lethbridge placed both arms on the table and leaned forward.

"War has begun between Russia and Japan," he said quietly. "I want you to represent the *Chronicle* with the Russian army. The salary is one thousand dollars a month, all expenses paid, and you hold the copyright for your stuff for book-purposes."

For a moment a vista of bursting shells and frenzied riderless horses came to Torrence. He heard Maxims barking, soldiers shouting, and the cries of the wounded. A cold chill of dramatic intensity went down his spine, his hands shook and his body trembled. He sat for a while silent, until he had regained his normal composure.

"I can't go," he said quickly. He did not dare look at Lethbridge. With a noise that was almost a snarl, he added morosely: "I've given up all that sort of thing. It isn't worth while."

When Torrence saw the pitying smile that widened Lethbridge's mouth, his fingers closed convulsively. For a moment, mad with anger, he would have liked to crush the life out of the man who looked on him so contemptuously. Then his temper died down, and he tried to think of something to say that would be rude enough to send this stranger away.

Lethbridge was blowing rings of smoke. Presently he began to speak in a reflective sort of way. "There've been a good many men who thought it worth while. Some died for the privilege. There was Archibald Forbes—we won't forget him, I'm thinking, nor Steevens, either. It's a man's work. A man takes big risks to see big things. I've never heard before that it wasn't worth while. Yes, I have," he corrected himself suddenly. "That was from Calhoun. Maybe you remember the work he did in the Caribbean. He fell in with the Government later, and got a sinecure. While he was eating the lotus he married a girl down there. She was beautiful, but she had the tar-brush taint. He told me he was perfectly satisfied, and that a struggle wasn't worth while. The girl had some fever after that, and when she got well her black blood showed: she had withered. He deserted her and came back to New York, but she followed him. He shot himself, I'm thinking. I'm not sure."

Torrence turned dull eyes on Lethbridge. He felt choked—as if he needed air. He rose and stood by the window, looking down toward Guimaras where lights twinkled, the lights of launches taking the officers and their wives back to the island camp.

Presently Lethbridge went on. "A brilliant man—Calhoun," he sighed regretfully. "Ah, well! I'm sorry you won't go. There are big things to be seen when this gets pulled off properly. There's Port Arthur that's the key to Manchuria. The fleet, the fortifications, the guns, the men—the Japs have got to overcome all that. Imagine trying to take Gibraltar—" He paused. "Then there's the Yalu. The Japs crossed that in 1895. It's fortified now; and there are white men to defend it. But they've got to cross it, some-

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how. This will be a *war*—a living hell of shot and shell. We *played* at it here and in Cuba—that was a war of individuals. This will be a war of composite forces, great machines with the brain of but one man—God! what a war—" He also rose and began to pace the room. Furtively he stole a glance at Torrence, who was leaning against the window, his eyes unseeing.

Lethbridge sat down. Relighting his cigarette, he began to talk again. He did not seem to be addressing Torrence. He seemed rather to be talking to some one else about a man who was dead.

"There aren't many correspondents who feel war and make you see what they feel. Torrence was one in a million. He made you see, feel war—real war. His blood was not dyed water, and his people fought on paper as they did in life. But his paper didn't make him famous. His name was never signed to his stuff. If the *Chronicle* had been his paper, his name would be in the mouth of every man in the street——"

He tossed his cigarette away, and turned his conversation directly to the man before him. "Remember what you did for this little picayune war. Then think of two hundred thousand men behind fortifications, and four hundred thousand intent on getting them out. And it's to be some one else—Harry Reeves will have to do. All the others are in Japan now: Douglas Lorry, Jimmy Staffren, Franklin Winship——"

"Stop," cried Torrence suddenly. He darted across the room, and his eyes glared into Lethbridge's. "Stop." His face twisted into an ugly grimace. "I left the one person I cared for behind when I came out here to write of a war, and be a great man, as I thought. She begged me to stay behind, to be content with her love. I had been happy in that until they offered to send me. But I wanted to see the big things, and to write my name on the world's literature. So I came. At one time I was left for dead. The news went home. She lived for me and me alone; and when she heard it, she killed herself." His voice rose almost into a shriek. "She killed herself, yes, and when I heard, I hadn't the courage to follow her. That finished things for me. I stayed out here; forgot all that I was going to be. I was coming back to contentment again; happiness might have followed. Now you come to me and put the fire into me again. You bring back all that I had when I left her—all except her love. God, man, you don't know how I hate you—hate you."

He sank into his chair exhausted, and covered his face with his hands. Lethbridge rose and laid a cable-blank on the table.

"I came with a business proposition," he said coldly. "I could not be expected to know your personal history. I have wired the managing editor that the position has been offered to you. The answer is paid. You have only to wire it to New York. Good night."

Torrence pulled himself to his feet and bowed. "I regret this scene," he said. "Good night, Mr. Lethbridge."

How long he sat there after Lethbridge went he was not sure. When he stood up again, the sun was sending blood-red streaks athwart the horizon. Torrence looked toward the east.

"The dawn of another life, I suppose," he said. He turned and his eye caught sight of a picture of Beateria de Figuera standing on his writing-table. A shudder went through him.

He picked up the cable-blank and wrote some words on it; then rang for his *muchacho*, who, with sleep-blinded eyes, entered, scantily attired.

"Take that to the cable-office when it opens," said Torrence. "That is all, Diego."

When the *muchacho* had gone, Torrence went across the room and held up the photograph of Beateria so that the rays of the rising sun fell on it. His lips were set in hard lines, and he smiled bitterly.

"If you knew what this man Lethbridge has done," he mused, "you would doubtless kill him, little girl. I might have made you happy—you might have made me happy. God knows. But he brought back the old god—the god that demands all sacrifice; sent me back to the race that we run knowing the winning of it to be pinchbeck; but which we must run whether we will or no."

"The first love of the Saxon," he mused, putting the photograph back in its place and laughing a laugh that had no mirth in it. "The love that has no rivals—that demands all—that gives nothing. Here is another sacrifice at your shrine—you, the first love of the Saxon."

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Photograph by Purdy, Boston.

TAYLOR GRANVILLE AS *JOE MILLER* AND GERTRUDE CARLISLE AS *THE PEARL*, IN "THE PEARL AND THE PUMPKIN."

THE PLAYERS

WITH confidence born of hope, theatrical managers prepared to invest some three millions of dollars, most of it real money, in about sixty new productions for the season that is now in full swing. One familiar with playhouses learns to accept the advertised cost of these ventures with reservations, for the use of stage money is not confined to the space between the footlights and the back wall. However, the spending of money directly upon productions, especially musical shows, has developed into an orgy of extravagance. The custom of adorning fifteen-dollar-a-week persons with two-hundred-and-fifty dollar gowns is characteristic of the musical show. This seeking for spectacular effect is manifested also in the staging of plays, and for that we may be truly grateful.

It is a notable fact that the Broadway theaters opened the season with but a single failure. In one week eight new offerings made an appeal, and not one failed to make an impression gratifying to those who profit by public approval. The average of excellence is highly encouraging.

One of the distinguished successes is "Man and Superman," the play which George Bernard Shaw published last winter with no thought of its being staged; for, if it were presented as it is written, it would last about seven hours. With the "Superman" part of it omitted—the whole of the original third act, which is laid in Hades, and reads even more brilliantly than the others—the comedy swept into success. There really isn't any hope for Shaw; he is doomed to popularity and the

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realization of his worst fears. There is no possible escape from it and the riches that are its complement. His proud boast that he is

Photograph by Hall, New York.
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "EASY DAWSON."

so wise, so scintillant, so radical that only a few can understand him is absolutely disproven. His paradoxes and epigrams are becoming as familiar as almanac jokes.

There was not a manager in the country who did not scout the idea of presenting "Man and Superman" on the stage, but Robert Loraine, a young English actor who had been playing in this country for several years, during which time he had made but one real hit (in "Taps," a translation from the German, which failed), saw possibilities in the gorgeous Shaw satire. He went to England to see the author, and bought the acting rights, paying for them every penny he had saved from his liberal salary as a leading man. Mr. Shaw kindly went over the play, making many excisions, including the elimination of the whole third act. Manager Charles Dillingham decided that there was money in the comedy in view of the Shaw vogue that Arnold Daly has created in New York, and he entered into a partnership arrangement with Mr. Loraine.

It is doubtful if those who had the most faith in "Man and Superman" expected it to score as heavily as it did. I think that its first act plays better than any Shaw has ever had staged. There is a succession of psychologic surprises, an intense undercurrent that keeps one in a state of excited suspense which is quite apart from the delight in the scorching satire, the double-edged humor in the sparkling lines. There are truths that stimulate as well as startle those who think, and that please the unthinking, too, for to them these same truths appeal as deliciously salacious. He is a titanic witticism, this man Shaw.

The second act isn't exhilarating; it reads far better than it plays. The third act loses much of its pith and point because of the elimination of the act in the underworld; yet, judged by conventional dramatic standards, it is perhaps the best of the three, for it is written in the recognized key of pure comedy, with the Shaw lines for good measure.

The acting is worthy of the play. To me Robert Loraine is a delightful disappointment. I did not think he could do anything with *John Tanner*, that advanced radical who is "perhaps a little mad," and who is saved only by his sense of humor.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.
JOSEPH WHEELOCK, WHO IS STARRING IN THE GEORGE ADE COMEDY, "OUT OF COLLEGE."

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Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, London, England.

EDNA MAY AS *ANGELA* IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

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He is a strong man, this *John Tanner*, with a brutal straightforwardness, a capacity for picturesque, forceful expression, and, like all fanatics, he does a prodigious amount of preaching. Shaw pictures him as a bearded, frock-coated man, while Mr. Loraine appears in his own smooth face and wearing a lounge suit; yet the actor seemed *John Tanner*. His explosive manner of speech, his habit of emphasizing every point by using pretty nearly every muscle in his body, and other mannerisms most unpleasing in rôles in which Mr. Loraine has previously appeared, fit into the Shaw character. He reads the long speeches fluently, with appreciation and understanding, and not one of them is wearying. Altogether he is admirable.

Photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

MABEL HITE AND JOSEPH MIRON IN "THE GIRL AND THE BANDIT."

The whole cast is well-nigh perfect. Fay Davis has not the vitality with which Shaw endows *Ann Whitefield*, but she lies so sweetly and so determinedly, so effectively and so unapologetically; she is so intoxicatingly persistent in living up to her rule of life, "Find out what you want and then go after it," that she is altogether convincing. As for *Violet*, that independent, practical, conventional young woman, who is as hard as nails and as successful as *Ann* in obtaining what she wants—surely no one could equal Clara Bloodgood in that part. She out-Shaws Shaw. Alfred Hickman, as *Octavius*, the mooning poet, has a part better than *Little Billee* in "Trilby," in which he made his first hit. For some reason Edward Abeles, who seemed especially fitted to play *Henry Straker*, the advanced chauffeur, doesn't seem to get over the footlights. The quaint personality of Lois Frances Clark fits her perfectly for *Mrs. Whitefield*, who is abominably abused by her daughter, while J. D. Beveridge, an English actor of long experience, is admirable as *Hector Malone, Sr.*

"De Lancey" is the talkiest comedy that Augustus Thomas has put forth. Plainly he created a character for John Drew, one that fits him as admirably as his clothes—and there could be no higher praise. It is that of a well-bred, thoroughly sophisticated man of the smart world, very jealous of his own particular code of morals. "De Lancey" is a dialogue of manners rather than a play, cram-full of bright and witty sayings; in fact, the humorous Mr. Thomas has never crowded so many clever lines into one comedy, and he is famous for his skill in that direction. "De Lancey" and "Man and Superman" are

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typical illustrations of widely divergent kinds of conversational comedies: the one is superficial, constructed merely to amuse; the other has a vital idea permeating it, and it derives its strength from that which is beneath the surface.

"De Lancey" is vastly entertaining. It sparkles constantly, and gentle waves of laughter ripple over the audience in swift succession, but there is not a single line nor incident in the whole three acts to provoke a hearty, unrestrained outburst. Mr. Thomas may have been depressed by the drawing-room atmosphere; he handles his theme with a certain apologetic delicacy, and the flashes of satire for which he is famous are few and far between. For two acts there is nothing but a lively play of wit—no one can utter smart things more effectively or more naturally than John Drew, and he is at his very best as *De Lancey*. Such action as there is comes in the last act, which is hopelessly jumbled. Still, the very modern young woman, whose good name the divorced hero is prepared to protect at any cost, finally lands in his arms, and that is the important thing. One isn't supposed to care about her fiancé, who discovers that he really loves a girl whom he kissed six years before and whom he has seen but three times in his life. For the most part, the airy trifle is charmingly acted. Margaret Dale is very sweet as the youthful *Jacqueline*. She has been the recipient of Mr. Drew's stage love-making for so many seasons that it would not seem quite natural if some one else were to play the part opposite the star.

Photograph by Lurie McIntosh Studio.

FRANCIS WILSON AS *COUSIN BILLY* IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

BESSIE DE VOIE IN "ROGERS BROTHERS IN IRELAND."

There are many, speaking as with authority, who declare that N. C. Goodwin is the best actor on the American stage. Surely in many parts he has no equal. He possesses that intuition, absolutely sure and spontaneous, that magnetic personality and wide experience which are the most valuable endowment for a successful actor. Moreover he has a delicious sense of humor. Above all he has the capacity, developed to a greater degree than in any other player with whose work I am familiar, of creating illusion—of making an audience see and understand that part of the action which

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

LULU GLASER AS *DOROTHY GAY* IN "MISS DOLLY DOLLARS."

does not take place on the stage. It is not possible to explain how he secures these effects, yet every one is conscious of them. He never played anything badly in his life, but he has essayed many rôles for which he was not fitted. As *Captain James Barley*, of the *Heart in Hand*, a delightful creation of W. W. Jacobs', Mr. Goodwin presents one of the finest character portrayals I have ever seen on the stage. The English humorist's sketches of longshore life have had wide popularity, but there is little in them, save the characterization, that affords good material for a play. However, with the assistance of Louis N. Parker, he manufactured a farce out of "Beauty and the Barge"; but they blundered

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

VIOLA ALLEN IN CLYDE FITCH'S COMEDY, "THE TOAST OF THE TOWN."

in trying to make an acting comedy. Judged by that standard it is hopelessly dull, for the dramatists sacrificed much of the original humor for action. If they had been content to let the characters wander on and off with the natural incidents that would develop, the result would have been far more successful. Mr. Goodwin's work in "Beauty and the Barge" should, however, have rescued any dramatic offering; but it did not save the comedy, which proved the one failure I have mentioned. He was redolent of salt water; his make-up, his rolling walk, his unction in reading the lines, his perfect dialect, his exquisite humor, and his perfect ease and naturalness made it an absolutely flawless per-

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Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd., London, England.
OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "A CASE OF DIVORCE."

formance, until the very last scene. And there a false note was struck, an attempt at pathos which did not ring true.

Most delightful also was the broad fun of George Miller, as *Tom Codd*, mate of the *Heart in Hand*, and Eva Vincent as *Mrs. Baldwin*, one of the victims of *Captain Barley's* "affability." And then there was Katherine Florence, very sweet and charming, chiefly remembered for her work in the old Lyceum Stock Company before she became the wife of Fritz Williams.

Gloomy and powerful like the story, which was first published in this magazine, is the stage version of Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son." The author did not make the drama from the novel; rather they were coincident, for the canny Manxman devoted as much thought to the play as to the book. There are some tremendously strong scenes in "The Prodigal Son," scenes that grip and carry one along, but there is no real continuity of action. And the last act leaves the play and the audience up in the air. Caine is not a good playwright, although a highly successful one. As a writer of long stories he has great skill as well as earnestness. Moreover, he is a master of legerdemain, with an infinite art in concealing his trickery. But this valuable gift does not avail him in preparing his plays. On the other hand, I doubt if even the most skilled playwright could dramatize a Caine story and obtain the effects he secures.

"The Prodigal Son" was one of the most beautifully staged and magnificently acted productions ever seen in New York. Only in the two leading women's rôles did it fall short. Edward J. Morgan has never played a part so difficult as that of *Magnus Stephensson*, the elder brother, heavy, stolid, self-sacrificing. His repression, his repose, his simplicity, his tremendous strength were portrayed with infinite skill. It is a wonderful thing for an actor to sit in one corner of the stage and without moving a muscle make the audience seek his face and read there what is going

Photograph by Hall, New York.
McINTYRE AND HEATH IN "THE HAM TREE."

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on in his mind. Especially is this the case in the last act when the idea of murder hardens into resolution in the mind of *Magnus*. Aubrey Boucicault, as *Oscar*, was better than in anything else in which he has appeared in New York. It is a painfully unsympathetic rôle that calls for much "acting," and Mr. Boucicault acted continuously. W. H. Thompson, whom Coquelin once called "the best actor in America"—high praise that made a wonderfully fine player content to rest on his laurels for several seasons—was his own admirable self as the *Governor-General of Iceland*, while J. E. Dodson, who is one of the best character actors on the stage and whose diction is always a delight, gave a clear-cut, convincing performance as old *Factor Neilsen*. Marie Wainwright, for years Lawrence Barrett's leading woman, and later a co-star with Louis James in classical plays —I think she was one of the best *Rosalinds* I ever saw—was *Margret Neilsen*, the Factor's maiden sister, and it was her cleverness that contributed the only suggestion of lightness to the drama. Charlotte Walker as the good sister, *Thora*, and Drina de Wolfe as the wicked sister, *Helga*, both of whom were chosen largely because of their youth and physical charm, really did the best they could, and they worked with prodigious energy, but their strength and skill were unequal to the parts they played.

Raymond Hitchcock has departed from the field in which he rose to such sudden and secure popularity, and is now starring in "Easy Dawson," a home-cooking affair, in which a most promising theme is atrociously manhandled. It is the work of Edward E. Kidder, who is a tried hand in turning out bucolic comedy, and was so successful in building vehicles for Sol Smith Russell. The character of the bibulous inventor and chief of the local volunteer fire department, who is henpecked by his sister-in-law, fits Raymond Hitchcock's personality, and it is a capital foundation, but all the humor is exhausted in the first act. Mr. Hitchcock has a fund of dry, Yankee fun and a truly fine naturalness in his methods, with a capacity for extracting all that is possible from every line he speaks. Were it not for his personality, "Easy Dawson" must have been a sorry failure, and even he cannot carry the inane last act. But perhaps the most astonishing thing about "Easy Dawson" is the proof that sentiment is utterly beyond Mr. Hitchcock's reach. His one opportunity to display it fell flat, to the utter amazement of those familiar with his work. We had come to believe that he was a real actor who could play anything, but it appears that he is a fun-maker purely; it is perhaps, however, distinction enough to be one of the best on the stage.

Julie Hearne, who is the daughter of the late James A. Hearne and who startled New York last season by presenting a play of the Ibsen type, "Richter's Wife," which she had written in two weeks, is *Rose Dawson*, daughter of the inventor, and she not only looks very lovely, but she acts as well as she writes, which is saying much. And there is Lovell Taylor, a California girl, who is such a royal blonde beauty that one doesn't mind her lack of opportunity to display her real skill as an actress. She was formerly Chauncey Olcott's leading woman. Flora Zabelle essays to play a village flirt, but she isn't a bit like one; in fact she is simply Flora Zabelle and the wife of the star.

The new crop of musical comedies seems to be an improvement. "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," written by Paul West, with music by John W. Bratton, is of the old extravaganza type, but it is brimming over with novel ideas, and most of them are funny, while the melodies, rather more ambitious than anything Mr. Bratton has written for the stage, linger pleasantly in one's memory. The most brilliant foolery in the play, wherein the comedians convert themselves into a yacht, an automobile, a locomotive, and other familiar carriers, is the notion of A. B. Erlanger—it seems that the head of the biggest factor in amusements likes to have a part in the production of his shows. It is a fantastic conceit to place one act in Davy Jones's locker at the bottom of the sea, but somehow the illusion is lost and with it most of the humor.

Edward Stevens heads the fun-makers as the *Ancient Mariner*, who is also the villain of the story; and it is a real story. He makes much of it. Although his reputation was gained as a comedian—he came up from the circus, where he attracted attention as a clown—he is such a remarkably fine character actor that his serious work overshadows his most successful low comedy. Last season he was *Colonel Villiers* in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and he scored as great a success as the star. And those who saw him in that intensely dramatic sketch, "At the Telephone," are not likely to forget it. Then there are the veteran George Richards, whom one associates with the Hoyt comedies, and Harry

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Macdonough, a comic-opera tenor who has become a comedian, a rare transformation in the stage world. Taylor Granville, who played the one-legged boy in "Mrs. Wiggs" last season, is the *Pumpkin*, and very droll he is, while Gertrude Carlisle twitters and skips about as the *Pearl*, a sort of fresh-water pearl in a salt setting.

There is little of that atmosphere of delicate refinement and good breeding which we have come to expect of English musical comedies in "The Catch of the Season," of which Edna May is the star. It is "sweetly pretty" in spots, not funny for the most part, with several songs which with players less clever would be positively offensive. The comedy is frankly a modern version of "Cinderella," rather well told by Seymour Hicks, who has a capacity for appropriation that amounts almost to genius.

Edna May is the real surprise of the comedy, for she is delightful as *Angela*, the neglected sister, and the conclusion is forced home that this young woman is after all an actress. She shines even in a brilliant musical comedy cast made up of players like Farren Soutar, who was imported to play the leading rôle and who is distinguished in London as a finished light comedian. Apart from the star no one could rise above the mediocrity of the lines except Maud Milton, a jolly, bubbling actress, and Master Louis Victor, as *Bucket*, a page overflowing with romance and chivalry. He is very real, that little chap.

"Miss Dolly Dollars" is a cheerful, entertaining mixture of fun, music, pretty girls, and gorgeous costumes in the proper proportions. Harry B. Smith has injected into it an unusual number of bright lines that bring forth laughter, and of course his lyrics are charming. The book is conventional enough, but there is at least one new notion, that of the foreign noblemen who are suitors for the hand of the American heiress forming a club of friendly rivals. Victor Herbert's music has the flowing melody characteristic of him, but it does not show the German-Irishman at his best.

Lulu Glaser is the American heiress, a blithesome hoyden of a girl, and she fits into the rôle gracefully. A performance seems a fine romp for her. And she wears well. From the time she was a chorus girl with Francis Wilson, and during the succeeding years when her cleverness, her personality, and her hard work gained her a small part, then the leading soubrette part, and finally the distinction of heading a company of her own, she has steadily increased her following. R. C. Herz, who was *Stephen Carley*, the weak brother, in "Her Own Way," last season, has really made a hit as *Finney Doolittle*, described as "an educated fool." In make-up and manner he suggests Mr. Gillette's famous portrayal in "The Private Secretary." Carrie Perkins, heroine of many an encounter with malapropisms and fat dowager humor, plays the part of the heroine's ambitious mother, and the verbal carnage is fearful. Also there is Carter de Haven, sleek, pretty, doll-like, who sings with nasal sweetness and with a distinctness that enables one to understand every syllable he utters—for which much shall be forgiven him. Also he dances with amazing nimbleness and wears good clothes with the distinction expected of one whose parents' names are in the New York Social Register. He is a recruit from vaudeville, having traveled the country at the head of the Carter de Haven Sextette, with a season at Weber & Fields's in an interval.

Lillian Russell has gone into vaudeville, and McIntyre and Heath have invaded Broadway as stars, which proves the mutability of stage favorites. Miss Russell has always been distinctly representative of comic opera and has declared time and time again that she could not be induced to enter vaudeville. But the biggest salary ever paid a performer—managers swear solemnly that it is three thousand dollars a week—won her over. On the other hand, McIntyre and Heath, the most representative team in vaudeville and the most firmly established in popularity, have been equally positive in declaring that starring had no attractions for them. The vehicle in which they now appear, "The Ham Tree," is announced as "a musical vaudeville," which is fairly descriptive. In each act the stars do one of the "turns" which made them famous and which seem never to grow old. W. C. Fields, the tramp juggler, adds to the vaudeville flavor, while unusually pretty songs and a particularly active chorus give additional life to the performance. And there is a bit of real character work. David Torrance plays an English lord and he makes him a gentleman and human. "The Ham Tree" pleased everybody except the critics.

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As in the Beginning

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

THE girl had been sitting a long while in the dark, before the kitchen stove. Her face was in her hands and, elbows on knees, she gazed at the crack in the sheet iron through which she saw the snapping flames licking the dry wood. In the gloom, one could make out only a tall, lithe form; but as the fire darted through the chinks it revealed a mass of tangled black hair. The winter wind, sweeping out of the Maine forest, on the edge of which the three-room cabin was situated, howled dismally.

From the next room came the petulant voice of an old man.

"Why don't yer light up, Bess?"

"All right, dad."

She moved to a shelf, fumbled about until she felt the tin box containing the sulphur matches, and lighted the small kerosene lamp, which she placed on the bare kitchen table where the sick man could see it. Then she went to the door of his room.

"How you feelin' now, dad?"

"Worser."

"Better let me send for the doc."

"The doc be damned!"

Shuffling back, she resumed her seat before the fire, bending over it till the heat flushed her cheeks a bright scarlet. An artist would scarcely have called her handsome; she was too large of bone and awkward to be that, and yet a certain type of beauty was hers. Her bright black eyes told of an active mind. Aggressiveness was betrayed by the stubborn chin. Her face was as thin as that of a severely trained athlete. The loggers had named her "Steel Trap Bess," and not solely because she was the daughter of the old bear hunter Trumble.

A sharp rap at the door broke the drowsy silence which the moaning wind without had only emphasized. She called "Come in," without moving.

The door opened and a gust of snow-laden wind, taking advantage of the opportunity, swept in before the whitened figure of a man. As he turned to slam the door, the girl rose to her feet and stood very erect, facing him with her hands on her hips.

"Gettin' worse," said the visitor, removing his heavy mittens. "How's yer dad?"

The girl did not answer.

"Mos' as cold in here as outside," he remarked with a boisterous laugh.

He seemed to fill the room. Six feet two and broad-shouldered, he looked even larger

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in the clumsy leggings, sweater, and corduroy jacket of a wood-chopper. He whipped his hat against his knee, apparently unconcerned by the girl's attitude. His very self-confidence still further increased her resentment, which was already rising to the point of rage.

The father spoke from the inner room:

"That you, Bill Gochard?"

"Reckon 'tis. How yer feelin'?"

He stamped into the sick-room, and for the next few minutes the girl heard only the indistinct mumblings of a broken conversation. When he came out, she was in the same position. Trumble called after him:

"Sit down and warm yerself, Bill. I'm goneter cuss a while."

"So you've come," burst out the girl, as Bill sat down by the stove. "Honest, I didn't think yer would. I thought yer knowed me better."

"Wouldn't be very neighborly not ter drop in with the ol' man sick, would it?"

"I hearn," she said.

"Hearn what?"

"Yer know durned well—what yer told the boys."

"What?"

He removed his eyes from hers, and pretended to fix the straps on his leggings.

"'Twas mean—dirt mean. It war a—a skunk speech."

"Look a-here; what yer talkin' 'bout?"

"What'm I talkin' 'bout? What yer said; thet you'd broke the heart of ev'ry gal in town an' was goneter git me next. Thet's what I mean, an' yer knowed it! Yer oughter be shot fer it!"

Her arms dropped to her side, the fists clinched.

Bill glanced at her, and then spread his huge hands over the stove. His light, curling hair was damp from the snow, and beneath it his blue eyes sparkled, for it was only the one bit of humor in the situation, the joke of getting caught, that he saw. He smiled—and when Bill Gochard smiled it was the smile of a healthy boy. Removing his hands from over the stove, he thrust them deep into his trousers pockets, tilted back his chair a little, and demanded:

"Well, what of it?"

The girl was breathing quickly.

"D'yer—d'yer think fer a minute I'm such a fool? D'yer dare think I'm like the other kind—the kind brought up in houses, that don't know nothin'? D'yer think I ain't seen nuff of *you* and yer kind not ter be fooled by curly hair and sweet talk?"

Bill moved uneasily, opening the collar of his flannel shirt at his throat.

"D'yer put it up in paper ev'ry night like the other girls do?" She swept her own straight black hair back from her forehead; and his hand went unconsciously to his offending locks as if to smooth them down.

"Yer lied t' them, Bill Gochard!" she went on. "Yer lied t' them, but yer can't lie t' me. If yer a man, yer'll go back an' tell that crowd of loafers what I tell ye now—thet afore Bess Trumble would marry you, she'd shoot herself!"

She sat down in her chair, resuming her old position. Gochard saw that her shoulders moved up and down, like one who has just finished a long race. He stamped the melting snow from his heavy rubbers, studied his cap, and finally leaned toward her.

"Yer oughter know, Bess——"

"Shet up!"

Rising to his feet, he buttoned up his shirt at the collar, put on his corduroy jacket, and then his coonskin cap and mittens.

"I'll be back some time ter-night," he said.

"What fer?" she asked, looking up swiftly.

"With the doc. The ol' man's bad."

Without another word he opened the door and closed it behind him with a bang suggesting superfluous strength. She shivered as the cold gust struck her. This reminded her that the doctor lived some six miles distant, and that the trip would have to be made on foot, in a howling storm.

When, hours later, Gochard and the doctor returned, they found her in a hand-to-hand fight with the old man, trying to keep him in bed. He was talking incoherently about tending his traps before the storm. The girl was well-nigh exhausted. The sight of Bill tended to soothe the sick man, and shortly afterward the morphine took effect, and he lay quiet.

"Pneumonia," said the doctor briefly. "He'll have ter be watched all the time or he'll get out."

He turned to Bill. He was a strong man himself—strong but gray-haired.

"Durn yer soul, Bill, I'm glad I came now; but yer can bet yer bottom dollar if yer'd been ten pounds lighter I'd seen yer in hell first. Blue lightnin'! *what* a night!"

"Better stop here till mornin', doc," advised Bill with an assumption of authority the girl was quick to notice.

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"Nope. I'm needed on the hill 'bout daybreak, and I guess I won't any more'n get there. Don't let up on the whisky; soak it ter him."

He went to the door, adjusted his snow-shoes, and disappeared in the lashing night. The girl and the man were left alone. Bill took off his jacket, the girl watching him stealthily.

her seat by the stove. She spoke only once after this.

"What yer so tarn'lly int'rested in the ol' man fer?"

"I'LL BE BACK SOME TIME TER-NIGHT."

"No need of yer staying here, Bill Gochard," she said at last.

"I'm goneter. Yer'd better turn in an' git some sleep."

Instead of obeying his advice she resumed

The question was based on suspicion.

"Saved me from a b'ar."

"When?"

"Five year gone—up to the Notch."

Finally she slept in her chair. Gochard watched her. He had never realized before that she was so good to look upon. She had none of that prettiness of the many others,

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but in repose her features were softened to an almost childlike tenderness.

She did not awake until roused by his preparations to leave.

"I gotter chop ter-day," he said; "but I'll be back by dark."

She had a hard time of it that day. The sick man was violent and ugly, but toward night lost much of his strength. Then the doctor came and gave him another sleeping-powder. Before dark she was looking forward to help.

Bill came back direct from camp.

"Got a bite ter eat?" he asked, after he had been in to see Trumble.

"Dunno," she answered. "I'll see."

She brought from the larder a plate of cold biscuit, then went out to a cache in the snow where a haunch of moose was hidden, and cutting off a large slice of steak, broiled it for him.

"Coffee?" she asked.

"Yep."

She poured hot water into the mess standing in the coffee-pot. While she was busy, Gochard watched her. He almost forgot his hunger in the pleasure of waiting while she did these things for him. This was different from his boarding-house—this having someone to prepare his grub for him alone, instead of in ten-men messes. As she stood bending over the sputtering steak, hair loosened, cheeks red, he felt a strong desire to make her think kindly of him again. He discussed the old man's condition, and she answered in monosyllables.

He finished every morsel of his steak, swabbed up the gravy with the remaining bit of biscuit, and sat back contentedly in his chair.

"That tasted durned good," he said.

She cleared up the dishes and washed them.

"Yer look kinder peaked," Gochard said finally. "Yer'd better turn in early."

"Not while ye're in the house," she answered quickly.

For a moment Bill Gochard did not realize the full significance of this phrase. Then he flushed to the roots of his hair, and rising slowly to his feet, stood in front of her and spoke very distinctly. She turned away her head, but he seized her arm in an iron grip.

"Yer don't mean *thet*, Bess. Yer say yer know me. Yer know, then, thet thet ain't square."

"Let me be."

"Tell me yer didn't mean thet."

"Let me be."

"Ye've gotter tell me thet."

She straightened herself.

"Gotter? Ye're goneter hurt me till I say it? If ye're a man—if yer want me ter b'lieve yer—let me go."

He freed her arm and she went on about her housework in silence. He sat by the stove brooding over the incident, until the old man in the next room began to toss. Bill remained with the invalid several hours, and when he came out to put more wood in the fire Bess had disappeared for the night. He felt better.

And so a week passed, and Bill began to lose weight. A man cannot swing a six-pound ax all day and sit up half the next night without showing it, even when he has such a constitution as Bill Gochard had. The camp boss twitted him on his weakness, after the coarse manner of camp bosses; but Bill let it pass until the man brought in the girl's name. Then he raised his ax and told the boss that if he mentioned Bess Trumble again, he'd brain him. Bill said this without emotion, but in a voice hard as black ice.

By degrees the girl unconsciously held herself less and less on the defensive and seemed willing to talk on general subjects with Bill when he returned at night. No woman could look unmoved for eight days on such thoughtfulness as Bill Gochard showed. No woman could sit for eight long evenings alone with a man, without either hating him more or hating him less; and if Bess Trumble had hated Bill Gochard more, she would have shot him.

The old man safely passed the crisis of the disease, and from that point on began to recover rapidly. He needed less attention, and this threw the two attendants even more together.

They were sitting on either side of the red-hot stove, one snapping cold night, while the father slept in the next room. Bill was sitting back in his chair with both feet on the fender.

"I've be'n thinkin'," he said, "of buyin' a strip of land up above here, in the spring, and puttin' up a cabin."

"What fer?"

"I'm sick of boardin'-houses. I've lived in 'em now fer six years."

"Saves yer lot er trouble. Guess yer'd mighty soon git tired er cookin' yer own vittles."

"I dunno. P'r'aps so. Anyhow it 'ud be

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better. It 'ud be a kind er home. A boardin'-house ain't no home."

She did not answer.

"I dunno what 'tis, but it seem 's if comes a time when ev'ry feller has a hankerin' fer a ranch ev his own. I've thought of it while I've be'n choppin'. 'Gawd,' I'd say ter myself, 'ef I only had a ranch er my own ter go ter when I git done.'"

Bess still remained silent.

"I s'pose yer don't know. Yer've allers had a home."

"Yes," she said, glancing around her. "A sort er home."

Home! Did just a house make a home for a woman? Had she not known in her own way just this same hankering? Was it not even more instinctive with a woman than with a man? She turned her eyes upon Bill, who was gazing into the red and gray ashes. If *he* just had the right to sit where he was always—if *she* just had the right to sit by his side in an empty room always; that would make a home. Instantly she became self-conscious as he raised his eyes, and the red in her cheeks was not caused this time by the heat from the stove.

"Funny, ain't it?" he asked.

"I s'pose—I s'pose it's nat'ral."

He leaned a bit toward her as if about to speak further. But just then that old bravado speech of his flashed into her brain. She had almost forgotten it; but at the recollection she quickly crossed the room to busy herself with the lamps.

"He ain't honest," she said again and again beneath her breath. "I must be keerful. He ain't honest."

She did not know that those wild words had been uttered half in fun when, driven by the dreariness of his boarding-house, he had drunk cheap whisky with the boys for the first time in his life.

"Guess I'll turn in," she said.

The next day was Sunday, and Bill, after sleeping a few hours in his chair, remained

"IF YER WANT ME TER B'LIEVE YER—LET ME GO."

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about the house all day. He split wood enough to last a week, insisted upon helping Bess with the dinner, and even swept up the cabin for her. This was all new to her. She had never been helped before in her life; never been served. It made her feel more of a woman to have this big, strong man show deference to her sex. She found herself always upon the point of wishing to laugh—to laugh out of sheer gladness of heart. He told her funny stories of the camp, until the old man, hearing the laughter, demanded that they should sit with him and talk for a while.

Toward night, before dark, he said good-by to old Trumble.

"Well, I thank yer, Bill," said the patient. "Yer've be'n kind—damned kind."

"Oh, we're not quits yet!" laughed Bill Gochard.

As he put on his heavy jacket with awkward slowness, the girl watched him, trying hard to conceal the fact that her heart was pounding heavily. She bit her lips, for she would have died rather than allow the man before her to read her at that moment. As he picked up his mittens, a strange sense of loneliness swept over her. He stood for a moment with his hat off, and then came to her side fumbling with its brim. Of a sudden he stood erect. It was a new Bill Gochard who stood before her, but she did not know it.

"Shake," he said.

Bess was leaning against the kitchen table. She noticed how big he was, how light his curling hair, how blue his eyes; she noticed also that he had grown thin. When a woman notices all those things at a single glance, you may be sure her heart is pounding.

"Shake," he repeated.

She had not heard him the first time, but now she held out her hand, and he took it. It was not a small hand; but his, rough and calloused, closed over it and he thought it very soft and warm.

He drew her a little toward him.

"Bess," he whispered, "I've learned to keer a whole lot about yer. I feel more like a man now, Bess."

She did not answer.

He bent nearer her cheeks.

"Let me kiss yer, Bess—fer good-by."

Her body became rigid, and some of the color left her face.

He spoke on rapidly.

"I hate ter go back, Bess—back to a boardin'-house. I want yer with me now, Bess."

Suddenly he stooped and brushed her lips with his.

She gave a little cry—as of a wounded animal. Her face became bloodless, and she shook herself free from him.

"O Bill Gochard!" she moaned.

Then with sudden fury she hit him across the face.

He laughed at her, and, turning, ran in pretended fright out the door. Until he was outside she stood quite motionless, stunned, with the old phrase ringing through her head:

"Now I'm goneter git Bess."

Running across the room to where her father's rifle hung, she tore it down from its fastenings and started for the door.

"Bess!"

"In a jiffy, father."

She sprang from the cabin, leaving the door open behind her, and stumbled down the half-broken path to the road. She could not see in the gathering gloom, and fell twice, covering her face and hands with snow. Reaching the main road breathless, she made out the big form of Bill Gochard, who stood there undetermined. He turned his head as he saw her, and catching sight of the rifle he was dazed for a moment. But as she leveled it full at him, he faced her and, folding his arms, smiled. It was still the smile of a boy.

Bess was forced to hold her breath in order to steady the weapon; and then, just as she was about to press the trigger, her arms began to shake. The rifle dropped to her feet in the snow, and with a dry sob the woman fell to her knees.

"My Gawd!" she moaned. "Yer've done it, Bill Gochard! Yer've done it!"

This time Bill Gochard did not laugh. He came to her with eyes tender and honest. He picked her up from the snow and held her against his breast.

"I'm dead sure now I'll buy that strip in the spring," he said.

It will be your loss, and the country's, if you do not read the foreword to Charles E. Russell's great series, "Soldiers of the Common Good," on page 597 of this number.

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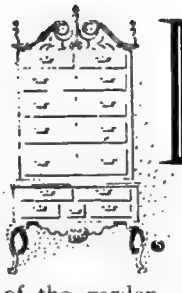
"LET ME GO OUT TO SEE HIM, DAVID."

A Piece of Paper

By MARGARET L. KNAPP

Illustrated by Harrie A. Stoner



IN the late afternoon, when the low rays of the sinking sun set the puddles in the road aglitter, a woman came out of the back door of a house at the lower end of the village and picked her way across the spongy grass to the fence at the end of the garden. The woman was fifty, and her black hair was streaked with gray. In her youth a certain clearness of outline and strong, dark tones of skin had stood her in place of beauty. Now she might have been a Roman matron; she moved like one at times. Yet her face wore marks of long repression, as if she had somehow failed to be herself.

There were no houses beyond her on the other side of the road, and she could see across the plowed fields, where the dank, umber-colored earth crumbled richly, to swelling blue lines on the horizon. The vegetation, held in leash by cold winds, was just beginning to rise against the distant hillsides in a mist of tender green, but the woman turned her eyes away from them to a hill in the middle distance—a solitary conical hill clothed with dark cedars, whose rusty foliage gave as yet no hint of renewal. That hill meant a great deal to Malvina Bassett. It seemed to typify something of herself. When the red sun glinted through the interstices of the branches, as now, she sent a longing thought toward the west; when against the bluish snow the trees all bent the same way with the wind, her spirit bent with them.

Presently she returned to the house, and coming out upon the veranda rang a hand-

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bell. At the sound, one of two men standing in the side porch of the store on the corner looked around and waved his hand. The wave said two things: First, that he was her husband, and second, that he was engaged in important talk, and that tea must wait. At length he detached himself from his companion and came diagonally across the road. He was a tall man and slender, with a narrow jaw and blue eyes, set close together. His thick, waving auburn hair was just tinged with silver. He did not lift his hat to his wife. There was that in his grave, pleasant nod which seemed to suggest that the action would be superfluous.

David Bassett never lost his dignified manner; even as in his store he always wore a black coat.

"The air has a real feel of spring in it today," he remarked, when they were seated at the tea-table.

"Yes, it has," she assented, rather indifferently. "What were you and Deacon Foote talking so long about?"

"About the church repairs. It seems they're going to cost more than we contracted for, and we shall have to make up the difference by subscriptions. I told the deacon I'd give another fifty dollars, if the committee could raise the rest. A good deal is expected of me in my position. He naturally came to me first." His voice held a certain complacency. Mrs. Bassett knew the tone.

"I had a letter from Frank this afternoon," she said abruptly.

David Bassett knit his forehead, and passed his cup back without looking at his wife.

"A little more sugar; you don't get it sweet enough."

She dropped in more sugar.

"I had a letter from Frank," she repeated. "Don't you want to know how he is?"

"Of course," he said quickly. "Don't speak as if I had no proper feeling, Malvina. Is he doing anything?"

"He got a job at driving a grocer's cart, but he took cold, being out in a bad storm, and he has been sick. He says he is better now, but I know by the way he writes that it's been worse than he says. I wish you would send him some money, David! I can't bear it to have him suffer so! Won't you send him just a little?"

Mr. Bassett shut the corners of his mouth tight. It was surprising what a degree of obstinacy his rather mild type of face could express.

"I told him he needn't expect me to help him," he answered irritably. "If he thinks I am going to make his path easy for him he is mistaken. Let him work; let him do his best to atone for what he has done. It will be time enough then to send him money."

"He has worked, David. He had nothing to start with when he went away. Don't be harsh with him. He is all we have."

"All we have—yes. He ought to have remembered that! To think our only son can't come here to his own home because he is 'wanted' by the police! That man died, Malvina!" His voice took a sharper pitch. He began to pace the room.

"He had been drinking. He didn't know what he was doing."

"Aye, that's the shame of it!" said David. He flushed darkly, and the veins stood out on his fair forehead. "Why did the Almighty see fit to afflict us in our son? It is more than I can bear. No, don't begin on it again; I don't want to hear any more about it."

"Let me go out to see him, David." She had caught his arm in both hands; her face was tense and pleading. "I haven't been anywhere in ever so long. You know I don't ask much."

"I don't know but we can take a little trip somewhere when fall comes," said David. He was attached to his wife.

"I don't care for the trip; I want to see Frank."

His hand dropped from her shoulder.

"He doesn't deserve to have you go to see him yet. Besides, I can't spare the money at present. I've just had to pay for my spring goods, and now there is this matter of the church repairs. I can't do less than I promised; as a deacon a good deal is expected of me. That reminds me—I must see Turrill to-night about the subscription list." He spoke briskly. It was evidently a relief to him to change the subject.

Mrs. Bassett stood still after he had left the room. She spoke one word scornfully under her breath:

"*Repairs!*"

Something had always subjected her to her husband's will, yet there were forces living in her which might make her the stronger one of the two if the impulse toward resistance were powerful enough. A few weeks later the impulse came.

It was a letter in an unknown hand from the small town in the Northwest to which Frank had drifted.

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"*My dear Madam:* I regret to tell you that your son is lying at my house in a very precarious condition. He had pleurisy in the winter, and returned to work too soon. He has had several hemorrhages, and his lungs are in bad shape. If you can come to him at once, do so. I fear he may not live long.

"Very truly yours,

"ANDREW BELL, M.D."

Mrs. Bassett stood still for some moments after she had read the letter. The slow tears burned her cheeks, one by one, and one by one she wiped them away. Then she thought of her husband, and started for the store. Half way across the road she stood still.

"He will not do it," she said. A great surge of rebellious grief rose in her, and burst the shell of old habits. The elemental woman emerged—one who hardly recognized herself. She turned around, and went back to the house.

A single thought possessed her—how to reach Frank. A cousin of her mother's had left her a few hundred dollars in her will, a short time before, but the estate had not been settled. If she only had that money! Her eye fell on the sideboard, and she reflected. Going to a drawer, she took out a number of pieces of silver marked with her maiden name, wrapped them in tissue-paper, and packed them in a hand-bag. It was three miles to Melford, the nearest town. She walked there with the heavy bag, and entered the largest jewelry store.

"We buy it sometimes to accommodate; we don't make a business of it," said the clerk. He weighed the silver. Her face fell at the estimate.

"Those spoons cost twenty-eight dollars a dozen," she protested.

"The price of silver bullion has gone down since then," answered the clerk politely. "Do you wish us to take them?"

She assented, irresolutely. The sum would not cover her railway fare. An idea came to her, and, leaving the store with her empty bag, she walked up the street to a large summer cottage. Mrs. Vanderpool was sitting on the porch. When she saw who her visitor was she came part of the way down the steps.

"You are the first caller I have had," she said cordially. "Take that willow chair. I come up earlier and earlier every year."

"You wanted to buy that mahogany chest of drawers in my sitting-room," Mrs. Bassett began abruptly. "You offered fifty dollars for it. I came to see if you would still like to buy it. I can't have it taken from the house for a few days, but I'll give you a receipt for it."

Mrs. Vanderpool concealed her exultation. The high-boy was one of the finest she had ever seen.

"Certainly, if you want to sell it. I will make you out a check."

"Could you just as well give me bills? The bank is closed." Mrs. Bassett's lips were dry and feverish.

"She is in dreadful trouble," thought Mrs. Vanderpool, good-naturedly fetching her purse. "I wonder what it is. Her husband, probably." Most troubles came through husbands in Mrs. Vanderpool's opinion.

She insisted on driving her visitor home. Mr. Bassett met them at the gate.

"I didn't know you had been to drive with Mrs. Vanderpool," he said to his wife in a gratified tone when they were alone.

"I haven't. She brought me home," answered Mrs. Bassett.

On crossing to the house at noon next day, after listening in vain for the dinner-bell, David found the side door locked. The key was behind the blind. Dinner simmered on the stove, the table was laid for one, and by his plate the doctor's letter and a note were stabbed through to the table by a hat-pin.

"I have gone to Frank. I sold my spoons. There is a loaf of cake under the tin pan on the middle shelf. Celey Lucas is coming to wash, Monday. You'll have to tell her about the starch; she makes it too thin. I've mended your alpaca coat, and if you want boneset, it's in a paper bag in the second wooden box in the cupboard. I will write when I get there.—MALVINA."

The clock ticked in the silent room, but there was no one there to see David Bassett's anger as he read over this note. Each curt phrase seemed to accuse him. In all their married life Malvina had never taken it upon herself to act without him. Why had she not brought the letter to him at once? How was he to know poor Frank was so sick? He said "poor Frank" to himself not without sorrow, but his love for his son had been choked as it were by the sense of the disgrace he had brought upon them. The husband had always been stronger in David Bassett than the father. He had grown used to living without the boy; he did not know how he should get along without his wife. His realization of his inevitable loneliness added to his resentment at her independent

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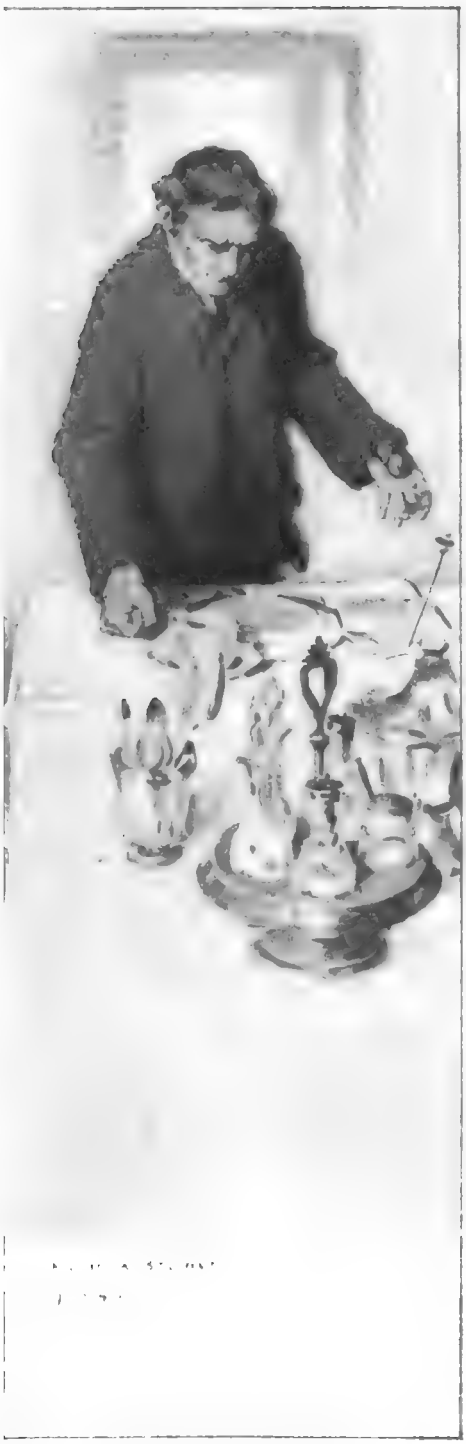

THE TABLE WAS LAID FOR ONE.

conduct. "I have sold my spoons"—he flushed with mortification. Well, if she needed more money she would have to write and ask him for it!

"Mrs. Bassett has gone out West to see Frank; he is ill," he was careful to explain to his neighbors. "He had a position there. I'm afraid he's a pretty sick boy."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bassett was on her way, dead to external impressions. The landscape outside the window was but a green ribbon unrolling itself rapidly or slowly. She did not know how to make herself comfortable in her berth, and rolled herself in the coverings without undressing. When she at last reached the brisk little Northwestern town, it seemed to her that she had been traveling for years.

Dr. Bell and his wife, good Samaritans both, took her to a back room in their homely house. A tall, gaunt young fellow with blue eyes and a weak mouth tried to raise himself in bed.

"Mother! oh, darling mother!" he cried joyfully.

She fell on her knees and laid her head on the pillow. Dr. Bell closed the door.

"He may die suddenly, and he may live some weeks," he said later. "He might have made a partial recovery if it had not been for the relapse."

"Do you mean that if he had had proper care at first it would have saved his life?" asked the mother.

"Well, that is hard to say. He seems to have worn out his constitution," said the doctor, glancing at her keenly. Her eyes made him think of live coals, covered with ashes.

"A dangerous woman," he said to his wife, thoughtfully.

"She seemed to me very quiet."

"Too quiet. When an intense nature moves too long in narrow limits something happens."

Frank lingered through the summer. He was dying like a child, with little regret for the past, but great satisfaction in his mother's presence.

"I worked awful hard, momma, but I couldn't get a start," he said. He would thrust his foot out of bed with a roguish smile, to have her rub it, and he would wake out of a light doze calling:

"Momma, momma!"

"Yes, mother's sonny boy, I'm here; mother's right here," she would say, sooth-

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ing him; and then she would sit brooding while he slept.

One day a letter reached her, containing a check for her cousin's legacy. It had a strange effect upon her. She paced the room, absorbed in thought, as though forming a plan. One morning soon after, when she went out for fresh air, she walked up the main business street toward a sign she had noticed. She reached the stairs, turned around and hurried off; came back in the same way, and looked to see if any one had observed her. She was panting, and her knees trembled under her. At last she went into the office. When she came out, half an hour later, she no longer trembled. She was the Roman matron that day, and people turned their heads as she passed. She never saw them.

"It sounds unkind to say so, but I am glad to have her out of the house," said Mrs. Bell. It was a September day, and Mrs. Bassett had started home with Frank's dead body. She had thanked both the doctor and his wife for what they had done for her son, with eyes bright and tearless.

"She made me think of Rizpah," answered the doctor. He, too, felt relieved.

David Bassett drove down to meet the train. He wore a crape band around his hat. Conscious of the occasion, he kissed his wife with gravity.

"Get right into the buggy, Malvina," he said in subdued tones. "The undertaker's men are here."

She seemed not to have heard, but stood watching the four men as they lifted their long burden and shoved it into the cart. The station-agent lent a hand. He was a surly looking youth, whose black brows met in front. He wore a red tie over his striped flannel shirt. He had been at school with Frank.

"Get into the buggy, Malvina," David repeated.

"I am going to ride up in the cart," she answered.

"It won't look well, Malvina," he whispered, annoyed.

"He went away alone; he sha'n't come home alone," she replied. "Leave the end down, Billy." She stepped into the cart and sat on the bottom, resting her hand on the box.

"Thank you, Billy," she said.

The station-agent flushed, and striding

MALVINA WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF THE BUREAU.

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around to the back of the station struck the wall with his fist.

"Lord! it's rough," he muttered.

Winding uphill went the two teams; the undertaker's cart in front, with two men on the driver's seat, awkwardly conscious of the woman behind them, sitting upright, with her arm on the box, and looking across it to the western sky with a fixed, unseeing look, like some tragic figure of Fate. Taking their dust in the rear, came the man in the buggy, glancing uneasily at his wife. Neighbors passed, and would have stopped for a kind word, but something about the silent procession hindered them and they drove on.

It was dusk when they reached home. David jumped out to help his wife, but she was already on the ground.

"I've made arrangements for the funeral," he said. "The choir are going to sing two hymns. I thought that would be suitable. Frank liked singing." He was anxious for some sign of approval. Malvina had never behaved like this before.

"He did when he was alive; he can't hear it now," said Malvina.

She left all details to her husband, with the same apathy. He moved about with noiseless step next day. It gratified him to see a large attendance when the hour of the funeral came. It showed respect.

At the grave, David drew his wife's hand through his arm, and pressed it. He felt that they had a great deal to be thankful for in the sympathy of the village. She made no response. She stood motionless, like a figure of wood.

A few days afterward the minister called. He found Mrs. Bassett sitting by the side door, a pan of strawberry tomatoes in her lap. She hulled them as he talked. Ever afterward he saw their bright yellow color and smelled their odor whenever he recalled that conversation. He had no cut and dried methods with troubled people. It seemed strange to him sometimes that these sober village folk should trust so young a man as he to lead their souls. He had a smooth forehead which puckered a little to express sympathy. Mrs. Bassett did not speak of her son. She asked him if his wife was well, and he answered, with a boyish flush, that she was very well indeed. As he moved to get up he laid a hand on her knee.

"Should you like me to offer prayer before I go, Mrs. Bassett?" he asked.

The sweetness of his presence smote the woman with a sharp pang. She felt the warmth of his strong, young hand. She longed to pull him toward her.

"I should like to hear you pray," she said; "but you needn't pray for *me*. There are some things that can't be altered. The Lord can't do it—it's too late. It's different with you. Don't pray for me; don't pray for my child. Pray for your own."

When the minister began to tell his wife about it she came to sit on the doorstep beside him, and put her cheek against his.

"Don't try to tell me—don't, dear," she murmured. "Oh, poor woman!"

They crept closer together. His lips touched her hair. They felt very pitiful.

On first coming home, Malvina had declared that she would sleep in Frank's little room off from the sitting-room. David had made no opposition. She continued to occupy the room. The trifles Frank had bought for himself long before were on the mantel. A crayon drawing made when he was two years old hung on the wall facing the bed. She had taken it from the parlor. She sat in this sanctuary whole afternoons, reading over her dead boy's few letters.

One day a teamster from Melford stopped before the Bassett store.

"Good aft'noon, Mr. Bassett," he said. "Mrs. Vanderpool is going home next week, and she sent me over to get that chest of drawers."

"What chest of drawers?" asked David Bassett.

"The one Mis' Bassett sold her last summer. She said she'd understand."

David left his store with the clerk, and went across the road. His fair skin was flushed with anger. As he opened the bedroom door, Malvina was sitting in front of the bureau, looking at a piece of paper which lay half unrolled in her lap. When she saw her husband in the glass she started, and, springing up hastily, shut the paper into a drawer that had been standing open.

"Did you tell Mrs. Vanderpool you would sell her that chest of drawers?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, you had no business to do it. You have no right to let anything go out of this house without consulting me. They said over in Melford that I must be in a tight spot when they heard about the spoons. I don't intend they shall say so again."

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SHE FELL ON HER KNEES AND LAID HER HEAD ON THE PILLOW.

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She faced him resolutely. Her mouth was compressed.

"David Bassett, do you know what I sold it for? To get money to go to my dying boy!"

"Well, you ought to have told me," said David. His face changed a little. "Things might have been different if you had come and showed me that letter, as you ought to have done. I didn't know he was so sick. It can't be helped now; but I don't propose to be made a laughing-stock over in Melford. You send that team back."

"I cannot. I promised."

"You had no right to promise. I'll give her back the money."

"I gave my word in writing. My word is as good as yours." She called the teamster in, and began to empty the drawers. David bit his lip.

"I wonder how much more old furniture Mrs. Vanderpool means to lumber her house with," he remarked carelessly, to put as good a face on the transaction as he could. Malvina's mouth curled. What did it matter what Tom Dibble thought?

But if David was sensitive to Tom Dibble's opinion, he was also sensitive to hers. Malvina's manner had been strange lately. She was unlike herself, and needed to be roused. He thought he knew a subject that would interest her.

"I'm thinking of a monument for poor Frank's grave," he said one evening. "Chipman has been talking with me about it. It is the dull season, and they can do it cheaply just now. Our lot is in a sightly spot, and I think a tall granite shaft would look best. There would be room enough on it for all three names. What do you think about it?"

"I don't want a monument," she answered.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing."

"*Nothing?*"

"A plain headstone then—the plainest that can be made."

"That wouldn't look well, Malvina."

She dropped her sewing in her lap. There was a red spot on each cheek.

"Do you suppose I care whether it looks well or not? The time to do for our own is while they are alive, and not after they are dead! You grudged him the money that might have saved his life, and now you want to put up a monument to make a show with. It's a lie!"

"Stop!" exclaimed David sharply. "I want you to remember that you are speaking to your husband."

"Suppose I said you weren't my husband?"

"What is the use of talking wild? Of course I am your husband—and always shall be—unless I was to get a divorce!" He laughed uneasily at his own jest. Was she losing her mind?

"And suppose I was to say that I had got a divorce from *you?*"

He stared at her.

"Are you going crazy, Malvina?"

For answer, she went into her bedroom, and came out with a sheet of parchment paper. It was so tightly rolled that she had to force it open with her hands, and she spread it before him, holding it at top and bottom.

"Look!" she said; "read that."

He gave a startled glance, first at her and then at the paper. He caught sight of his own name there, tangled in a maze of verbiage, but the letters ran together before his eyes.

"What do—what does it mean?" he stammered.

"It means that I got a bill from you while I was out in Dakota."

"You got a bill from me?" he repeated. His face had turned ashen gray.

"Yes!" she replied. "If it had been only me, I never would have complained as long as I lived; but to forsake our boy, who might have lived if he had only had the care he ought to have had, was more than I could stand! That was crueller than anything you could have done to me. I told the lawyers enough to get my papers. I've kept them handy. I didn't know when I got home as I should use them, after all—but I won't have that monument put up on our lot for show!"

He seemed not to have heard half of what she said.

"You got a bill out there, and then came home and lived with me afterward? I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself! It ain't respectable!"

"I've got over caring much about being respectable; I leave that to you!" she said with biting sarcasm. "It takes more than a piece of paper to make people married, and it takes more than a piece of paper to make them divorced! I've been getting divorced from you for five years—ever since our boy went wrong. We were both to blame for

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his bringing-up. We laughed at him and called him cunning, when we ought to have checked him, and he grew up thinking how smart he was. He was easily led; but you know as well as I do that he never would have got into that brawl at the saloon if he hadn't been crazy with drink; and the drink made him crazy because he wasn't used to it. He never was a bad boy.

"When he came home that night, scared, and told us they were after him, and he must be off, if you had put your arm about him like a father, and been tender with him, you might have started him right again. But you told him he'd disgraced us, and you wouldn't do anything for him—just as if it was so *easy* to have children that you can afford to throw them away if they don't turn out perfect! What if it was in the papers? He came to me all white and shaking after you were through with him.

"'Good-by, momma, I'm going,' he says. And all I had to give him was a dollar and forty-one cents. Oh! I can't stand it—I can't!

"Come with me," she said suddenly. "I want you to see what poor clothes he had." By look and manner she impelled her husband into Frank's bedroom, and drawing a shabby valise from under the bed, unfolded two or three coarse garments.

"That was all he had except what he had on," she said. "See the blood on his shirt? He didn't have another for a change. Do you remember how we scolded him once for spending money foolishly on a finger-ring? He thought so much of his clothes after he began to go to see the girls."

She folded away the clothes and replaced the valise.

"I've said my say now," she said. "You can do what you think best. I don't care where I go. I'll go to-morrow, if you say so."

"But I'm so used to you, Malvina!" he said hoarsely. The words came out like a cry.

She did not relent.

"There, there, I know you are," she said in a tone half-soothing, half-contemptuous. "I'm willing to stay and keep house for you if you'd rather. You'll have to have somebody. Nobody will know about it but us two."

"It isn't respectable," he said doggedly.

She gave a short laugh.

"I don't care whether it is or not."

David's head had sunk between his shoulders at her scathing words. His face was suffused, with what feeling it was impossible to say. Now, as she finished, he raised his eyes and looked at her strangely, as if—she remembered it afterward—he had never seen her before. He turned and left the room.

When, after a silent breakfast next morning, he went over to his store without reopening the subject, she knew that he meant to accept the situation. Henceforth matters were in her own hands. And all these years she had suppressed herself! No need of that any more. The outworks had fallen without a struggle. She almost scorned her victory.

The life which followed was a strange one. Outwardly it was the same as before, but all the natural intercourse between a couple who had lived together for nearly half a lifetime withered away before the knowledge of that piece of paper somewhere in the house. Malvina had hidden it. She sometimes knew on opening her bureau that David had been searching for it in her absence.

"He won't find it," she thought.

Her triumph nourished her. She drew strength from her hardness, and grew upright and handsome as David grew bent and old. The stoop in his shoulders had become a habit. His dark, curly hair turned to silver; he had a furtive glance, and an almost deprecating manner toward his neighbors. He walked over to the cemetery Sunday afternoons. He always went alone. The granite shaft had never been built. Instead, a very ordinary headstone was at the grave. It held the tragedy of three lives.

When the townspeople saw him coming out of the gate, they told one another that David Bassett had taken his boy's death harder than his wife had done. It had been a terrible trial to him to have a good-for-nothing son. The minister's wife was perplexed. In the first flush of her sympathy she had tried to be kind to Mrs. Bassett, but —she did not know why—she felt chilled. She punished herself for it.

One day faint groans were heard from the Bassetts' family lot, and David Bassett was discovered prone on the ground. He had had a slight stroke of paralysis.

"Don't frighten my—don't—Mrs.—" he tried to say, as he was being taken home.

They laid him in the down-stairs bedroom, where he had not been since that memorable night. Malvina directed everything. She nursed him with inflexible care.

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"Is he brooding over anything?" asked the doctor, when some weeks had passed.

"I don't know," she answered truthfully. She knew no more of his mind nowadays than if he had been a stranger to her.

"Find out," said the doctor. "There is no reason why he should not rally faster than this; but he does not seem to be trying to live. Use the battery as I showed you—and take care of yourself, or we shall have you worn out. You are a devoted wife."

"I shall not wear out," she replied.

That afternoon she sat by the bed plying the sponges. The snow whirled outside in formless drifts, the sharp hum of the battery was all that broke the silence within. The room was very peaceful. Some lengths of hickory burned rose-red in the open stove. Suddenly Malvina felt David's eyes upon her, and raised her own to meet a gaze which set her heart throbbing violently, as if she were once more young.

"I sha'n't get well," said David.

"Yes, you will get well," she answered, almost angrily. "The doctor said there was no reason why you shouldn't."

"I overheard what he said. He said I should get well if I hadn't anything on my mind. You know what is on my mind. Malvina, where is that bill?"

"I've got it safe," she answered, trembling at the new decision in his voice.

"You get it and bring it here. I want to see it."

Without a word she left the room. When she returned her hands were blue with cold. She spread out the roll of paper as he directed. He looked at it long.

"It's true," he murmured. "Sometimes I've wondered if it was really true."

He seemed to be trying to gather himself together.

"Maybe I haven't done just right," he said thickly. "Things look solemn when you lie and think all the time. If it was to happen now, I should *try* to do different, yet if it came just so again I don't know as I should be able to. It's pretty hard for a man to have his only son bring down his good name. You never seemed to think much of that.

"I thought when I heard he'd disgraced us both that that was the worst. I didn't suppose I should ever be called upon to bear anything harder. It wasn't till you told me how you'd got a bill from me months before that I knew how bad the worst could be. I didn't know *you* could act so.

"I used to watch you in prayer-meeting. Your cheeks were red. You never looked around and flirted, like some of the girls. I said: 'She's the best girl in town; she'll make me a good wife.' You promised to take me for better or worse. You spoke up so they all heard. If any one had told me then that you would ever want to leave me, I shouldn't have believed it.

"I've kept it in. I've left you my property just the same. If I was to die to-morrow nobody would know we hadn't been married all the time. Malvina, don't ever let them know! It's the last thing I ask of you. Maybe I ought to have left you. Maybe I ought to have let you leave me. I couldn't. I couldn't stand to have folks talking about you. I let things go on. It's been an awful life."

Two tears rolled over his sunken cheeks. The room was very still. The little boy's picture looked down on them both.

"Malvina, you said it took more than a piece of paper to make us divorced. I am your husband in the sight of God, and I want to die your husband. *You are my wife.*"

"Yes, I am, David! yes, I am!" she cried. Her hardness broke like glass, and putting both hands to her face she burst into a passion of smothered sobs. The parchment roll lay on the bed. She groped for it with one hand, and threw it on the embers. The smoke of its burning filled the room. She knelt by the bedside, and laid her face against the paralyzed arm. It stirred slightly, but neither of them noticed it. David's hand went across his breast, feeling for her cheek. His mouth worked piteously.

"Malvina," he said, "don't—don't cry so. I wish I had been a better man."

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Ella Rawls Reader, Financier

The Life Story of a Brilliant Business Woman

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

III

MRS. READER'S career in South America alternated between melodrama and comic opera. In her fight to secure the adoption of the Sprague Multiple Control system by the Tuppenny Tube in London and to obtain the $5,000,000 railroad contract from the Sultan of Johore, she had met only honorable adversaries; but in South America, Mrs. Reader found, for the first time, opposition which stooped to foul means.

Men had opposed her before, but their attack had concerned the project, not the woman. The sort of warfare that ferrets for scandal, that prefers foul means to fair, she had believed to be largely a fiction of the disgruntled—most of us do until we encounter it. Since then she has learned to divide financiers, in their dealings with women, into three classes. Her summary is worth quoting.

"There are men like William Sherer and Dumont Clarke," she explains; "men from whom you never hear a word of slander, who will always give a deserving woman any help they can, or, if they must oppose her, are honorable about it—straightforward and kind. Then there are the men who are afraid of women, who never by any chance have dealings with them—and these, you'll usually find, have been up to mischief at some time, and have been caught. And then there is the big third class—those who will do a woman because she is one, then throw a shadow on her good name to rob her of sympathy and friends. Slander against a man, to do him any specific harm, has to have some foundation, but a mere look and a word may serve to mark a woman so that all her statements are discredited and are put down to the fury of the 'woman scorned.' If she is absolutely straight and sincere, she can live this down, but it is a bitterly hard experience. Her enemies hold a terrible weapon, if they are unscrupulous enough to use it; and in many cases they are. As a general summary of what a woman may expect from business men, I should say: every possible help and opportunity so long as she is not in their way; the instant she comes between them and their interests, she will be kicked out without the faintest regard to fair play, honor, truth, anything. They can fight her in underhand ways impossible in fighting a man, and in nine cases out of ten they will do it. But there is the tenth case, where they won't; always remember that and thank heaven for it."

It was not the tenth case when she came between J. B. Haggin and his mining interests in South America.

The world's demand for copper steadily increases. As many mines in North America have already given up their greatest wealth, it is to the mines of South America that the consumers look for their next supply, the mines in the Andes Mountains being practically inexhaustible. Lack of transportation has so far kept the industry back, but now Peru, which has prodigious copper deposits, is being opened up with railroads, and the holders of mining privileges there have vast opportunities before them.

These possibilities first came to Athole Reader's knowledge some five years ago, when business of another nature had taken him to Peru. He then formed a project to amalgamate the mines of Cerro de Pasco, the best known of the copper districts. Options were secured on the principal mines; he was on his way to London to organize a syndicate to furnish the necessary capital when J. B. Haggin, whose great fortune is founded on mining enterprises, made overtures to him, offering to take over the mines. After several interviews, according to the affidavits on file in Mr. Reader's suit against Mr. Haggin in the Supreme Court of New York, it was agreed that engineers should be sent down to appraise the mines, and that, if the report was satisfactory, Mr. Haggin should

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buy them, giving Mr. Reader ten per cent. of the purchase price as a commission. In due time Mr. Haggin took over a number of the best mines, forming the Cerro Copper Company, afterward known as the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company. But no commission was paid; none has been to this day, though a lawsuit on the subject is pending.

Thus frozen out, Mr. Reader undertook to get a foothold in the other rich mining districts of Peru, and it was while trying to interest capital in this second effort that he met and married Ella Rawls. Both had money and influential friends, and they took up the mining business together, equal partners, as they have been in all the business enterprises of their married life. If Mrs. Reader had known the bitter warfare in which she was to plunge, the unscrupulous enmity she was to encounter, she too, like the capitalist who refused to help Athole Reader, might have declined to consider South America offered to her "on a golden tray"; but once in, no manner of difficulty could make a McLeod of Skye relax her grip. In Haggin's syndicate were such men as J. P. Morgan, H. McK. Twombly, and D. O. Mills. Haggin's economical method was to secure a few of the more important mines and strive to crush out all small competitors who might try to get a foothold. To him the Readers were tenderfeet; he prepared to send them running by one brandishing of his terrors. The mystery is that with the forces at his command he did not succeed.

In the fall of 1902 the Cerro de Pasco Tunnel & Mining Company was organized under the laws of the State of Maine, with Mrs. Reader as President; there were about fifty stockholders admitted. The Acari copper-mines, including about fifty-two claims, and showing by the Government report a half-million tons of high-grade copper already blocked out, were bought outright at a small outlay; these had been opened by a French syndicate, which had spent $5,000,000 in development, but had abandoned the mines during the Chilean revolution; the group could now be secured by the payment of an amount little greater than the sum of the accumulated taxes. Haggin had bought only a portion of the Cerro de Pasco mines; options were secured in his district and in the rich Morococha district. The word "tunnel" in the title of Mrs. Reader's company stood for what was then the most important part of her project, a tunnel to drain the mines of Cerro de Pasco. The company was to collect from every mine so drained twenty per cent. of its output in payment, and this, added to the copper and silver that would be unearthed in the tunneling, promised vast profits. For reasons that will appear later, this plan was dropped, but the title was left unchanged.

Mrs. Reader succeeded in bringing in some prominent men as directors, with an underwriting agreement that was supposed to be strictly secret. Unfortunately, one of the members, under the influence of a dinner, told of the secret syndicate that was to back Mrs. Reader and her copper-mines. "They were not going to fight Haggin, merely to pick up what he did not want, so why should the thing be kept confidential?" he seemed to argue. "It would have to be known some time." This disclosure, coming at a critical moment, with the real work all ahead, was fatal to the syndicate. The financiers asked to be allowed to withdraw from the underwriting agreement, a request that was at once granted. The fight with Haggin was on.

Convinced of the power of Haggin and his Wall Street group by this unpleasantly practical demonstration, Mrs. Reader decided to look abroad for the necessary capital for her company. She went to London for that purpose. But the crushing-out process had a long reach, and she found her every effort blocked. Time after time negotiations with approving capitalists were begun; agents were sent to Peru who made favorable reports on their return; large sums were about to be turned over—suddenly the other side would grow cool, withdraw. The explanation, when she could secure one, was always the same: word had come that the Readers had no mines and were merely blackmailers trying to get money out of Haggin. At first the rumors seemed to have no particular source, but finally letters were secured proving that they came directly from the office of Haggin himself.*

The first of these abortive negotiations was

* In the suit for slander of the Cerro de Pasco Tunnel & Mining Company against J. B. Haggin for $1,000,000, a suit now pending in the Supreme Court of New York, Mrs. Reader complains that Mr. Haggin "maliciously composed and caused to be composed and published concerning the plaintiff, at the City of New York and at the City of London, England, and elsewhere, the false and defamatory matter following, to wit: 'The Cerro de Pasco Tunnel & Mining Company is a fake concern. . . . it is a strike against me and my associates. . . . has no property and no mines and is a fraud on those who have been induced to buy its stocks. It is a fake concern; its officers are frauds, blackmailers, and liars. The purpose of the company is to blackmail me and my associates as owners of mines in Peru.'"

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with Étienne Muller & Co., of Paris, who had agreed to furnish £250,000 to put the company on the market, and who abruptly withdrew from their agreement. The explanation lay in the following paragraph from one of their letters:

> Will you kindly tell us what truth there is in a statement we heard to-day on the Bourse . . . that there is actually a process opening by Mr. Haggin tending to dispossess your company of its tunnel rights? The truth of such fact, if there is any, would make it very hard indeed to dispose of the stock you want to put here on the market.

In spite of Mrs. Reader's explanations, the rumors were so persistent that a representative of the French company came to New York. He went back with the information that the Readers were blackmailers and did not hold an option within twenty miles of Cerro de Pasco.

Negotiations with the Rothschilds and many other influential firms were begun, and in each case progressed brilliantly until they were cut short by that persistent rumor: Mrs. Reader was a blackmailer; Haggin was about to have her arrested; whoever dealt with her would get into serious trouble. Cables to New York for denials of false reports would result in the confirmation of them by agencies friendly to Haggin. It was maddening; her golden fruits, honestly won, were turning to dust and ashes in her hands. No one would —or dared—believe her. One of the principal charges against her was that she had adapted the corporate name of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company. Her refutation of this charge was that the other was originally the Cerro Copper Company; that she took the name of the Cerro de Pasco Tunnel & Mining Company in all good faith, inasmuch as the principal feature of her plan was the tunnel that was to work in connection with all the mines; that the Haggin company became the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company after her company was incorporated and named—and that she'd die before she would change it. One is not born a McLeod of Skye for nothing.

An arrangement for capital, nearly closed, with Chaplain, Milne & Grenfel was cut short by a new attack: the Morton Trust Company of New York, who had been acting as her transfer agents, formally requested Mrs. Reader to withdraw the Cerro de Pasco Tunnel & Mining Company's account from its books. The explanation was, according to letters from disinterested persons, which are in the possession of Mrs. Reader's lawyers, that one of the directors, who was a member of the Haggin syndicate, had demanded this on the ground that her company was a swindle, and under threat of withdrawing from the board and taking his vast business elsewhere. In the face of this action, the London bankers were not inclined to go on. After a dozen such rebuffs, Mrs. Reader, sick at heart but more grimly determined than ever, came back to New York to fight the rumor nearer its source.

Here all her ways were compassed about with hostilities. She found detectives lurking near her office; the janitor of the building was found one morning at her desk which was wide open, though it had been left locked the night before; he was dusting, he said. Several times he was caught in what seemed to be a conscientious effort to dust the keyhole of the office door with his ear. The papers held to back up Mrs. Reader's suit for slander relate this peculiar incident: A letter from an Englishman desirous of buying into her company, and enclosing £1,000 for that purpose, was delivered to the other company, which had offices in the same building, and was there opened. Instead of being handed over to its rightful owners, the check was returned to the sender by Haggin's secretary, with a letter stating that the Readers had no property and that their company was a blackmailing scheme. Alexander & Green, Haggin's lawyers, added a second letter reiterating this gratuitous information and asking the Englishman to give his affidavit that he had been led into the Reader company on false pretenses, in order that Haggin's company might have ground for criminal action. Fortunately, this particular subscriber was an old friend of Mrs. Reader, with intimate knowledge both of her character and of the rights of the struggle. His only action was to send both letters to her by registered mail, as valuable weapons should she ever bring suit for slander.

At this point the newspapers began to interest themselves, and reporters were sent nosing back over her career; her unfortunate early marriage was dragged to light and distorted into a scandal, since no better material could be found in her hard-working life. A serious illness had left her scarcely fit for active campaigning, but she went straight ahead, left the newspapers unanswered, and put her whole strength into the saving of her company.

A brief preliminary trip to Peru put her in touch with local conditions there. On her

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return to New York she purchased of the defunct Andes Mining Company a huge smelter that was stored in Callao, paying $10,000 out of her own pocket and giving her note for $25,000. This was in October, 1903, and soon afterward a French syndicate agreed to advance £250,000 if she made a satisfactory report within a given time. So she apparently had both her capital and her smelter. Nevertheless her real troubles were only beginning.

This machinery was to have been delivered at once, but the two men who represented the defunct Andes company, Major Ackerman and Mr. Schafer, were friendly to Haggin. Delivery was delayed week after week. Not until Mrs. Reader was about to have one of the twain arrested did he agree to sign the contract for the delivery of her purchase. But this contract was not effective without the signature of his associate, who had attached the machinery for $8,000, due him, he said, from the Andes company; and at the moment this man was declared to be in the interior of Peru. Cabling to Lima, Mrs. Reader found that as a matter of fact he was in New York —found it out twenty minutes after he had left his hotel to catch a steamer for London.

Mrs. Reader did not sit down and bewail her luck. She looked up the steamer, saw that its captain was an old friend; with a quick application of her peculiar power to bend men to her own ends, she secured by telephone his promise to hold up the boat long enough for her to serve some papers. Then, with the help of her lawyer the reluctant representative was pulled off the Cunarder and obliged to sign papers transferring his claim on the machinery to her. She now had legal proof of her right to her property, if not actual possession. So in January, 1904, while Mr. Reader attended to some necessary business in Paris, she went back to Peru, rolled up her sleeves, and took hold.

Mrs. Reader's first business in Peru was to get possession of her smelter; her second was a personal investigation of the mining country. She took with her a mining engineer, P. G. Lidner, who had been for some months offering her his services. He had formerly been in the employ of Haggin, but, by his own account, had been badly treated, and had cut all connection with the rival syndicate. Convinced of the man's good faith as well as his ability, Mrs. Reader employed him. In Lima he stated confidentially to a number of persons that he was in Haggin's employ, sent down by Haggin to block and discredit her at every turn. He industriously spread the "blackmailer" yarn, though indeed he need not have gone to much trouble on that account, for another person on the same errand had already filled the air with a foul cloud of rumor, and all the local employees had their orders to discredit the rival company in every possible way. In consequence, Mrs. Reader found herself stared at and insulted on the street, surrounded by a bewildering animosity. When it became clear that the whole spirit of the place had been set against her, she went straight to President Candamo, a fine old-fashioned gentleman, and asked for his protection.

"I am here to do business, and I have no intention of being driven out by slander, if you are willing I should stay," she told him. "If you request me to go, I will; but for no other reason." The charming old man offered her all reassurance and every protection; his open friendship did a great deal to modify public prejudice.

Mrs. Reader had not particularly wanted to go to Peru. But she believed that there was no more effective way of convincing the men whose backing she sought that the prevailing rumors of impending revolutions and generally unsettled and dangerous conditions in Peru were untrue. If a woman could go down to Peru, inspect the mines, and deal with their owners, the country was practically safe and stable. Accordingly, after two weeks in Lima, during which she filed papers proving her ownership of the machinery and tried unsuccessfully to get it by friendly means, she set out for the mountains.

Lidner had gone on ahead, avowedly to examine the mines under option at Morococha and report on them for her syndicate, but really, as Mrs. Reader says he confessed later, to make trouble between herself and the mine owners, hindering negotiations, and preventing the signing of contracts. The miners had been growing somewhat lofty in their ideas of price, with two rival syndicates in the field. According to Mrs. Reader's allegations in her slander suit, Lidner's treacherous task was to convince them that the Reader syndicate was a sham, thus preventing a renewal of her old options as well as the acquisition of new ones. Giving him a two weeks' start, a commission from the Haggin syndicate, consisting of three engineers and two business men, was, it seemed, to follow in his track and buy up all the

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desirable properties that were released, at the small rates the discouraged owners would then be glad to accept. That this plot failed was due to the intervention of an earthquake.

Mrs. Reader, escorted by two Peruvian colonels detailed by President Candamo, and two mining men, familiar with the district, went 120 miles into the Morococha district by rail and up a twelve-mile mountain trail on horseback. There she was stricken for three days with fever, and was attended by an Indian mine-owner and an old Cholo woman who could not speak a word of English. When she recovered she bought ore already mined and had parts of it assayed; she went down into mines and studied the veins at first hand.

The mines were rich; Mrs. Reader's hopes, already high, rose tremendously. But she found owners who had been most eager to deal with her in previous negotiations drawing away from contracts and regarding her with slighting indifference. Lidner had been there a week before her. She did not know what he had been doing and, confident in her options on 121 claims in the district and on the Yauli smelter, close by, she went down the mountain to Cerro de Pasco.

It was here Mrs. Reader discovered that Lidner was playing her false. The town—a community of 10,000 people—had begun by giving her a very warm reception: teas, dances, presents of silver ornaments, all manner of attentions were for the señora who had come to buy mines. But very soon her new friends began to drop away from her. A big reception was called off, with no plausible explanation; the miners began to show signs of breaking their contracts; many refused to renew expiring options. Completely mystified and deeply discouraged, she begged explanations, but was met with vague evasions. It did not occur to her to doubt Lidner: she knew he had once been in the employ of the Haggin syndicate, but he had given her most solemn assurances that he no longer had any connection with them and was wholly devoted to her interests. Even his having urged her not to go into the interior, but to leave all the inspection to him, had not aroused suspicion. His attitude had grown queer and surly: he appeared at the table with his hat on, pulled well over his face, as though he disliked to meet her eyes. And yet, when a mine-owner gave her the explanation, she could not at first believe it. Lidner, he said, had told him in the presence of other owners that Mrs. Reader was only trifling with them with an eye to annoying Haggin, and that if they refused to tie up their properties with her, they could get much better prices from the other side. Lidner had produced papers to prove his authority from the Haggin side. Not at all convinced, Mrs. Reader went straight to Lidner; he denied everything. She brought him face to face with the mine-owners; he broke down, admitted that he had been steadily fighting her interests, and gave over his papers. He offered no excuse. He said he was "very sorry."

He was sorrier in the excitement that followed. Mrs. Reader called the mine-owners together and, through her interpreter, explained to them very simply and frankly the whole situation. She proposed to leave Cerro de Pasco at once in order to bring down another mining engineer to report on their properties.

"And in the meanwhile," she said, "if any of you have an offer from the Haggin syndicate that you want to accept, either for a sale or for an option, I shall not ask you to wait for me. I am alone and not quite equal to the situation as it stands now. But if you are willing to wait, it is only a question of time before I shall be back with an engineer and take options for such time as I require. I want your mines, but I don't ask to tie up a single miner until I am free to go on."

It was an inflammable crowd, peculiarly open to feminine influence. Tropical gallantry, combined with rage at having been duped, raised a very whirlwind. The meeting broke up with shouts for "the señorita," as they called her. Lidner was unanimously execrated. A plan was formed to get him into a game of cards and then drop poison into his whisky, but he was warned and did not leave his room. All that night the men drank and blustered, and by morning the town was in an exceedingly dangerous condition. Cerro de Pasco was two hundred miles in the interior of Peru, and a big earthquake, followed by floods, had washed out the railroad and the telegraph lines, practically cutting off all communication with the outside world. The situation was not pleasant.

That afternoon, as Mrs. Reader was resting, a young Guatemalan came breathlessly to tell her that a big mass-meeting was in progress in the town hall, and that it had just decided to lynch the engineer; that she was the only one

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who might possibly quiet the mob. So she bundled up in sweater and coat, for it was extremely cold, and followed the boy to the smoky, reeking hall, packed thick with excited citizens. There was a shout at her appearance, a glass of brandy was thrust into her hand, and they drank to her, yelling; she was their "señorita," their everything that gallant men stand by and fight for; their deeply wronged and their much beloved!

To say that Ella Rawls was not frightened as she faced the inflamed crowd and lifted her brandy in response would be very far from the truth. They were with her for the moment, but their championship was of a terrifying order. Moreover, in the state they were in, any gust might sway them; a mistake on her part or a new and adroit voice from the other side might turn the whole storm against her in an instant, and she could not forget that the wires were down. But she faced them and tasted the brandy of fellowship and got them quiet enough to listen.

"You say you're my friends, my champions," she began through her interpreter; "if, then, you are on my side, if you respect me and love me as a friend, you will show your manhood by helping me, by restoring quiet——"

"No, no, no!" The hall was filled with shouts of protest. She lifted the hateful brandy again.

"I drink to your health and prosperity! We are friends and brothers, and we all have the same desire in our hearts—the good of Cerro de Pasco. You say you love me—can you not trust me to act for the best good of you all? By violence you will hurt your properties, and so you will hurt me. Do you want to hurt your señorita?"

The glasses crashed down on the tables; they crowded close about her, patting her shoulders and shaking her hands. But two minutes later they were again hot for vengeance. She talked for a long hour in the reeking hall, clouded with drifts of smoke, but in the end she tamed them—at least, for the time being. They agreed that they would take no action until the next day, and the meeting adjourned.

Mrs. Reader was pale and shaking, but her day's work was not done, for there was no assurance that the peace would last ten minutes. She was staying with the family of a leading citizen; but a small house opposite had been lent to her for her retinue, and there she found Lidner, abject with terror. He wept, and begged help, throwing himself wholly on her mercy. Mrs. Reader did not welcome the burden, but she accepted it grimly. Lidner was made to write a note stating that he had gone to inspect some mines, and this was pinned on his door, behind which he locked himself securely. In spite of the peace compact, a desultory watch was kept for his return from the mine inspection until late that night, when the exhausted citizens gave up and went to bed.

At four in the morning Mrs. Reader's interpreter and Lidner, wearing a blanket to disguise him as an Indian, rode quietly out of the town and got through unmolested to Oroya, whence the restored railroad was just beginning once more to run trains through to Lima. There Lidner took ship for New York.

The town settled down after a night's sleep, and she was able to go forward with her business. During her six weeks' stay, Mrs. Reader put two-thirds of the mines under option, thereby securing the balance of power in the district. It was not necessary to hunt up an engineer; an experienced man who had been working twelve months for Haggin quarreled with his manager and applied to her for Lidner's position, proving himself an able assistant as well as a source of very valuable information. There was no danger that he would be untrue to her interests, even had he been so inclined: the mine-owners were still half hopeful of a chance to lynch some one.

The earthquake had worked curiously in Mrs. Reader's favor, upsetting the second part of the Lidner plan as thoroughly as she had upset the first part. Thanks to this earthquake, which had wrecked large tracts of the road-bed, hers had been the last train to get through to the mines from the coast for nearly two months, during which the commission of engineers and business men from the Haggin syndicate helplessly cooled their heels down in Lima. And the train that finally brought them into the interior on its return to the coast took back Mrs. Reader with her troubles settled and her property secured.

Weary, but triumphant, she came down to Lima to find an emissary from the French syndicate awaiting her. With all these unexpected delays the time within which she was to make her report had expired, and the syndicate, rightly inferring that she was meeting difficulties, proposed to renew the contract under conditions that would greatly

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lessen Mrs. Reader's power. She had seen enough of Wall Street to learn that, in a financial deal, every one who can be crowded out is going to be crowded out; and she flatly refused to agree to the new conditions even though it meant a break with her backers and the withdrawal of the £250,000 capital. It was discouraging, bitterly; but she knew she had a good thing in her possession, and she would not be despoiled of it while there was a fighting chance left. She had capital of her own; after some meditation she drew from that to buy outright the 121 claims of the Morococha district, and the Yauli smelter; she began to ship ore to Europe even while she was still fighting for possession of the stored smelter at Callao.

This machinery was stored with W. R. Grace & Co., traders, contractors, and steamship owners, and though Mrs. Reader's payment of $10,000 in cash gave her clear title to her purchase, it cost her $15,000 in legal expenses and a nine months' fight to enforce her rights. Time and again the courts ordered the delivery of the machinery; time and again the man who went to serve the order was mysteriously "fixed." Once the document itself disappeared altogether, lying for six weeks hidden in a Lima safe. Mrs. Reader was alone in a community that had been sown thick with reports against her, dealing with courts that seemed unable to enforce their own mandates, but I do not believe that the idea of giving up ever even crossed her mind.

After eight months of useless struggle she went out to Callao, which is about half an hour by rail from Lima, with her Peruvian lawyer, Scotch interpreter, and American engineer, and forced the manager to open the warehouse and let her make an inspection of the machinery. The manager had met her with his lawyers, and the hour of argument before she gained her point had been something of a strain. During the whole process a Peruvian on the Haggin side had been standing close to Mrs. Reader, his little narrowed eyes staring with that deliberate insolence only Latins can accomplish. The company went out into the wareroom where the machinery lay, and the difficult business of a hurried inspection went forward, but still the bullying stare never ceased. After about two hours of it, the fine edge of that hidden temper of hers suddenly sprang out. She whirled on him with a blaze of words that needed no interpreter; and all at once his stare was being returned by a fierce little pistol held in a strong white hand and quite ready for business.

The gentleman of Peru neither apologized nor retracted; he incontinently, unqualifiedly fled. And he was not the only one. Like shadows the men flitted out of the dusky warehouse, leaving the dangerous woman a clear field. When she looked about there was no one in sight but two Irish porters, and in their eyes were sympathetic twinkles, meeting which, Mrs. Reader could only sink down helpless with laughter and put up her pistol.

The story of the affair was all over Lima before night, and Mrs. Reader of the Cerro de Pasco Tunnel & Mining Company was reported to be a "dangerous woman." Yet on the whole the incident helped rather than hurt her, spreading a wholesome impression that she would not take too much nonsense.

A month later, when the court was still ineffectually ordering the delivery of the machinery, Mrs. Reader again took matters into her own hands; she announced her purpose, and went down to Callao armed with a hatchet as well as her pistol, prepared to break in the door of the warehouse if necessary. Her lawyer and engineer went with her, and there were men near at hand with wagons, ready to come at a signal. The law and the hatchet combined were too much for the opposition. Finally, after as much delay as possible, the doors were unlocked and at last the smelter was in her possession, and the most famous legal battle in the history of Peru ended. Mrs. Reader, in the very presence of her enemies, with all the honors of victory hers, laid down her hatchet and wept. She could fight to a finish, but her manner of greeting triumph was wholly feminine.

At present there seems to be every reason for Mrs. Reader to feel that she won the unequal battle. Her corporation is on its feet; half a million tons of ore have been made ready for the smelters, one of which is running already; the other is in process of erection. There is still work to do; but all Peru is friendly to Mrs. Reader's interests, and she feels that her cause and justice have prevailed against long and strong odds. Another round for the woman against Wall Street.

The story of "Ella Rawls Reader, Financier," will be concluded in the December number.

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Little Stories of Real Life

The Ultimate Test

By Frederick Walworth Brown

SHE sat with her back to the rough bole of a tree, and idly twisted the ribbons on a bewildering hat. The summer-scented breeze ran light fingers through her golden crown, here and there shaking a strand loose from the thraldom of pin and comb and blowing it about her face. Her eyes were hazel.

He sprawled at her feet, viciously rooting out little tufts of grass and flinging them from him.

"Will you?" he said.

"How many times yo' reckon that makes, Craig?" she drawled deliciously.

"Will you?" he repeated.

"Law, Craig," she cried. "You awl make me nervous. Y' suttenly dieu."

He turned on an elbow and faced her.

"Well, will you?" he said doggedly.

The girl did not reply at once, and skilfully avoided his eyes, while she swung her hat recklessly to and fro by a loop of the ribbon. He meantime watched her narrowly, trying to read her thoughts and not succeeding very well.

"Ah you awl goin' to the Hopkins' dance?" she asked finally.

He flung away from her impatiently.

"Oh, Daisy," he said, "why can't you be serious?"

She looked at him in apparent surprise, though the hazel eyes sparkled with mischievous delight.

"I ask you the most serious question a man can put to a woman," he went on, "and you reply with a remark about this infernal dance."

"Mrs. Hopkins shorely would be ove'joyed at the adjective," laughed the girl. "She's keen fo' novelties."

The man rose to his feet in a determined manner.

"I might as well be going," he said. "Good-by, Daisy." He put out his hand. She looked the least bit startled, at his suddenness perhaps, but she took the hand.

"Good-by, Craig, if yo' mus' go," she said. "I don't see why yo' huh'y off, though."

"Oh, yes, I think you do, Daisy," he said. He seemed loath to drop her hand, and she withdrew it sharply.

"Good-by," he said again, and putting on his hat, resolutely turned his back and strode away.

Under her lashes she watched him go through the trees of the orchard, now hidden for an instant by an aged trunk, now suddenly revealed, big, broad-shouldered, striding away with a determined swing to his long legs. She smiled maliciously when the stiff back was forced to bend to avoid a laden branch. He did not once turn his head. She let him reach the stile beyond the last row of summer pippins, and as he stepped upon it, still without so much as glancing back, she hailed him.

"Oh, Craig," she cried.

He halted, turned, and waited, one foot on the stile. She beckoned him.

"Come yere. I want to tell yo' somethin'."

He came back quickly, but at sight of her non-committal eyes, halted and stood irresolute.

"Well?" he demanded, after a pause.

"Oh," she said, "if yo're goin' to be unpleasant——"

He was contrite in an instant.

"I don't mean to be unpleasant, Daisy," he said. "You know I don't, but——"

"Well, sit down yere, then."

He dropped once more on the grass at her feet, and waited. She said nothing, seemingly absorbed in rearranging the disorganized ribbons on her hat.

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"You called me back," he intimated finally.

"Did I?" she said, without glancing up. "It shouldn't have been necessa'y, should it?"

"You've given me no reason to think it shouldn't be necessary!" he exclaimed hotly.

She sighed.

"It's so strange that we awl can't talk fo' five minutes without qua'elin'," she observed, and sighed again.

"Well, my conscience is clear on that point," he returned.

"Oh, but it takes tieu, yo' know, to make a qua'el."

"There are exceptions even to that rule."

"Well, suppose we don't qua'el, Craig," she said.

"Good," he agreed. "Will you marry me, Daisy?"

"The-ah yo' go again," she cried, "the veh'y firs' thing. I thought we weren't goin' to qua'el."

"I didn't know it was quarreling to ask a girl to marry you," he remarked dryly.

"But it's so emba'assing, Craig, when—when one hasn't made up one's mind."

"It's something to know your mind isn't made up *contra*," he said. "Can't you make it up now, Daisy?"

"*Contra?*"

"That's trifling, Daisy."

"The way you awl spoke seemed to imply——"

"Please be serious, Daisy."

"'Deed I'm se'ious. I'm tryin' to make up my mind."

She looked at him quizzically with a wrinkled brow, and he bore the scrutiny with a docile equanimity. At the end of a lengthy examination she smiled on him pleasantly.

"Do you know," she said, "yo're a right good-lookin' boy."

"That ought to be a factor toward a decision," he observed with an answering smile.

"Awn the othah han'," she returned, "beauty's on'y skin deep."

Again she scrutinized him thoughtfully, as though trying to probe the depth of his bodily charms. At first he submitted smilingly, but ended with a scowl.

"I'm tired of this foolishness, Daisy," he said. "I think I'll go. And—I haven't told you—I'm going to Montana."

That startled her out of her pose.

"Montana!" she gasped. "What ah you awl goin' to Montana fo', Craig?"

"To live," he answered shortly. "Uncle Jim's offered me a position at the mine."

"Why didn't yo' tell me?"

"Well, I hadn't decided to go till—a short time ago."

She recovered her composure.

"I expec' you awl'll be rich, Craig," she said. "I'm right glad."

It rather stunned him.

"And you won't miss me?"

"I expec' I shall miss yo', Craig," she admitted. "Yo' been pesterin' me pretty constant lately. Yes, I reckon I'm goin' to miss yo' some."

Her tone indicated a cheerful acquiescence in the inevitable.

"When ah yo' goin' to sta't?" she questioned.

"To-night, if I can get ready."

"Law, Craig, yo' ain't wastin' any time. I reckon yo' won't get back to see me veh'y often, will yo'?"

The young man tried to catch her eye and hold it, and succeeded in doing the one but not by any means the other.

"No, Daisy," he said solemnly. "If I go, I won't ever come back to see you."

"Then yo' ain't right shore yo're goin'?"

"No—that is—well, unless——"

"You awl don't seem veh'y settled in yo' own mind about it, Craig. Do yo' reckon yo' goin' to be happy out the-ah in Montana?"

"I'm not going in order to be happy. I'm going, to forget how happy I might have been. For the last time, Daisy, will——?"

"Yo' bettah not make such rash statements, Craig. Yo' might break 'em."

"Will you, Daisy?"

"Will I what?"

"Marry me."

"Law, Craig, we weren't talkin' about ma'yin'. We were talkin' about Montana."

"Good-by, Daisy."

Again she watched him turn a stiff back upon her and march off. The smallest possible smile lifted her lip and showed her straight white teeth. Her head was thrown back, and with eyes half closed she studied his figure moving steadily away. He was within ten feet of the stile.

"Oh, Craig," she called.

He halted as before and looked back.

"Come yere, boy," she commanded in a tone that was a caress.

He came as before and stood in front of her, his feet braced stubbornly, his hands in his pockets, a frown on his brow.

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"What is it, Daisy?" he asked.

"I can't let my bes' frien' go off to Montana without promisin' to write to me," she said.

"What good would it do to write?" he asked bitterly.

"But frien's always write," she said.

"We've been friends long enough, Daisy. I'm tired of being just *friends*."

"Oh! I didn't understand. You awl ah goin' out the-ah to get shet of bein' friends with me?"

"I'm going out there to forget I ever knew you. You're a heartless, trifling flirt, Daisy."

The dark eyes opened wide and seemed to stab him.

"Law, Mr. Barnard," she said, "I reckon yo' bettah be goin' quick as yo' can."

He flung himself at her feet.

"Oh, I take it back, Daisy," he cried. "I didn't know what I was saying. I didn't mean it. You know I love you."

She disdained to notice him. She hummed an idle little tune as though she were quite alone in the orchard, toying with her thoughts.

"Look at me, Daisy," he implored. Her eyes looked everywhere but into his.

He rose finally and stood before her.

"Listen to me, Daisy," he said. "I'm sorry for what I said. I want you to know that, even if it makes no difference to you. It will make a difference to me. I'm going now. Good-by."

"Good-by, Craig," she said, with the faintest touch of forgiveness on his name.

He hesitated, but she gave him no encouragement, and he turned resolutely and once more strode away. Down through the ranks of the trees she watched him. He went more rapidly than before, digging in his heels and plainly hurrying, as though he feared to trust himself. When he reached the last row of the pippins, she called as before, "Oh, Craig," in a voice to have brought back a celibate saint.

She thought his retreating figure stiffened a little, but he neither turned nor halted. She waited till he reached the stile.

"Craig, boy," she cried then eagerly, perhaps a bit anxiously.

He mounted the steps of the stile with a stiff, unbending back, descended on the other side, and disappeared. She waited, picking nervously at her hat. He might be joking. He must be joking.

A catbird lighted on a branch above her, flirted his tail, and spoke to her derisively. A heavy bee hummed noisily about her golden head, discerned his error, and rocked off among the grasses. From the direction of the stile there came no sound.

With a little, half-caught gasp she sprang to her feet, her hat fell unheeded, and she sped toward the stile.

"Craig!" she called once, and got no answer.

She gained the stile and, resting her hands on the top step, scanned the bit of woodland on the other side. Not a living thing moved there till a chipmunk ran out on a fallen trunk, curving his tail and chattering angrily. One of the girl's hands went to her heart.

"Oh!" she said, and slipped down upon the stile, her face hidden on her arm.

Then from a pile of brush uprose a figure, crossed the space between them swiftly, sprang over the stile with the lightest step, and gathered her close in his arms.

"My beautiful!" he said, and again, "My beautiful!"

She shrank at his touch, but at the sound of his voice she sighed with a great relief and clung to him, her face pressed against his coat, her eyes closed.

"Craig," she said, after a time, "ah yo' goin' to Montana?"

"Not I," he cried. "I'm going to stay right here."

"I think yo're veh'y changeable," said she.

The Home-Stretch

By Frank B. Wells

SSZZ—SSS—ZZZZ! Morgan deftly shifted the tenacious crescent of maple and brought the other end down on the flying sand-wheel. Sss—zzz! zzzzz! He brushed the pulverized dust from the finished rocker, and placed it alongside the others on the neatly loaded truck.

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"Nine hundred sixty-four," he muttered mechanically.

The ponderous din of a hundred machines broke against the naked walls of the building like the undulating surge of breakers on a rocky coast, only that here the sonorous pulsion seemed to come from everywhere—the floor beneath, the ceiling above, from the whirling shaft that quivered with energy, and from the rooms that stretched away, murky and dim, through half-closed doorways.

"Got any chewin'?"

The man at Morgan's elbow gazed stolidly at the knotty form beside him. Morgan whipped a crumpled paper of "Blue Ribbon" from the depths of his hip-pocket and, without taking his eye from the wheel that was eating the roughness from the rocker he was holding, passed it to his companion. On the return of the tobacco he thrust a pinch of the maroon mixture between his angular jaws, then with methodical precision resumed his task.

Involuntarily Morgan found himself interested in the man who stood at the sanding-cylinder which was spitting dust at the other end of the shaft. Something in the wholesome vigor and youthfulness of the man appealed to the veteran. He bent forward toward his companion, and asked:

"You ain't been here long, I reckon?"

"I began this morning," replied the other. "Good job, this."

"I said that myself once," commented Morgan; "but I couldn't see but one end of the journey then—nor now either, by thunder! Circles don't have ends, do they, friend?"

"You can't prove that they do by me," returned the other. "But a man's got to have a living some way; so what's the use——"

"Look here!" Morgan demanded. "You figure on spendin' your mortal existence caressin' this sandin'-wheel at a shillin' an hour, I take it?"

"Why—not that really—I won't have to. A man can get better than that here, can't he?"

The old man shook a mutilated hand at his companion. "Thirty-seven years ago I began holdin' chair-arms an' legs an' backs against this wheel. I had red blood in my veins then, and the roar of the factory fired me with the ambition to do things. I have done something—look at me!"

He held up his clubs of hands like a trained mastiff.

"The shaper over there by the window took one finger," he continued, "the jointer out in the east room pulled another, the cut-off saw down-stairs bit off a thumb." Morgan paused as if he had forgotten the record. "This old shop has got a blamed sight more than that," he broke out in his husky voice. "It's got forty years of Tom Morgan, pardner; and there ain't but mighty little left!"

"You have held on strong," commented the other. "Say, how do you get down to this hollow on these backs?"

Morgan took the piece, gave it a sharp, running twist on the sand-drum, and returned it. "How's that for a velvet finish?" he challenged.

The thrilling resonance of the planers drowned the reply. The veteran set his teeth and attacked a new load of rockers that had just come up from the shaper. Every muscle in his iron frame responded to the vibration of the room. His face assumed the grim inflexibility habitual to those who link their lives with iron and steel. Now and then he threw a glance down the long row of windows where the yellow beams of the March sun brought sections of feathery dust into luminous relief.

The toiler felt a step at his side. "Morgan, how many shelf-brackets did you finish yesterday?"

The cast of impatience on the superintendent's face momentarily confused the old man. "Twelve hundred and—twelve hun—let me see—" he stumbled.

"There! don't guess any more!"

The superintendent dashed away to catch the descending elevator, leaving Morgan to reflect on the possible derangement of the routine of the Land of Infinite Detail by the uncertainty of so important an item. But in his tangled brain a more vital consideration was asserting itself. A few minutes later he was addressing the man at his elbow.

"It's little things like that that hurts," he speculated. "They won't stand that from me much more."

"Why, does a man have to remember everything that happens? Does——"

"No; not every man. But it's about up with Tom Morgan, that's all. They've watched me like I was a criminal for more'n a year. If I should lay off a minute it would mean my finish. Bingham ain't quite got the heart to discharge me, but once I'm

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out a few days my key would be missin'. It happens that way with all the old fellows."

"You've had your share, that's right," affirmed his companion. "I wish you could tell my fortune as well as you can your own. I'd——"

"I can!" shouted Morgan. "I can do a better job than any fortune-teller on freedom's soil."

The old man's eyes gleamed with pristine energy as he shoved another truck of rockers within working distance. With a fierce relish he watched the spurts of dust disappear in the gaping mouth of the draft-pipe, while the accentuated tone of the machine united its hum with the mighty harmony of the shop. Pride of the ability to turn out perfect work was inherent in his nature. His soul was attuned to the harmony of applied mechanics.

"Yes, I can tell your fortune," he began again suddenly. "You can write it down while I give it to you, if you want to. You are young, and that means ambition. You won't be satisfied to stay on this machine very long. The pay is too small, and the work too easy. Every man who wants to do anything in this work must try for the big machines. In a year or two you will be on a shaper, jointer, band-saw, or some of that family. But they're a treacherous lot, these heavy machines, and they'll mangle their best friends. You'll have to watch 'em like the trainer does the lion he's in the cage with; but some day you'll forget—they all do—and away will go a finger; it may be a hand. You won't like that, and you'll fight back. I know you will, for you show it in the way you handle that stick you're holdin'. It will be war then, but remember this: a machine never surrenders."

Morgan threw a few spurts of oil on the bearings of his machine, and resumed.

"Some day, a long way ahead, you'll capitulate to the machine. But the machine won't return the hard years that have passed over your head—it will keep 'em prisoners forever. You'll gather the fragments of yourself together and come back here where you started. You'll be glad to get back, even with the reduced wages, for it'll make you forget, sometimes, that you're not at the front end of things."

There came a sudden lull in the feverish activity; a hundred belts were simultaneously shifted to loose-pulleys; the spirit of relaxation spread like a contagion from engine-room to warehouse; the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of six; and, as the whistle breathed its long-drawn signal, scores of men went hurrying, pushing, leaping from the exits. But not so Morgan; he took a basket from the hand of a tall, thin girl who came punctual to the shriek of the whistle, threw himself down on the fragment of a chair and proceeded to eat his meal with mechanical precision. He had become a machine.

He rose from his repast and stretched himself wearily. The unbroken silence seemed more oppressive than the raging din of the day. Down the depths of the great rooms the glow of incandescent lights brought out the dormant machines in fantastic settings. He turned to a pile of partly finished table-tops, took off the first one, jammed a scrap of putty into a conspicuous worm-hole, then placed it in the form and nailed on the bottom cleats. He had long ago ceased to count the nights that he had "nailed 'em up" in the self-same way.

The rap, rap, rap of his hammer received an answering tattoo from distant rooms where, from necessities like his own, other men were laboriously turning out "piece-work." The cleaning-up men greeted him stiffly as they hurried along on their sweeping-tour, and hourly the night-watchman paced silently by. The intermittent exhaust of a near-by switch-engine was modified by the strains of an orchestra which floated in to the laborer on the crisp night air.

The old man's eyes grew heavy as the hours dragged by, and his stroke became persistently uncertain. But he entertained no thoughts of discomfort, for he must finish his task, else the next night another man would displace him. He was counting his earnings with every stroke of his hammer.

An hour before midnight he completed his stint, clambered down the precipitous stairway, and passed out the long corridor that led to the engine-room. All the other exits were locked at this hour of the night. As he reached the street a fellow laborer joined him.

"Well, Morgan, we're on the home-stretch again," the man greeted.

Morgan's gaze was directed far beyond the somber town to a point in the horizon where a solitary star blinked feebly in the murky sky. The cutting east wind struck him full in the face. "The home-stretch," he repeated musingly. "The home-stretch!"

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The Party at Perry's

By Clinton Dangerfield

"HELLO! wait a minute, will ye? Seed ye a-passin' an' run out to ketch ye. I guess ye sont me this here invite by mistake. I guess ye meant it fer my nevvy, but he won't be back this year."

Perry turned back willingly at the old man's demand. Reaching his hand across the gate on which Jabez leaned, he took the doubted epistle and glanced at it.

"No mistake in that," he said heartily. "It's you I want. Don't care a snap about your nephew. Don't know him."

"But I ain't been to no party in nigh on forty year," quavered the invited, pushing his straw hat back from his redly bald brow, and gazing wistfully into the handsome young face smiling into his. Noting the ripple of chestnut curls on Arthur Perry's temples, he rubbed his own hair-deserted brows regretfully. "Not in forty year," he repeated.

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Perry lightly. "Say, Uncle Jabez, if it wasn't December, this would be a bully gate to swing on!" He pushed it with a suggestive foot, adding with a smile, "I know Corneville so well now, I'm going to call you uncle as the others do."

"Who elst is comin' to your party?" inquired Jabez.

"Lots of folks."

"But not ole wore-out tools like me? Them as is on the edge of the grave ain't no call to enjy themselves."

"Uncle Jabez," said the young man solemnly, "the older you get the safer you are from the somewhat dismaying ceremony of interment. Mortality statistics show that to be young is very dangerous. Few infants pass their second year. You know that, don't you?"

"A many of 'em die before they're five," admitted the old man in bewilderment. "But I never thought before of its being dangerous to be young."

"Well, it is. Very dangerous. Which proves that the time really to enjoy yourself is when you've escaped the perils of youth. I'll bet you can cut a ripping good pigeon-wing."

"How would I appear to ye a-cutting of a pigeon-wing?" inquired Jabez suspiciously, looking first at his own shrunken shanks and then at Arthur's firm, well-curved legs.

"You'd appear like a fellow with wit enough to have a good time," returned Perry carelessly. "If you'd appear any other way to yourself, I can't help that, any more than I can help your opinion of me. We all have an assortment of images, which we carry around with us, labeled 'John This,' or 'Henry That,' or 'Myself.' Some people paint these figures beautifully; some stick barnacles and gray moss all over them—which is a sorry mistake. But good-by. I've to advise with Miss Pauleena Moore about the dress she's going to wear at my party."

"Who? Pauleena?" inquired the old man scoffingly. "Why, she's three years older than I be. She's nigh on to seventy-six."

"I don't know anything about years," said the young man simply. "However, I believe they are barnacles. Of course you can stick them over Miss Pauleena if you like; but it's not gentlemanly of you. Don't forget—half past seven sharp, Saturday evening."

With this last word he nodded farewell and stepped briskly down the road, swinging jauntily the slender cane he carried. The old man looked after him with puzzled, rheumy eyes.

"'Time's barnacles'—'not gentlemanly—'" repeated Jabez indignantly to himself. "I'll be horn-swiggled if he ain't the beatenist! 'Stick 'em on Pauleena'—why she— Well, ef she's perked up to dress and go, I guess I'm younger'n she is."

Perry pursued his way joyously. Once an incautious cat appeared in his pathway, and he instantly left his route to pursue her. She fled up a tall gate-post, spitting vehemently; but no sooner had he put up his hand and touched her than she began purring. When the young man resumed his stride she seemed half minded to follow him, watching him with round, interested eyes as he knocked at Miss Pauleena's near-by door.

That lady made him blithely welcome.

She herself was like some ancient flower

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long preserved between the leaves of Time's book, still exhaling a faint odor of beauty.

She leaned toward Perry, and tapped him on the arm.

"I've got the dress," she whispered, and then blushed.

"Good for you! Go and put it on."

"No—no! You'll see me in it Saturday night. I—I never thought to wear a party dress again. Is—is Jabez going?"

"Going because you are," returned Perry coolly.

"I—I hope he will like my dress."

"Of course he will," assured Perry easily, accepting the cup of tea and the cakes she offered him. "But he'd best look sharp or I'll cut him out."

She laughed faintly, but with pleasure.

"Jabez can't pay no such compliments as you can, Mr. Perry. But then he ain't no poet. I guess that makes some difference. Now you are living down here for a rest,

you're writin' sweet things all the time, ain't you?"

"The editors don't always concur in your opinion," said Perry dryly.

"Don't they always take what you write? I seen you had a notable piece in one of the New York magazines. But if they refuse any more of your poems, you come to me. The editor of the *Cobb County Clarion* is my father's second cousin. He ust to be a beau of mine. I'll get him to print your pieces for you. Once a week would be fifty-two pieces a year."

"That's awfully kind of you," said the poet heartily. "Do you know I never tasted quite such delicious cakes?"

"I'm glad you like 'em. Why, there's Jabez, a-follerin' of you. Oh, don't go, Mr. Perry. We can all talk over the party together. Must you leave so soon? Why, yes, if Jabez don't ask me, I'll give you my promise to let you come for me ahead of the hour set for arrivals."

Jabez, installed in Perry's place, absorbed cakes with much satisfaction.

"Did ye larn who was goin'?" he inquired, after some discussion of the all-important topic.

"Why, the Hall boys, Aline Springer, Nat Jackson, Susan Serena Wyne, she that was Susan Ferris, and——"

"Them Hall boys is up to anything," interrupted Jabez. "They're scarcely turned sixty. But Nat Jackson, he's eighty ef he's a day. He ain't no business out—he ain't!"

"Why, that's what one of the Hall boys told him, when they heerd about his havin' an invite, and he up and answered 'em, as spunky as you please, that goin' to a party wasn't so strenuous as runnin' for vice-president."

Jabez assented. Presently an uneasy wave swept his face.

"There's a terrible spoilt lot of young folks in this here village," he said pettishly. "I s'pose the party'll be overrun with 'em, a-makin' fun, an' a-jeerin'. I've a mind not to go."

A touch of mischievous satisfaction transformed the usual gentleness of Miss Pauleena's face.

"Them Hall boys will be the youngest in the crowd," she said serenely. "Have another cake, Jabez. . . . Why, yes, I'd be pleased to have your escort. The music? Oh, Uncle Ged Starr and Joe Fleming will take turns on the fiddle."

Early Saturday evening, one Peter Reddick, newly returned from an Illinois college, held various consultations with the different members of his own set—a set, be it said, who regarded themselves as exclusively forming Corneville's society.

"He must have got the whole thing up to amuse *us*," confided Peter. "He's collected every ancient, moth-eaten laid-on-the-shelf in Corneville. Now, my idea is, he knows we've got sense enough to happen in and have more fun than we would with a barrel of monkeys, watchin' those old critters cut up their didoes. Perry's no fool, an' we've got to meet him half-way."

His followers admired his intuition, and agreed with his reasoning. With much snickering they arranged a rendezvous.

It was at Peter's house, and there they gathered, one after another, about half past eight, each bringing word of aged guests seen cautiously wending their way toward Perry's, muffled to the throat against the clear and tonic night.

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"Why, even grandmar's gone," reported Amy Fields, the village beauty, in no little indignation. "She ain't never allowed fur from the house, an' we didn't know she had an invite. All of a sudden we found her missin', an' Sally Greer come an' said she saw her goin' into Mr. Perry's with one of those withered-up Hall men. Why, grandmar's nearly ninety! I declare I feel awful vexed! It don't seem decent for a old person to think about anything but religion."

Small heed was given to Amy's complaints, for the chattering flock was now complete. They waited till nine, and then, under Peter's self-reliant leadership, sallied forth, arriving promptly at the door of the poet's recently rented cottage.

An enthusiast darted forward and rang the bell violently, fleeing swiftly back to his party at the steps, as Perry himself opened the door. The latter shot a quick glance toward the upturned grinning faces, and asked with much kindness what he could do for them.

Smiling, giggling, flushed with youth, the crowd looked on as Peter came confidently forward.

"We heard about your entertainment," the spokesman explained, "and we got up a surprise party to join in and give you a little life. I guess it's pretty dull in there."

A burst of music from Uncle Ged's fiddle answered him, and above even that rose the shrill, excited notes of "ole man Thomson":

"Swing your partners——"

Outside a sudden swirl of icy wind swept round the corner, chilling the waiters, who were growing impatient.

"What yu all waitin' fur?" they cried. "It's cold standin'!"

Perry looked at them sadly; a shaft of light from the hall plainly showed the regret on his face.

"I'm very sorry," he said pityingly. "I should like to ask you in, but you are too old."

"Aw!" giggled the half-provoked chorus, "what yu givin' us? Let us in an' make all the fun you want afterward."

"I am very, very sorry," said the master of the house. "It hurts me to tell you; but indeed you are too old. I have talked with most of you, and I found that you know almost everything. The eldest among you must be nearly twenty-five, and the youngest not far from fifteen. Now, my guests are all very youthful people. They haven't the knowledge which all of you carry, as, for instance, Peter Reddick over there who explains the foolishness of established faiths, or a certain pretty Amy Fields who tells me how to understand humanity—especially men. Topics like these we cannot grasp. You would humiliate us."

"You talk as if you were the contemporary of your guests in there," sneered Peter.

"And so I am," said the poet gently. "As for you, my dear friends, when you grow young again, you may join us and be welcome. Good evening!"

So saying, he bowed and went back into the house, closing the door softly but with finality. Perhaps it was his hand—who knows?—that, a moment later, carelessly pushed aside the thick curtains; perhaps it was only a dancer, pausing for breath and idly curious about the night without, that unveiled the rosy scene within.

However that may be, the repulsed onlookers in the snow gave a gasp at the sight of the merry old faces, now alight with the beautiful, undying power of joy, so long dormant in their withered bodies. Safe from all carping criticism, pleased with their mutual shares in bygone events, delighted with the exchange of contemporaneous jokes, they poked chuckling fun at each other.

There was very real and pretty coquetry in Miss Pauleena's face as she danced opposite Uncle Jabez, who bounced and cracked his heels with astonishing agility. They were in a world completely their own. They had forgotten the smug prosperity of their children, and the insolence of their grandchildren. They were eagerly themselves, and saw that the world was good; forgetting even their host, who knew how to stand aside harmlessly.

Without, the now shivering group looked mutely at each other and giggled no longer. The crest of their audacious spirits had suddenly fallen. Silently they moved away, while through the walls the fiddle jigged rapturously and the caller's shrill voice repeated:

"Swing your partners!"

It will be your loss, and the country's, if you do not read the foreword to Charles E. Russell's great series, "Soldiers of the Common Good," on page 597 of this number.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE GRAVE ROBBERS

At this writing the investigation of life-insurance may not have reached what Mr. Hughes calls "the meat," but it has cut deep. The three great companies are proved to have been managed by essentially the same methods. Reports have been cooked up. Of some shady transactions no record has been kept. Officers and directors have speculated with the funds. The policy-holders' money has been manipulated by a gang of sharpers. Auxiliary bank and trust companies have been fed and boosted for the benefit of officers and directors, and to the loss of the policy-holders. Officers and directors have been the go-betweens of bankers to foist securities upon the companies. The New York State Superintendent of Insurance has annually certified to the false and doctored reports of the companies. Contributions have been made to political committees. Enormous expenditures have been credited to "legal" services, printing, and advertising. Money has evidently been paid, though the purpose is not admitted, for lobbying. Secret funds, payments for purposes unaccounted for, inexplicable lendings, borrowings, and transfers, all sorts of queer and crooked transactions have been engaged in. Everybody with a proper "pull" seems to have been able to milk and bilk the companies. Enormous salaries, enormous commissions, putrid dishonesty, and extravagance have been the rule. And these grave robbers still put on a bold front, are still "respectable" members of society, successful men of business, eminent citizens!

SOIL MAPS

The Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture was opened for business in 1901. That business is the survey of land, the making of maps of the soil, and the collection and supplying of information as to the character and value of every piece of land in the United States, the crops it produces, and all other details important to an intending purchaser. A field party has been working in each of twenty States and Territories. At the end of last year nearly 90,000 square miles had been mapped. The bureau is spending about a third of a million a year. When its survey is completed, if you want to buy a farm anywhere in the country, you will write to the bureau, which will send you a thorough detail map of the section, and a little book describing it. Moreover, the map and booklet of your own section will tell you exactly what crops should be raised on your own farm.

THE CHURCHES AND LABOR

Many efforts are being made by various Protestant denominations to win the friendship of wage-earners, believed, rightly or wrongly, to be indifferent or hostile. The Church of England, in spite of its work among the lower classes, long an essentially aristocratic institution in its social composition and relation, is preparing, we believe, to educate and take into its clergy a certain number of working men, and some of its bishops have been preaching to working men. The present Bishop of London is a very democratic person, a laborer among the poor, and for years many Oxford and Cambridge men of high social station have devoted themselves to such labors. The recently established Wesleyan Methodist Sociological Society shows the zeal of the English Methodists to study economics and social science and "bring in" the wage-workers. Some of the English Congregationalists, and, indeed, other nonconformists, adhere to the labor party; some even seem to have become socialists, or at least insist upon the impossibility of reconciling Christianity and capitalism. In the United States the Presbyterian Church, North, has established a Department of Church and

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Labor, and subcommittees of the Home Missionary Committee are studying the "labor problem," each in its own district and in cooperation with the department. Moreover, delegates from ministers' associations or presbyteries attend trade-union meetings, and delegates from trade-unions attend ministers' associations. An interesting and a hopeful movement.

THE KING OF THE CALF OF MAN

He settles the spats of the tailless cats,
The King of the Calf of Man.

OFF the south of the Isle of Man is the island realm of the Calf of Man, containing nine hundred broad acres and a loyal population of forty-one souls. The Cary family is the royal line of the Calf. The kingdom is as free and independent as Great Britain, and its King or Lord of the Manor does justice among his people and makes their laws by word of mouth. He is President, Congress, and Supreme Court. The present King of Calf is not in residence. He has a better job. He is a naturalized American millionaire who lives in Oakland, Cal. If he does not care for the throne himself, why does he not sell it to the highest bidder? Doubtless there are Americans sufficiently fond of the likeness of a kingly crown to bid high for the Calf of Man and the kingship thereof. The eldest son of the buyer could be Prince of the Calf, the second son Duke of the Catteries, and so forth. King Cary has a better piece of property there than he thinks.

THE FRIEND OF WAIFS

THERE died in London the other day a true and great philanthropist, a man whose name has not blown noisily around the world and who did not make a reputation by ostentatious gifts and subscriptions. Somewhere in the sixties Thomas John Barnardo, a young medical student, went from Ireland to London to study his profession. Sunday and two nights in a week he conducted a ragged school. Thus he came to know and sympathize with street waifs, to whom he was to devote his life. At first he "boarded out" a few. In 1867 he founded his first Home for Children. He had but few rooms, and his means were of the narrowest. He interested others in the work. Finally he trusted entirely to Providence and charitable hands. His Village for Girls at Ilford, founded in 1873, is a model. His Majesty's Hospital for Sick Waifs, established in 1887, now treats seven or eight thousand children a year. Until 1892, he carried it on with his own resources. In that year he organized the Young Helpers' League, to get assistance from the children of the well-to-do. The little London house of 1867 grew into 121 "Dr. Barnardo Homes." He saved from death, want, or crime some 60,000 waifs. His emigration bureau sent to Canada some 17,000 boys and girls from the English "slums," and they have grown up, or are growing up, into worthy men and women. His lifelong motto was "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Surely this was a true servant of God and man, and his works do follow him.

SIMPLE LIFE FOR ARMY OFFICERS

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, commanding the Philippine division of the army, is married himself, without impoverishment. He doesn't believe, and from the economic, if not the sentimental, standpoint he may be right, that officers should be allowed to marry. Two years ago he put forth that proposition, and many dovecotes fluttered indignantly thereat. In his report for this year, he says that the neglect by officers in the service to pay their debts is "a growing evil," and that young officers joining the service "should be admonished that for them only the simple life is possible." Considering the size or want of size of their salaries, this fact must be tolerably evident to the young officers without any preliminary admonitions.

WILL JAPAN EAT FLOUR BREAD?

THE five chief staples which the United States sells to Japan are flour, kerosene, cotton, leather, and canned goods. A pound of flour costs no more than a pound of rice. A good many thousands of Japanese soldiers have been eating flour bread in place of rice. Some of the American flour men are hoping that these soldiers will be flour missionaries in their homes and spread the flour-bread

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habit in their villages. But even suppose they do. Will there be more than a temporary boom in the American flour trade? There is plenty of good wheat land in north Japan and Manchuria. Cannot the Japanese make about everything that Americans can make, and make it cheaper? Ah, but they are not learned in the science of by-products. The American miller can sell a barrel of flour for no more than the cost of the wheat, because he makes money out of the bran and short, the by-products. Can our Japanese friends do this? Not till they have the stock to eat the bran and short. The argument seems conclusive, but the adaptability of the Japanese is so great that nobody can tell what they will do next. Besides, they may conclude to stick to rice.

$100,000 A WEEK

PEDRO ALVARADO, who used to be a peon and is now worth what you please, is to build to his late wife a monument of marble and silver,—two tons of silver,—which a steel frame will guard, effectually or otherwise, against thieves that break through and steal. "The costliest monument"—of affection and pompous bad taste—"erected to the dead in recent times." Well, one does not look to a former peon for good taste in works of art, and it will be hard to make an uglier monument than many of those built to or by American rich men. Alvarado—he must be Don Pedro now—was getting seventy-five cents a day as a miner when he discovered what is now the Palmilla mine, the present output of which is $100,000 a week—a sum that will excuse and build a multitude of monuments.

RULERS OF ICELAND

A FRIEND of ours who is happy only when he is "miserable" roamed about the world but could find no climate to suit him. Finally he spent a month or two in Iceland, and the rain rained every day. A crank somewhat of the Ruskin school, he was enchanted. Here was far from Ruskinian weather, to be sure, but to his mind. No accursed factories pollute Iceland. Everything is made at home, as in the old days. Iceland is the earthly paradise of homely crafts. The Iceland home-made broadcloth, an artistic product of the handloom, is more beautiful than our factoried age can easily believe. "I will wade through the snow with long home-made stockings on my legs and home-made shoes of goatskin on my feet," said the Miserable One. "I will skip over icebergs on my skees; I will skate over fjords [remark the "j"]; I will feed full of Eddas and read the saga of Njal the Strong by the light of pine torches. Thank Heaven, there's one place left where you can be primitive, and where there's no beastly woman's rights talked." The Miserable One is conservative. Which Iceland isn't. Curiously enough, little Iceland is the very castle and capital of woman's rights. More than seven thousand Iceland women belong to the Woman's Political League. The women can vote for all elective offices except members of the legislature. Presumably they deny themselves this right merely to have something to look forward to, a bit of the world still to conquer. The Miserable One will have to go to the Solomon Islands if Icelandic women's rights are too much for him; and there the cannibals will gnaw him if he doesn't look out.

MORMONISM

ACCORDING to a recent article by Senator Cullom, of Illinois, statistics show that the practise of polygamy is decreasing, apparently dying out. If that is the case, it seems unnecessary to get excited about it, as so many estimable persons do. The truth is that polygamy even in so-called polygamous countries is usually the exception and monogamy the rule. Polygamy is economically impossible for the majority, moral reasons apart. If the Mormon Church, with its strong hold in a number of far Western States, is to grow, or even to hold its own, it cannot keep up the practise of polygamy. The young people will have none of it. What anybody may hold as a theory or principle is not a matter with which the United States can interfere. The interference of the Mormon hierarchy in politics, its control, if it attempts to exercise such control, over the members of the Mormon Church, is a much more serious matter. The memorials which have been and are being sent to the Senate praying it not to permit Reed Smoot, elected a Senator from Utah, to

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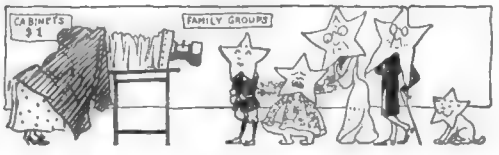
keep his seat are dictated by excellent motives, and the signers do not agree with the late Senator Hoar that it is improper to ask men sitting as judges to make a certain judgment. The Senate is absolute judge of the qualifications of its members. While giving respectful attention to "monster petitions," it should listen, and presumably will listen, to the facts and its own conscience and responsibility.

"IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY"

AFTER some three years the Government prosecution of the Beef Trust cases has borne fruit. Four officials of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Packing Company pleaded guilty in the federal court of Chicago of accepting rebates in a conspiracy to violate the Elkins law. A beautiful plea was made for the vice-president of the company, one of the guilty four. The penalty of the law ranges from fines without imprisonment to heavy fines with two years' imprisonment. This vice-president had worried and his health was bad, his attorneys said. Imprisonment might injure or even kill him. We do not criticize the judge, who was kind and moderate, surprised, perhaps, to find beef barons standing humbly at the bar. He fined the vice-president $10,000; the other three officers $5,000 apiece. Mere car fare to the Beef Trust. A certified check was handed to the clerk. The transaction was over; the culprits walked out. "It was a glorious victory" for the people, no doubt. Notice, however, that the people have already paid the fines. Now when a judge gives a Beef Trust baron a good two years' dose of imprisonment, the people will get the satisfaction without sharing the penalty.

LONG LIVE DAUDI CHUA!

THE King of Uganda, in British East Africa, rejoices or grieves in the somewhat picklish and chow-chowy name of Daudi Chua. This august sovereign—may his tribe increase!—is now "going on" eight. To befit a colored scepter-bearer, he has a highly colored court. He sits on a throne of scarlet, and probably the court carpenters have made it a world too long for his chubby little legs. Under the British protectorate folks have to be economical in Uganda, and a king must grow up to his throne, and can't have a custom-made one every time he has growing pains. We can remember when a king of Uganda was every inch a king, no matter how few his inches. So sacred, so supra-purple was he, that the remains of his food had to be buried lest its sacredness strike dead some unhappy subject. The British have changed all that. Daudi—we wish we had a photograph of him—Daudi sits on his scarlet throne, a leopard skin under his bare feet, a toy gun in his little hands. Probably not a bit more absurd and many times more "sympathetic" in the eyes of the heavenly Powers than many a wide-ruling czar or kaiser that has been, is, or shall be.



A SKY READER

VERGIL'S line, "What region of the earth knows not our toil?" will have to be widened for women. Not merely the unbounded continent, but the universe is theirs. "W. Fleming" has been curator of the astronomical records of the Harvard Observatory since 1897. In her care are some one hundred and fifty thousand plates; imaged in each, innumerable stars. These plates are the report and record of the heavens for every night since 1886. Patient study of these crowded registers has given "W. Fleming" a singular gift or aptitude—why not call it genius?—for picking out the new faces in these multitudes. "W. Fleming" notices certain unusual spectrum lines on a negative displaying star spectra. She verifies by means of the regular star negatives. Thus "W. Fleming" has found eighty-three stars in a cluster previously believed to contain but fifteen. "W. Fleming" is said to have discovered more stars than any other astronomer. And "W. Fleming" is "only a woman," born in bonny Dundee.

COPPER-COLORED MAIDS

THE servant problem has been solved again. It usually is solved about three times a week. The latest solution comes from Wisconsin, and is rather curious. In Appleton, in that State, Indian girls, graduates of a Government school, are working in the kitchen.

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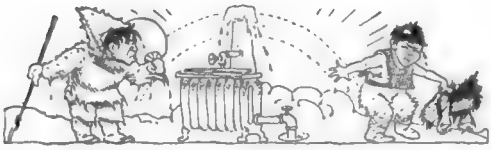
They get the same wages as white "girls," and they are said to be much more efficient. Of course, they have studied domestic science; and their practise of that difficult branch of learning is satisfactory. To think that the copper-colored maidens, who were roving in the primeval forest or throwing tomahawks at the heads of other gentle savages one hundred years ago or so, would be belles of the kitchen if they were alive to-day!



COAL IN THE ICE-CHEST

PERHAPS you have noticed to what sky-scraping figures the stocks of the coal railroads have mounted. Certainly you have noticed, and always with fervent gratitude to your lords and masters, that your coal bills are lofty, too. Rumors are heard of another great anthracite coal strike next year. Will you have to heat yourself by your indignation winter after next? Let us be hopeful and cling to the North Pole. The Ziegler expedition made "an important coal discovery" somewhere up the side of a heaven-kissing hill, from the bowels whereof they extracted coal enough to expel the winter's frost. That field is a little remote at present, but it is warming to think of coal pockets in those thrilling regions of rock-ribbed ice. The North Pole may yet be steam-heated.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS

ACCORDING to the report of the General Secretary of the International Sunday-School Association, there are now 14,168,305 Sunday-school scholars in the world. There are 154,593 Sunday-schools and 1,522,473 teachers. A goodly number, but how small compared with the enormous un-Sunday-schooled millions from which they are taken.

A HUMBLE FRENCH BUNCO-STEERER

THE other day the immigration authorities of the port of New York sent back to France one Monsieur D'Aurignac, who has the honor to be a brother of the celebrated Madame Humbert. Monsieur D'Aurignac had been engaged in certain delicate transactions involving, in the judgment of a jury and various magistrates, a certain moral "turpitude," and ever-hospitable France had paid for his board and lodging for a term of years. He was a confidence man, and he had been in jail. So back he had to go. The life-insurance crooks and parasites who have robbed and fattened on the policy-holders, who have betrayed confidence and embezzled funds on a grand scale, who have got money by false pretenses and got rich by fraud and device—are they in jail? Is there much likelihood that they will ever go to jail? Is justice likely to be done to them? They do not seem to be frightened. Almost all of them are still in possession of fat pay and perquisites. No social ostracism is visited upon them. No church kicks them out. They have lied and stolen for years. The money of the "cadet" is clean by the side of theirs, which is filched from the grave. And they sit in soft, high places yet. They are eminent financiers; and Monsieur D'Aurignac might have corrupted their ingenuous souls if he had been allowed to stay here!

GOLD

"THERE might be gold or iron or copper or radium" at the North Pole, said Lieutenant Peary before he started for the Arctic. There might be. Radium preferred. If some thinker will organize a North Pole Radium and Gold Mining Company, he can probably sell the shares to a guileless public. They found some real gold in the Wood River district in Wyoming the other day; $138,000 to the ton. Seems a little "steep," that assay, but we doubt nothing when exploring El Dorado. "The Tonapah and Goldfield excitement" in Nevada continues. No reason why there should not be excitement in a region where you may become a millionaire between noon and 6 P.M. Still, the Nevada scale seems more modest. Assays seem to run from $200 to $9,000 a ton. Meanwhile many a prospector has found Death Valley. In three weeks last summer eight gold seekers were raving maniacs when rescued; eleven were past rescue. It is said that more men died of heat and thirst on the desert between the Colorado River and the southern end of the Sierra Nevada than were lost in that sinister region in fifty years before. The trail once lost, the

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traveler wanders among the rocks and sand-piles until he dies. Let us turn to something pleasanter. The world's annual production of gold was half a million a day ten years ago. Now it is a million. The cyanid process and the abandonment of silver for gold by many miners are mostly responsible for this. Low placer mining has been revolutionized. The gold dredge goes over your abandoned or neglected placer and extracts the gold from it at a profit, though it contain but a few cents' worth of gold to the cubic yard. A vast field all over the world will thus be made to yield its gold. According to the well-known expert, Alexander Del Mar, the annual gold yield will be doubled within ten years. Golden dreams are cheap. Stick to diamonds.

ALYPIN AND HAY-FEVER KILLER

ABOUT every week some new high explosive is invented, some deadlier "ite," another wholesale murderer. More honor to the men who are trying to relieve suffering instead of causing it. Imgens and Hoffman have produced a local anesthetic called "alypin," pain killer, so to speak. They say that it has the strength of cocain without the disagreeable qualities and effects. Another benefactor of the race is Dunbar, of Hamburg, with his "pollentine," a hay-fever cure or antitoxin. A horse is inoculated with the poisonous pollen of flowers. A drop of the serum from the horse's blood, put on the inside of the nose, or in the eye, whence it goes to the nose by the lacrymal canal, is said to stop the inflammation in half an hour. Of course, not all cases yield to it, but a Leipsic physician found that nearly sixty per cent. of more than 500 patients who used it had no hay-fever in the hay-fever season. The cure is on sale in Germany, and the many unfortunates of the American hay-fever brigade will undoubtedly try their luck with it.

PLAIN LIVING

ADMIRAL TOGO'S income is less than $3,000 a year. Like every good Japanese husband of the "upper class," he hands the money over to his wife, who gives him a small allowance. Here is a custom which American married women should insist upon adopting. Give the old man a chance, but don't give him too much spending-money!

LO! THE RICH INDIAN

DR. ORONHYATEKA, of Toronto, a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, is Supreme Chief Ranger of the Supreme Independent Order of Foresters, at a salary of $15,000 a year. Not much, compared with Paul Morton's wages, for instance, but fair for a copper-colored brother and amateur.

WORD SUPPLIES

A GERMAN statistician, who has been counting words, gives the palm for quantity and wordiness to the tongue that Shakespeare spoke and that Dr. Murray and his assistants are trying to tabulate and define. Two hundred and sixty thousand words in English, says our Teutonic mathematician. "Don't let Mr. Bryan and Mr. Jerome know," we might say in imitation of Chief Justice Shaw's—if he it was—"Don't let [Rufus] Choate know." To Germany, for all its endless resources in the making of new words and the compounding of old ones, the statistician allows but a beggarly 80,000 words, scarcely enough to supply a metaphysician with a working vocabulary. Italian is said to have 75,000; French, 30,000; Turkish, 22,500; Spanish, 20,000.

WIRELESS AND THE WALKING FLY

HUGH ANNIS, a signal corps young man in California, has invented a "wireless" machine which is described as simple, weighing but a pound and a half, and doing better work than its heavyweight rivals. If the accounts of it speak truth, it will register, if laid on the ground, the footfalls of a person more than a hundred feet away. Still more remarkable evidence of the delicacy and dexterity of its mechanism is the fact, if fact it be, that by means of the receiver you can hear several feet away the noise made by a fly who is taking his constitutional on the outside of the box. If this apparatus can be made about a billion times more delicate and more receptive of infinitesimal sound waves, we may yet be able to hear "the still, small voice" of a life-insurance nabob reproaching him.

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A Row of Books

"THE HUNDRED DAYS"

THE reader is not like us if he does not apprehend at once the romantic atmosphere surrounding Bernard St. Armand in Max Pemberton's story of "The Hundred Days" (D. Appleton & Co.). A fine fellow, unquestionably, with a vast deal of promise in his distinguished and beautiful name. He stirred our blood as he drew rein upon the borders of the wood and gazed for a single moment at the setting sun as that vast orb settled itself majestically in the rolling waters of the Mediterranean. A single moment; then he buttoned his cape tightly about his shaven chin "and turned his willing horse toward the desolate chalet which had become his home."

What was the matter with Bernard St. Armand? Why did he gaze seriously and sadly, as we are sure the case was, at the descending sun? Why had a desolate chalet become his home? That was a stirring time. There was plenty "doing." The Hundred Days were fairly crowded with matters alive and vivid. Why was Bernard St. Armand off in the woods, living in them in a melancholy abode, gazing at the demise of a day which was to be followed very surely by the wonder and glory of another morning? It is questions such as these that lead the reader on in the pages of a romantic tale. We said to ourselves immediately—and we are bold to foretell that the same will be the case with hundreds of apprehending and responsive readers—that we would go to the fortieth page, and to the eightieth, and to the last page, to the end that we might be made acquainted with Bernard St. Armand's trouble.

We follow our hero on his lonely ride. We follow his melancholy thought. The sun was gone, but, as we have said, and as anybody knows, on no interminable journey. On the second page a difference is pointed out between the case of the sun and our hero's case. "The sun would shine again to-morrow, but his own life had been lived, and nevermore would the fever of living burn in his veins or the mocking voice of hope ring in his despairing ears. He had done with it all, he said."

He said so, but had he? He came presently to the desolate chalet. We feel that we divine correctly when, approaching the chalet with our hero, we venture to sniff in a smell of supper. Surely the very name of supper is consoling. Let the sun sink. Let the chalet be very much out of repair. With supper—a hot supper—we feel ourselves ready to be at peace. The sun indeed is gone. But supper is a warm and genial moon. Working magic in the stomach, it sublimates and heats the constellations. We had rather be in a desolate chalet with supper than in a spick-and-span palace without any. So fascinating a matter do we, answering to our inborn and spontaneous power of appreciation and liking, find supper, that we could run on about it at considerable length. By power of our understanding of the limitations of publishers' space we are enabled to refrain.

But Bernard St. Armand, arriving at his desolate chalet, found in it something more than supper. An interesting human form, fast asleep, lay extended on his sofa. St. Armand was thirty-seven years old and a man of experience in the world, but he viewed this frank and slumbering form not without emotion. Frank, we say, and it is a word that surely fits the case. Never have we seen a lovely female who was competent to deceive us when she dressed herself up in man's attire. There is a picture of Mademoiselle Yvonne lying asleep on Bernard St. Armand's sofa: She wore the Napoleonic regimentals—high boots, breeches not loose, a spike-tailed coat with buttons and rolling collar and contrasted facings.

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How did she come there? What was she going to do? Reader, it is not for us to reveal the plot of a romantic tale. Particulars interest us sometimes, and we submit that Bernard St. Armand's chalet was not absolutely desolate at this moment. The text says that this sleeping lady had small hands and feet, that her lips were a little thick and pouting and of a deep crimson hue. What we ask ourselves is whether, with supper at hand and Mademoiselle Yvonne napping on the sofa, the world was hopeless by reason of the fact that the sun had gone down. We opine not. There is a charm in candle-light.

But there was more than hot supper and Mademoiselle Yvonne. Napoleon was about. We know from history that he was not to be restrained in Elba, though truly St. Helena "did" for him. His life was full in those hundred days of splendid expiration. How much did he divine as he paced thoughtfully about St. Armand's chalet? How perfectly did he see into the seeds of time? These questions are asked of us by the romancer. He inquires, at page 66: "Did the Little Corporal, grown so stout in the days of his leisure—did he tell himself as he paced the vineyard below the chalet on that sunless morning—did he tell himself that defeat and death must be his lot?—or did the eternal hope blind him, as it has blinded genius so often?" Who shall say? We must content ourselves with the picture of him pacing, as stout persons pace, in the vineyard below the chalet.

There is a picture of the Emperor at page 212. Enthusiasts surround him. He is borne on their arms. He must have been shaken. He must have been uncertain. He must have been filled with wonder and doubt as to which way he was to be precipitated. Still, as is clearly made known to us, he preserved his splendid presence of mind. He held his hat aloft strictly in the manner required by much thoughtful illustration. The lock of his forehead remained in its place. We asked ourselves if he used bandoline. Vain inquiry.

We shall tell no more about this story, except that we have read it with interest and pleasure. This, and that somebody says at the page before the last: "Yvonne, there has never been an hour when you were not all to me—Yvonne, my little girl, my wife." The chalet was desolate, but there was a future with compensations. We ourselves were comfortable at supper. We knew that all would come out right.

"THE FLIGHT OF GEORGIANA"

In reading the story of "The Flight of Georgiana," by Robert Neilson Stephens (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), we could not help but notice that the English inns were much less attractive than Dickens made them. Dickens, as we remember, was called to account because he allowed his people to have so much comfort and cheer at the inns. They were permitted to eat too much, drink too much, on their way through the world of noveldom. It was pointed out, as we remember, that Pickwick could never have survived his imbibitions of cold punch, that Stiggins was three times ripe for an asylum, that Dolly Varden's father had a vast and debilitating load to support, that ale flowed much too freely for health and reason in the Dickens tales.

Mr. Stephens has corrected this excess and this glory of both victuals and drink, as they were established by the too generous Dickens. We were not made hungry at all, nor thirsty at all, by his account of the cheer afforded in the North of England inn where Mrs. Betteridge cooked and ruled in the year 1746. That was a year within the period when certain romantic English people were still willing to risk their heads and their estates for "Charlie over the water." It wanted only thirty years or so to the time when Gabriel Varden smelled the cooking of the Maypole Inn, and scented the aroma of its pleasant bar, and broke faith with that buxom and Christian and occasionally truculent lady, his wife Martha, under compulsion of the Maypole's great allurement. Dickens, we must think, had more of a feeling for the fascinations of an inn than Mr. Stephens has. Mrs. Betteridge unquestionably had roasted chicken for her guests, and leg of lamb with gravy, and cold round of beef, and bread and cheese, and wine and ale; but somehow these matters leave us cold as they were set forth at Mrs. Betteridge's. Our understanding is that she had no bar. Mr. Betteridge was no John Willett. He shook his head solemnly at no boiler; basked in the glow of no red curtains.

But we have no mind to grumble seriously at an inn dating so far back as the year 1746. That, as we not too positively remember, was in the second decade before the time when Israel Putnam, a Connecticut innkeeper, went soldiering with the English in a successful attack on the city of Havana. We have often wondered whether Putnam served waffles for supper. He was a soldier and

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patriot who is held to this day in high esteem, and we hope that he did. If he did, we wish that there were nowadays more like him.

As to Georgiana, she fled because Mr. Foxwell, her uncle, wanted to marry her to Squire Thornby. The squire was a robustious and, we dare say, periwig-pated fellow. His ordinary conversation included more things than are in the Prayer Book. He was the consistent and indefatigable foe of grammar. He was stout and irascible. He glowed like a red sunset from much meat and drink. To have married Georgiana to the squire would have been monstrous indeed. Our novelist is no monster. Everell, the young Jacobite, who could fight like a demon, and hunger without complaint, and talk love like an angel, locked Squire Thornby up in a closet, ran Uncle Foxwell through his sword arm, and carried Georgiana off in the handsome fashion set by young Lochinvar.

We were never much dazzled by the Pretender. We have our opinion of plenty of his supporters who have got into the novels. Just the same we approve of our hero here. With a morsel of bread and cheese in his pocket and a roseate hope in his heart he sat all day in the bracken waiting for Georgiana to come into the garden. Their married life was happy. A well-told, eventful, thoroughly satisfying story. It has left us refreshed, cheered, and grateful.

"NEDRA"

We remember, or believe that we remember, the young American who went to Graustark in pursuit of a princess. We have heard it said, with an air that appeared to dispose of it, that that tale was an echo of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Surely there can be no just objection to so good an echo of so good a tale. For our part, we feel no scruples in permitting ourselves to be interested in the adventures of Americans, or male persons of any other nationality, who go prowling amid difficulties and dangers after princesses, or after lovely females of even lesser degree. It seems to us that Mr. George Barr McCutcheon in his story of "Nedra" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has been a trifle less glittering in his imaginations than he was when he conducted us to Graustark. Still, we have been duly stirred and entertained by his recital of the adventures of a young Chicagoan who was shipwrecked in company with the lovely Lady Tennys (English, of course) on a cannibal island included among the Philippines. The cannibals, happily, did not offer to eat Lady Tennys and our hero. They desired and seemed rather to be expecting a pair of deities, male and female, at the time when our young persons were cast among them. Hugh Ridgeway was the name of the Chicagoan. The story says that Ridgeway's "heart roared within him" when through the seething tempest as morning dawned he made out the shape of land. He was glad of a chance to get out of the sea, and his heart behaved accordingly. Other cannibals came over to battle with the cannibals among whom our people landed. There were dreadful times. Ridgeway caused rocks to be rolled down on the enemy, who occupied a defile. It is recorded: "The bottom of the pass was strewn with groveling, shrieking bodies, trampled beneath the feet of their uninjured but insane companions. Dead and wounded, crushed and maimed, made up the surging humanity in the fatal pass. The rocks had mowed them down. Devastation had come like lightning from the skies. It was horrible!"

We can well believe it. It would be agreeable to us to tell what the reasons were why Ridgeway and Lady Tennys could not marry immediately, but the secrets of authors are to be respected, and to be learned for a price; and moreover there are definite terminals for reviews in magazines. We restrain our pen, but our gladness in the opportunity to read this tale has not been restrained.

"THE WILD IRISHMAN"

Scotland, so far as we know, has survived the attack lately made upon it by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland. The publication entitled "The Unspeakable Scot" hardly shook the land beyond the Tweed. It is a very steadfast land, and we dare say that it would take considerable to shake it. We consider it quite possible that Ireland, in its turn, will sustain with equanimity the impact of Mr. Crosland's new book, "The Wild Irishman" (D. Appleton & Co.). Mr. Crosland is not subtle. He is occasionally rhetorical. If his book had been a newspaper, with editors accustomed to trim down exuberance, we imagine that a blue pencil would have traveled devastatingly through the opening of his ninth chapter, concerned with the subject of morals. Our essayist says here:

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"For all practical purposes, and in spite of everything that can be brought against her, Ireland may be justly described as a moral country, even as Scotland is essentially an immoral country and England a middling one. It is true that we live in a time when morality has ceased to matter and virtue is become a reproach. The world has divided itself into two camps—the one scientific, the other artistic. Neither of them professes the smallest concern with morals. We have invented new and most blessedly euphonious names for the old wickednesses. Robbery is called competition; lying, smartness; effrontery, pluck; cowardice, courtesy; avarice, thrift; cunning, wisdom, and so forth."

It is a little curious to see observations so simple as this published between covers and under a name. We dare say that Mr. Crosland felt a pleasant glow as he put these thoughtful conclusions into form. We wonder what the number of his years may be. Some essayists, we think likely, have found it difficult to sum up a country. Mr. Crosland has the air of not having found it difficult at all. In his several chapters he considers "distressful" Ireland, the shillalah, blarney, whisky, pretty women, Tom Moore, W. B. Yeats, potatoes, pigs, and matters besides. He finds that Moore's poem, "Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water," does not stick to a single measure, and it is his opinion that the poet was not aware of the fact. Moreover, he finds the poem unduly sentimental. A keen critic, indeed! Who has ever suspected before that there was a streak of sentimentality in Moore, or that his measure changed, possibly because of the requirements of the music? Mr. Crosland is pleased, however, with "The Minstrel Boy." We dare say that he knows the tune. A queer book. And either an intrepid or an unsuspecting author.

"THE VORTEX"

In the story called "The Vortex," by Thomas McKean (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), Father Lamian, the Jesuit priest, puts an end to himself after a period of scheming calculated to be injurious to a number of the characters in the story. We had not thought at first that Father Lamian could control so absolutely the mind of the gifted young Connecticut artist, Paul Trefusis. Paul was singularly obtuse in some respects. It is difficult for us to understand how he could have overlooked his lovely wife, either when he was searching for company for his soul or when he desired a suitable model for the central figure in his last and greatest canvas. Anna Trefusis was about as beautiful a creature and companion as any discerning husband could desire. We were made to understand her exceptional and great beauty when she stepped forth into the Italian moonlight through one of the French windows in her house on Lake Como. We thought, as we read, of that memorable passage which we had almost forgotten in "The Lady of Lyons," where the mendacious lover invents a particularly splendid domicile for himself and quite as splendidly invites his fair and credulous interlocutor to share it with him. We dare say that Lake Como would have had a fair reputation for beauty, even without the somewhat florid assistance of Bulwer. We found ourselves wishing that we might have been on its borders and within range of observation when Anna Trefusis stepped forth through the French window into the scented and moonlit night. She had lovely hair, warm in color, and yet not too warm. She pined for her alienated husband. Art, that same Art that woos painters from the ladies to whom they are married, was hateful to her as she stood bathed in the human effulgence at the edge of Como. Father Lamian had not yet come into her life. He had not yet cast his chill upon her ardent Protestant soul. Already, however, his Jesuitical shadow loomed. Father Lamian's self-taking-off, as perhaps we have said, interested us particularly. He was the natural father of the superb singer, La Cantilena, the beautiful Elena Massi. The record of his violent end may be found at page 275. He poisoned himself in the presence of his accusing daughter. It is recorded that, as he made his dreadful preparations, she leaned forward "in considerable consternation." He scratched upon his wrist the figure of a cross, using the point of a keen dagger. Upon this fresh wound he poured poison from a bottle. Death ensued instantly. Coincident with his demise, happiness descended upon all the deserving characters in the story. In particular, Paul Trefusis and his wife were reconciled to each other. The scales fell from the eyes of Paul. He saw anew the great loveliness of his wife; and we do not doubt that in all his subsequent pictures she served as model, if any was needed. A fervid story; and we believe that we never quite knew how wicked a Jesuit could be until we had read it.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

On the occasion of Sarah Bernhardt's last visit to this country a well-known critic called on her before she had quite finished luncheon. He found her surrounded by a fringe of Frenchmen of various types, who at frequent intervals carefully introduced interjections to remind her of their presence. She took up the menu and looking down it, said:

"Pumpkin pie—what is that?"

One of the tallest of the Frenchmen rose with statued dignity, and shaking a long index finger in rhythm with an admonitory voice, exclaimed:

"For Heaven's sake, be careful, madam. It's the national cake."

But Sarah took it.

A few years ago Henry James reviewed a new novel by Gertrude Atherton. After reading the review Mrs. Atherton wrote to Mr. James as follows:

"DEAR MR. JAMES: I have read with much pleasure your review of my novel. Will you kindly let me know whether you liked it or not?

"Sincerely,

"GERTRUDE ATHERTON."

During the Civil War, the late Colonel Gabe Bouck organized a regiment which he controlled as a dictator. It was while the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the ——th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No —— Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."

The friendship existing between Father Kelly and Rabbi Levi is proof against differences in race and religion. Each is distinguished for his learning, his eloquence, and his wit; and they delight in chaffing each other. They were seated opposite each other at a banquet where some delicious roast ham was served and Father Kelly made comments upon its flavor. Presently he leaned forward and in a voice that carried far, he addressed his friend:

"Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelly," retorted the rabbi.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, was illustrating the habit of exaggeration, which he thinks is owing to an unduly active imagination.

"I know of a little girl who really couldn't adhere to the truth, and she was the cause of much anxiety to her parents. One day the mother overheard her daughter arguing with a little boy about their respective ages.

"'I am older than you,' he said, ' 'cause my birthday comes first, in May, and yours don't come till September.'

"'Of course your birthday comes first,' she sneeringly retorted, 'but that is 'cause you came down first. I remember looking at the angels when they were making you.'

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"The mother instantly summoned her daughter. 'It's breaking mother's heart to hear you tell such awful stories,' she said. 'Don't you remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira?'

"'Oh, yes, mamma, I know; they were struck dead for lying. I saw them carried into the corner drug store!'"

This incident occurred in a town in southwestern Michigan. A new minister had been called over the head of a local brother who thought himself thoroughly competent to "fill the desk" of the negro church, but who was not acceptable because of some reputed defects of conduct.

The new minister was a man of considerable ability and of high ideals. The second Sunday morning of his pastorate, his subject was "Character." He had set forth with telling vigor the fact that character expresses itself in conduct, and that therefore a man's conduct is the index of his character.

Hector, the local brother, had been uneasy all through this stern probing of the inner life. The sermon ended, he arose and, addressing the speaker, said: "Brudder! What'd we call yo' heah foh?" The speaker, somewhat taken aback by this unexpected catechising, was at a loss for an answer. Hector came to his assistance with: "Doesn't we hiah yo' to preach de gawspel to de sinnahs?" "Why, yes," said the incumbent, feeling his way through the maze. "Yaas, sah!" shouted the questioner in a tone of triumph, "we hiah yo' to preach de gawspel to de sinnahs, sah. We doesn't hiah yo' to come heah to expose our charactahs."

Professor Odell, of Columbia, was walking with a student when a woman passed—dressed in various shades of a rather conspicuous color.

"I should say luxurious without being gaudy, shouldn't you?" commented the professor.

"No, shady without being off-color," was the student's response.

H. L. Horton, one of the oldest members of the New York Stock Exchange, was asked one day whether he thought that the promise that a certain stock would go on a dividend basis was made in good faith.

"Did you ever hear about Hiram Wilkins who lived over in New Jersey a good many years ago? Hiram had been so busy getting rich that he had no time to devote himself to ladies and other frivolities until he reached middle age. Then he began paying attention to Sally Perkins, whose father was a prudent man and who waited for what he considered a reasonable time for Hiram to declare himself. But Hiram seemed content with things as they were. So Silas Perkins decided to take matters into his own hands.

"Hiram, you've been settin' up with Sally pretty considerable. You've taken her to church and to picnics and buggy-ridin', and acted as though you had the inside track, and nothin's come of it. It ain't no way to trifle with a young girl's affections. Now I want to know your intentions, as man to man."

"Si," returned Hiram, "I'll tell you as man to man, and there ain't no cause for you to ruffle your shirt. My intentions is honorable—but remote."

Just before Phillips Brooks sailed on his last trip abroad, a friend rallied him about discovering a new religion and bringing it back with him.

"You had better be careful, Bishop; it might be difficult to get a new religion through the custom house."

"I think not," observed Bishop Brooks; "we may take it for granted that any religion popular enough to import would have no duties attached to it."

Aunt Sally Jimpson called at the home of the family that had owned her in the slavery days and asked for "Miss Ma'y," her former mistress and, like herself, a grandmother. It was with difficulty that she was persuaded to take the chair placed for her, and then she burst out:

"Laws, Miss Ma'y, I done come round to tell you 'bout de weddin' at our house las' night. My gran'darter Jinny was de bride, an' I tell you, ol' mistiss, she made all dem other nigger gals take a back seat."

"How was she dressed, Aunt Sally?"

"All in w'ite, wif w'ite roses in her hair, an' a big bunch of 'em in her buzzum, an' a w'ite lace veil—she look jes' as purty as a—as a hummin' bird. Lan's sake, Miss Ma'y, you oughter seen her! An' de cake and de drink and de music, an'—an' fore goodness, mistiss, it was de grandest weddin' you ever see. Um-um!" And Aunt Sally smacked her wrinkled lips and rolled her eyes in retrospective rapture.

"It must have been a fine wedding, Aunt Sally; but the groom, you haven't said anything about him."

Aunt Sally's expression changed and she snorted contemptuously.

"De groom! Him?" she exclaimed with uplifted hands. "Lawd, Miss Ma'y, d'ye know dat good-fer-nothin' nigger never came a-nigh."

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There are many tales about the caution of Russell Sage and the cleverness with which he outwits those who seek to get some of his money from him. Two brilliant promoters went to him one time and presented a scheme. The financier listened for an hour, and when they departed they were told that Mr. Sage's decision would be mailed to them in a few days.

"I think we have got Uncle Russell," said one of the promoters. "I really believe we have won his confidence."

"I fear not," observed the other doubtfully. "He is too suspicious."

"Suspicious? I didn't observe any sign of it."

"Didn't you notice that he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him and we were coming away?"

The late Duke of Clarence and his younger brother, the present Prince of Wales, were once at a seaside resort, and the latter persuaded his brother to go to a fashionable hotel where there was dancing. The royal sailor immediately found a partner and proceeded to enjoy himself, to the horror of the Duke of Clarence, who had fixed ideas as to the dignity of his rank and was so shocked by the rollicking democracy of Prince George that he called his brother aside and admonished him severely.

"Oh, pshaw," returned the younger brother; "what's the harm? If you don't like it why don't you go over in the corner and sing 'God save my grandmother' all by yourself?"

The Eastern manager of a large Western manufacturing concern has a benignly clerical appearance that commands confidence. He was standing on a corner in the shopping district of New York waiting for a car when a woman, handsomely gowned and evidently a stranger, approached him and said hesitatingly:

"I wish to go to John Wanamaker's."

Instantly he replied in a tone of indulgent seriousness:

"Very well, you can go this time, but don't ever, ever ask me again!"

An advanced young woman who rejoiced in the possession of academic degrees attacked a clergyman distinguished for his deep reading, with the evident intention of proving to him that science has destroyed the myths of religion—a controversy which appealed to him not at all.

"Madam," he said finally, "I once knew a member of your sex who perfectly reconciled science and religion. She is a prominent member of the Young Women's Christian Association and she was making an address to a large gathering of women, which was interrupted by a terrific thunder shower. She shared with many the awful fear of thunder and lightning and with the others she trembled in silence for a few moments. When a blinding flash was swiftly followed by a frightful clap of thunder, she struggled to her feet and began to pray:

"O Lord, take us under Thy protecting wings, for Thou knowest that feathers are non-conductors."

At a reunion of the family of a former Governor of New York State the chicken croquettes gave out. The maids carefully neglected the younger children. Presently one of them called out to his mother, at the other end of the table:

"Mamma, do you think I would have liked those croquettes if I had had one?"

While the body of Hiram Cronk, the last soldier of the war of 1812, was lying in state in the New York City Hall, the old marble building with its trappings of purple and black attracted many thousands of people.

All around the hall, inside and out, were police inspectors, captains, sergeants, and patrolmen by the score; there were officers and men of the National Guard, men dressed in quaint military uniforms of long-forgotten times, and members of many patriotic societies, decked with cocked hats, medals, and sashes of many hues.

Among those who stood in front of the building and gazed at the panorama of color, and at those two ceaseless lines of drifting, silent people, were four newsboys, one much smaller than the rest. Finally one of them said:

"Dey're givin' de old codger a crackin' send-off, all right. He was de goods w'en he was a kid. I never see a better funeral."

"Aw, gwan," said the small newsboy; "dat ain't no funeral; dat's obsequies."

A small church was sadly in want of general repairs, and a meeting was being held to raise funds for that purpose.

The minister having said that to do the work $500 would be required, a very wealthy (and equally stingy) member of the congregation rose and said he would give one dollar. Just as he sat down a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him upon the head, whereupon he rose hastily and called out that he had made a mistake—he would give fifty dollars. That was too much for an enthusiast present who, forgetful of everything, called out fervently: "O Lord, hit him again!"

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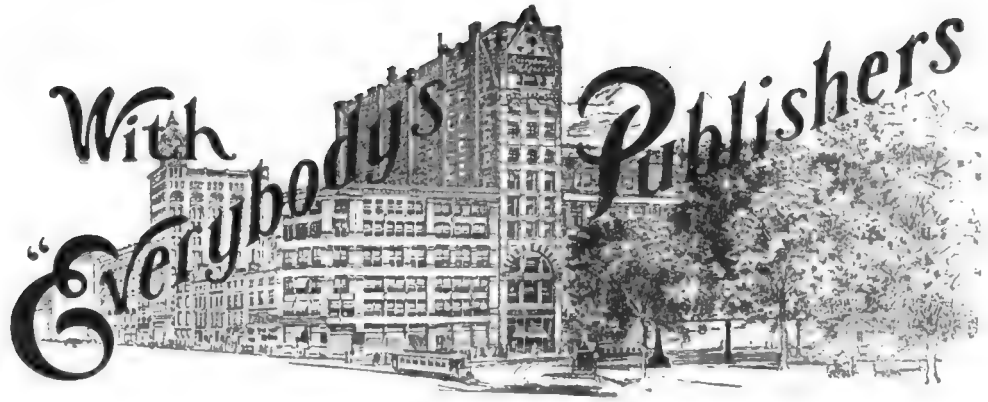

UNION SQUARE NORTH

WE gather from the questions asked us by friends we meet that our friends with whom we have not the good fortune to talk will be interested to know "how EVERYBODY'S is doing." EVERYBODY'S is doing splendidly, surprisingly. On the heels of our savage and sensational campaigns against the Beef Trust, the Insurance Companies, Land Frauds, Wall Street, and the "System," it was to be expected that the interest of our readers would be transferred from our magazine to the courts and investigating committees. The interest has not been transferred but extended. While United States Senators and Representatives are being convicted, Beef Trust officials fined, insurance officers put on the rack, and "roast lamb" made a rare delicacy in Wall Street—our readers are not forgetting our part in bringing all this to pass. Your appreciation continues to give us the largest circulation of all general magazines.

As far as we can judge, there is no disposition to object to paying fifteen cents for the magazine. There should not be. We give you an average of 160 pages every month, against an average of 112 pages for the ten-cent magazines. The extra five cents is divided among the newsdealers, the distributing companies, canvassers, and ourselves. We do not get all of it by a long shot. But the extra we do get enables us to add the extra forty-eight pages. We are trying to make a magazine for everybody. It would be next to impossible to get the variety necessary with only 112 pages. If we were making a class magazine we should not need more than 112 pages. But for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE even 160 pages is hardly enough. Come to think of it, it is not so strange after all that we have held our circulation. The American public comes mighty close to knowing what it is paying for in magazines as well as merchandise.

WON'T YOU READ IT?

WE call your attention on page 596 to the "Foreword" to Mr. Russell's great constructive series on "Soldiers of the Common Good." Please read what we have to say and read the "Foreword." Here is what Mr. Russell himself thinks after three months' work abroad on the series:

CARLSBAD, August 6, 1905.

Gentlemen: I mailed you three weeks ago the copy for the "Foreword." I should feel relieved to know of its safe arrival, if you will drop me a line. I have the cable about beginning publication with the November number. That is best, no doubt. The series is the greatest thing of the kind ever attempted by any magazine, if it can be done in a way approaching good. The theme is tremendous. Doesn't it grow on you? It does on me. I am finding it hard to confine it within anything like a reasonable limit. This is the great thing before all the world and this is what the world is doing to cope with the situation. There is nothing can equal that. If I can do it at all decently it ought to be most interesting. And just at this time—it is impossible to think of another subject so pat and apt. I have made some changes in the schedule. Will you let me know what you think of this:

November—Foreword.
December—Cooperation.
January—Municipal Ownership.
February—Government Ownership of Railroads and Mines.
March—India, the Bottom of the Funnel.
April—Australia.
May—New Zealand.
June—New Zealand.

I should like to have more room if you think well of it. In these articles I can get but an outline of

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the story. I have put down but two articles for New Zealand and that is little enough.

With best regards and all good wishes,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

EXPOSÉ NOT CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT

IT is gratifying to receive this good word from *The Bookman* for October. *The Bookman* is a conservative, critical periodical with a judicial mind, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. After weighing all the evidence, it gives its opinion of "the value of the exposé" as follows:

How many months ago was it that all the life-insurance journals were making merry over Mr. Lawson's charges, and busily explaining why it was not worth the Equitable's while to sue him for libel? Not very many months; and now a cataclysm has shaken out of that particular institution the concentrated rottenness of many years; while its sister companies are before the judgment, seat with fear and trembling. As for the Beef Trust, five of its constituent companies and seventeen of its leading members are under criminal indictment and in a fair way to be convicted. As to the railways—the most difficult problem of all—the President of the United States is pledged to draw their fangs, either by rate regulation or by national ownership, and though the struggle must be long, it can end in but one way. And the exposure of the land frauds has already brought a long sentence of imprisonment upon a senator of the United States. Let us therefore take a cheerful view of the literature of exposure. It belongs no more to the category of cheap entertainment. It has become the efficient instrument of civic and national reform. RICHARD W. KEMP.

We might add to the above that Wall Street is doing a mighty poor business because the general public is at last "wise" to the game. Since the October *Bookman* went to press a Representative of the United States has been convicted in the Land Fraud cases and several Beef Trust officials have been fined.

AT LAST!

As mentioned last month, there has been a delay in the publication of the first volume of Mr. Lawson's book, "Frenzied Finance." This is not the first book Mr. Lawson has written, and he has ideas of his own concerning typography, binding, etc. So it happened that after we had his book all set up in type, ready to be plated, he decided that another style of type would be preferable, which made it necessary to set the book all over again. The change, however, made a great improvement. We can now promise that the book will be ready for publication some time during the month, and we are using every endeavor to have it on sale at the time that this issue of the magazine comes out, October 20th. The original idea of the book did not include the seventy-five and more pages of "Lawson and His Critics," which the author decided to add at the last minute. We ask the patience of those of our readers who have sent us $1.50, the price of the book. Their orders are entered and the books will be mailed to them in the order of receipt. If you find that you cannot obtain Mr. Lawson's book at your bookseller's, and will remit the price to us, we will see that the volume is delivered to you, charges prepaid.

MR. RUSSELL'S BOOK

Do you recall the first paragraph in the first chapter of Mr. Russell's articles which appeared in this magazine, and which are now published in book form? Under the chapter head of "The Might of Monopoly," the paragraph reads as follows:

In the free Republic of the United States of America is a power greater than the Government, greater than the courts or judges, greater than legislatures, superior to and independent of all authority of State or nation.

This book tells graphically, convincingly, the facts about the Beef Trust.

It is a history of the real conditions existing in the American business world of to-day, calm, dispassionate, yet throbbing with interest. It is the work of a careful investigator who as a writer has few, if any, equals in his mastery of pure, forceful English.

To quote from the October *Bookman*, "Its figures and statistics are unanswerable. They tell a tale to which no vivid writing can add one jot and from which no sophistry can take one jot away."

"The Greatest Trust in the World" is now on sale at the bookstores, or will be sent prepaid by us on receipt of the price, $1.50.

A QUEER REASON

THERE are many reasons given by advertisers as to why some particular magazine is not used by them for their announcements. We thought we knew them all. But we didn't! A Philadelphia advertiser wrote us as follows:

Gentlemen: Replying to your kind letter, would say that I have been very skeptical as to the value of EVERYBODY'S as a medium for my advertising. The matter is so good and so readable that the reader gets no time for the advertisements.

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Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 658

he had chipped in a check of $75,000 to the Amalgamated pool, and had nothing to show for it. One can imagine the joy such a discovery would bring to a man so situated. It meant money for lawyers' bills and even household expenses. He sent his son to get the money. Young Cole went to the proper man—an old associate and friend of the president of the Globe Bank—and asked for the amount. He was laughed at; he had got into the wrong shop. In his perplexity the young man came to me. I was in a position to get at the facts quickly, and then—well, I "spoke my piece" to this generous comrade and his partners, and it goes without saying that during its delivery the atmosphere of the room was hot enough to roast green corn to a crisp.

"The gang" *did not* get away with Charlie Cole's share.

My readers are at liberty to deduce any moral they please from this performance. In spite of its contemptible meanness, it did not even then appear to me as exceptional. I have no hesitation in stating that experience has shown me that, provided there is a profit ahead, frenzied financiers, the highest and the lowest, will commit any crime in the decalogue, and that without the slightest twinge or buck of conscience.

It is only a matter of months now till ex-President Cole of the ex-Globe National Bank of Boston will be about in those places where he has spent the best part of his life. I know him, his career, and what he has done. I know the bankers and financiers of Wall and State streets, their careers, and what they have done; and I am ready to say that Charlie Cole can have the use of my pocketbook and my confidence when he returns to State Street, while there are at least one hundred financiers of the very highest standing in Wall and State streets—men in control of insurance companies, banks, trust companies, and corporations—whom I would not allow to get to either except by brute force after a tussle. President Cole of the old Globe Bank made mistakes, but when it came time to pay the penalty for them, he stood up like a man and took his medicine without a whimper. There were then in Wall and State streets, as there are to-day, hundreds of powerful, rich, and respected financiers who, measured by their crimes, legal and moral, as compared with Charlie Cole's, were fairly entitled to as many years in State's prison as he has spent hours in jail (I neglected to say that his sentence was eight years in the jail at Greenfield), and during all the terrible years he has been suffering the tortures of the damned, these men have been guilty, month in and month out, of fresh crimes which he would not have committed to save his life.

CHAPTER XXIII

ALL ABOARD ON THE SECOND SECTION

HAVING spliced these loose strands I may now fairly proceed with the main thread of my story. I left Amalgamated in the custody of Kidder, Peabody & Co., whose task it was to arrange for the second flotation in which the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston properties were included. Under their piloting this second section was soon made up and, early in 1901, it really looked as though all my private claims and public predictions would soon be reality. This time it seemed as though we had a combination which contained no defective bolts or couplings. Every warring or unfriendly interest either fell or was pushed, pulled, or bribed into line.

One of Kidder-Peabody's first steps was

Just as the press was starting up to print this section it became necessary, owing to legal complications, to kill four lines that were to have been printed here. We will endeavor to print them later.

his "News" Bureau, which hitherto had been filled with abuse of everything connected with Amalgamated, daily teemed with compliments about the property and the consolidation, and, as a consequence, Heinze stood silently by.

It was only a matter of a few days till the Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana

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were absorbed, and in their place was the enlarged Amalgamated, formerly $75,000,000, now $155,000,000, and the stock shot up to 105, 110, 115, 120, and 125.

There is no pleasure comparable to the joy of attainment, and here at last were all my assurances ratified and the prosperity I had promised my followers a tangible, delicious fact. It was surely a fair and beautiful world that stretched out sunny prospects before us—a world of trees and singing-birds and murmuring brooks, of skies perpetually blue and airs invariably soft, a world of hopes realized and dreams made actual. Such grateful pausing places are the oases along the dusty highway of life, and fortunate the wayfarer, tired by the stony steeps of the mountains or the burning sands of the desert, whom Dame Fortune suffers to linger in her garden places.

As I look back upon the exultant days that followed the consummation of my plans, I still wonder at the fatuity that blinded me to the menace of the coming tempest—a tempest brooding in the very stillness of the air, lurking behind the splendor of cloudless days. In Wall Street as in nature nothing is fixed save the certainty of change. Quiet, in the granite cleft between Trinity and the river, is only the interval between storms. The powers of unrest are stillest when gathering for some new outbreak. I had hardly time to taste the luxury of ease upon the verdant sward of my oasis when my dream was shattered by the lightning of the storms, and before the blasts of the wind my hopes collapsed like card houses in an earthquake.

The cyclone that tore down upon Wall Street in the spring of 1901 was the most terrific that has ever struck its gilded peaks and miasmic jungles, and before its withering breath institutions and great fortunes were leveled with the ground. In the annals of the "Street" the visitation is known as the Northern Pacific corner, and its memory will live long after the wrecks that strewed its course have moldered into dust.

The Northern Pacific corner was the crowning conflict in a clash of ambitions among certain despots of finance. Without entering into the fine issues of their contest, this is how their quarrel stood:

James J. Hill desired to control the Northern Pacific Railway (5,037 miles), a competitor of his own Great Northern Railway, in the interest of "harmony." "Harmony" would be still further conserved if the linked systems also possessed the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway (8,754 miles), another competitor. These railways belonged to what is called the transcontinental group, in that they traversed the western half of the American continent; they represented hundreds of millions of dollars of capital, and were the means of transportation of millions of good American citizens whose farms they crossed. "Harmony" is the battle-cry of the Wall Street raider, for to him it spells profitable opportunity, and when it is raised the frenzied financiers flock to the standard like coyotes to a carcass. In this instance, however, the "harmony" was to be of the distinguished Morgan brand, for James J. Hill had allied himself with that great reorganizer of railway properties, and thereby had insured for his plans secrecy, security, and the concentration of the profits in a few capacious and deserving pockets rather than their distribution among the Wall Street masses. No one was better equipped to execute a vast deal of this character than J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., for they exercised an imperious sway over institutions no less notable than the New York Life, with its hundreds of millions of assets, together with scores of lesser banks and trust companies, each heaped up with the gold of the people's savings.

It was obvious that the great profit to the organizers of this combination must come from the gathering in of the Burlington property, for already Mr. Morgan presided over the destinies of Northern Pacific and Mr. Hill over Great Northern. Burlington stock was distributed throughout the country, and though it had fluctuated in value, it was regarded by sound investors as a property with excellent future prospects.

The first move in this "harmony" campaign was the purchase of Burlington stock. The reorganizers bought stacks of it for their combination and bunches more of it for each other. The astute managers of great insurance companies loaned each other large sums from their surpluses at low rates—all of which was invested in Burlington. Under the impetus of this immense, though secret, buying, the price of shares gradually climbed from $76 to $145 without exciting any great attention. Before the public had any inkling of the great movement in the wind the Northern Securities Company was organized with a great flourish of trumpets, and into its capacious maw the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy had as a separate entity disappeared.

The method the harmonizers devised to pay

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for this Burlington stock is well worth the study of the student of frenzied finance. The trick they worked was as transparent as glass, as childish as the shuffled pea of the bunco-steerer, yet so effective that in the past it has rewarded its manipulators with untold millions and promises in the future to be equally fruitful of golden results. Instead of issuing Northern Securities stock to the holders of Burlington, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hill, and the versatile Mr. Perkins turned all the accumulated Burlington stock into a trust company and issued against it a $200 "bond" for each $100 par value share of stock. The entire issue of these "bonds" was subsequently sold back to the people at $200 directly, and indirectly to them by way of their funds in the insurance companies, banks, and trust companies.

Just what this transaction really amounts to a child in the primary grade can grasp. Observe its noble simplicity:

"A" owns 107 million dollars of stock.

"B" pays him 107 million dollars for it, and uses "A's" own money deposited in "A's" own institutions to make payment.

"B" then turns the 107 millions of stock into 214 millions of "bonds," and sells them back to "A" for 214 millions, repaying the 107 millions to "A's" institutions, and having on hand 107 millions "made dollars" as his profits for performing the trick.

While the stage juggler charms single dollars and $20 gold pieces from the lips and noses of the lads whom he invites to the platform, these magicians of frenzied finance had conjured somewhere between 80 and 100 millions of dollars from the whole American people, the sole difference being that the professional juggler has remaining after his trick has been performed only the identical dollars he began with, while these financial magic workers had on hand at the finish of their turn an actual 100 cents for each dollar they had "cooed" from the public.

On what basis of fair dealing or sound finance could such an expansion as this be justified, you ask, now that the monstrous performance is plainly before you? Bless you, my readers, if you but listen to "B's" arguments, nothing could be fairer. "A" wakes up after his purchase and discovers that he is still in possession of the same old railroad, but that in the juggle of recent transactions he has paid 214 millions for what had previously represented to him only 107 millions. It is true, he has pieces of paper called "bonds" in place of the pieces of paper called "stock," for half the amount that he had previously held—but otherwise he seems out and injured. But "B's" explanation straightens out all his kinks—for "B" tells him that in future he will be paid each year, in addition to what he has formerly received, interest on the extra 107 millions of dollars. What could be fairer or more legitimate than that? "B" asks, and "A," mystified by the juggle and hypnotized by the respectability of the eminent financiers who have been handling his money, goes away satisfied. If "A" had but understood the ramifications of finance he would have asked, "But where does the interest that is to be paid on this imaginary 107 millions come from?" And then the outrage perpetrated on the American people would be plain to him. The public pays the interest, the public living along the Burlington lines; it pays it in high freight rates which cannot be reduced, and passenger tariffs which remain the same each year, though the traffic along the line waxes greater with the increase of population. The growing prosperity of the nation should lessen the burden of each consumer; but the railroads, like other institutions, have capitalized this prosperity with just such issues of stocks and bonds, and the public can have no surcease, for the augmented interest charges must be paid.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC CORNER

Act I. of this story is thus concerned with the creation of the great Northern Securities structure. While Messrs. Hill and Morgan were busy organizing this "harmony" campaign, Railroad King Harriman, who rules the destinies of the Union Pacific (2,955 miles) and the Southern Pacific (8,045 miles) on behalf of Oil Kings Rockefeller and Rogers and Banker Jacob Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., decided that the operations of these rival financiers constituted a menace to the interests of the Union Pacific. "Harmony," created by Morgan and Hill, spelled discord to his ears, and he determined to have a share of it or break up the performance. Having handy other great reservoirs of the people's savings, the Equitable Life Assurance Company and national banks and trust companies to boot, King Harriman and his associates sallied into the open and proceeded to buy up the stock

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of the Northern Pacific. They swore by their sacred honors and other personal curios that they would by hook or crook get control of this railroad and that no one could then keep them out of a half interest in the Burlington swag. My readers will note that in this clash of ambitions, no one at all seemed to be thinking of the interests of the real owners of the great properties that these frenzied financiers were scrambling for—the American people.

Poor American people! how much longer, I wonder, like the big, clumsy, credulous sheep you are, will you allow the greedy freebooters of finance to roll you and plunder your pockets with never a word of protest!

However, to continue my story: Morgan and Hill had little fear of the operations of their jealous rivals, because they were quite sure that in their strong boxes were voting proxies more than enough to insure the execution of their plans. For a time they observed languidly the fervid efforts of Railroad King Harriman and Banker Schiff to compass the control of Northern Pacific, then as they watched the rising prices and saw the excitement of all concerned it entered their minds that their structure might not be so burglar proof as they believed, and to be on the safe side they sallied into the market themselves to buy, buy, buy.

This was about the sixth of May, and by the way Northern Pacific began to mount in price it was soon plain to all "the Street" that their leaders were really locking horns. Now if the stock business were like a legitimate business where a man sells only what he owns, the issue would soon have been decided, for one party or the other would have quit when it or its opponent had actually in hand half of all the outstanding shares. In stocks, however, any one can sell "short" (*i.e.*, sell what he does not own) as much as he can margin, so it sometimes occurs that both sides, to be sure of attaining their object, buy far more than half of the total number of shares that are in existence. When this happens a corner is established, and if neither side gives way and resells the stock to those who, having sold "short," must have it to return to those from whom they have borrowed it—there is real "hell" to pay.

Here is what happened in this the most memorable and destructive corner in the history of the world. On the seventh of May, the Harriman side let it be known that they had won out and had in their strong boxes more than half of the capital stock of the Northern Pacific. The Hill-Morgan side passionately denied this, declaring that the control rested in their own strong boxes. On the following day "the Street" began to grow alarmed at the conflicting claims. Along about noon on the eighth a shudder ran through Financialdom and spread to wherever stocks are dealt in and magic dollars made while you wait, for it was whispered that in some mysterious way both sides had control and that a hard-and-fast corner was on. At once Northern Pacific rose and fell from $10 to $50 per share in a way that suggested terrific possibilities. The Exchange closed before decisive news of actual conditions was given out, but later that same afternoon a conference occurred and the opposing sides "showed up" to one another. Sure enough, they actually owned between them much more Union Pacific stock than the total capital, and soon Wall Street knew that there was a real corner, and that unless the warring interests found some basis on which to make peace there would be terrible doings in the Exchange next day.

Outside Wall Street the dire possibilities of a corner are not known. It is the chief catastrophe of the stock business. In the stock-market "corner" spells ruin, backward and forward, and spells it in big black capitals. No one can tell until a corner is over who is beneath the ruins. Often those buried deepest have had no part in the making of it or in the operations that brought it about.

"A," for instance, is a conservative merchant worth a million dollars, who occasionally takes a "flier" in stocks, but never on a scale heavy enough to hurt or cramp him. He has sold "short" 5,000 Northern Pacific at 125, in the hope that it will drop to 120, thereby allowing him to purchase at a profit of $25,000 what he has sold. He knows if it starts to advance he can at any time stop his loss by buying it back, say, at 130 or 135, thereby losing $25,000 to $50,000, which would not cause him undue concern. But in a corner he is notified by his broker that there is no stock for sale at regular prices to cover what he is "short," and that he may have to pay $1,000 per share to meet his obligation. In that event he stands to lose every dollar of his million, and his brokers will also be ruined, for they have borrowed the stock he had sold "short" from a conservative banking firm and owe for it $4,000,000 in addition. It might be that

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any number of houses on "the Street" would be in the same or worse position.

It is situations like these that develop the terrors of a corner. The brokers and the banking-house that had loaned our conservative merchant his stock, in an attempt to meet the unexpected call upon their resources, before giving up the ghost, notify clients, for whom they are carrying on margin the usual line of stocks and bonds, that they must take up and pay for these stocks so the two firms may have the use of their own capital to meet the unexpected calls made upon them by the rise in the cornered stock. It is this wholesale calling upon the clients of Wall Street to take up margined stock that precipitates the wild selling in the Stock Exchange which is the chief symptom of a panic, and the terrific collapse in prices which, in turn, brings down the banks and trust companies. A corner followed by a panic cramps the resources of all classes of business men and investors, from the humblest laborer who has $100 in a savings-bank or is dependent upon "a steady job" for his week's wages, up to a fifty-time millionaire mill owner who is dependent upon the even going of the credit system of the country to keep steadily employed his five or ten thousand mill hands. Thus it will be seen that a corner in reality not only spells catastrophe to Wall Street and its frenzied gamblers, but affects millions of people who never bought, sold, nor owned a share of stock.

Before Wall Street that momentous evening rose all the grim terrors of such an awful prospect. Throughout all the realms of finance word had been passed that a cataclysm was inevitable. Nothing could avert the impending crash and collapse but some unlikely settlement between the warring despots. Messrs. Hill and Morgan and Messrs. Harriman, Rockefeller, Rogers, and Schiff knew quite well—no one on earth better—what would befall the American people next day if that night they persisted in retaining their grips on each other's throats.

To the financial world they were in the position of the man who has discovered a tiny break in the walls of some great reservoir above a valley in which thousands of happy men and women and children are asleep—two shovelfuls of dirt withheld mean death and destruction; so the fate and fortune of millions actually hung on their decision for peace or war. To avert disaster all they had to do was to compromise their respective greeds.

Did they do it—these men who had been transformed in a day into gods—did they?

With throbbing heads and wild heartbeats, with nerves strained to the snapping limit, waited Wall, State, and Broad streets, waited London, Berlin, and Paris, waited the whole financial world. At about nine o'clock at night the word flew to the four corners of the earth:

"The Hill-Morgan party are to meet the Harriman-Standard Oil kings in a council of war. The crisis will be averted."

They met, and calmly and coolly they scanned the picture of the morrow, and calmly and coolly confided to each other, as became frenzied financiers, that they would see each other and the American people and the financial world in hell before they would loose even one finger hold on each other's jugulars.

And that next day they got what they wanted. For them too a real hell yawned in which they saw their associates and relatives and the associates of their friends and relatives squirming and twisting in the midst of the awful conflagration their cruel antagonism had kindled.

In most of the great panics that have occurred in the last thirty-five years, I have been either on the deck or on the wharf, where I could get a close view of the flames—and all the others were as shadows to substances compared with the lurid terrors of the blaze that broke out next morning. The panic was on at the gong sound—it was not only in the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia Stock Exchanges, but wherever stocks and bonds were bought and sold, wherever financiers met financiers. Stocks and bonds shrunk billions of dollars on that day. Northern Pacific itself rose to $1,000 per share, and the most solid and stable stocks broke thirty and fifty dollars per share in minutes.

The destruction wrought that May morning was something beyond the imagination of man. In a brief five hours values shrunk by an amount more than the entire cost of the Russo-Japanese War which has just ended. Wall Street was as though ten thousand madhouses had emptied their population within its narrow depths. Men who were calm, dignified bankers but the day before were now shrieking maniacs; brokers and plungers whose boast it was that they never lost their nerve driveled impotently. For

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once "the System" tore its hair and beat its breast to the same tattoo as the public. Its temple tottered, its pillars fell, and its roof crashed in. The terrible charge with which the railway despots had loaded the gun that they had in their insolence aimed at the people had burst in the firing, and the descending hail of shot and shell bade fair to destroy the "System" itself and its votaries. As each new failure was announced, stocks and bonds of all classes dropped like punctured balloons.

The Stock-Exchange gong had hardly struck when Morgan and Hill, Harriman and "Standard Oil" saw they had carried their fight over the line that marked danger to themselves, but it was too late. The most they could now hope to do was to repair some of the damage by staying the destruction. Hurriedly and frantically they got together and agreed to do anything and everything possible to stop the panic. Each side vied with the other in lending stock to break the corner, and in offering to settle or sell stock at any low price necessary. In minutes Northern Pacific dropped from 1,000 to 900, 700, 600, 400, 300, 200, 150, and the panic was over. Then the counting of the dead and dying began.

Over the battle-field next day, the sun rises fair and brilliant. Of the ruin and desolation wrought no physical mark is seen. No corpses strew the asphalt pavement; no bloodstains show where heroes perished or forlorn hopes were crushed. For nature's great treadmill swings its accustomed rounds heedless of the misfortunes of mortals or the downfall of institutions.

Look for the records of that dreadful day in the history of thousands of blasted careers and ruined lives. On the headstones of suicides' graves, on the tablets of felons' cells it is typed in letters of blood and iron. But its deepest, saddest chronicle is in the hearts of mothers and wives whose sons and husbands perished in that cruel clash of embattled millions.

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the December number.)

Lawson and His Critics

An Open Letter to John A. McCall, President New York Life Insurance Company

Sir: It is time your attention was called to the moral sense of the American people. It is time some one dragged you out of the Wall Street conservatory and set you in the plain white light of daily life. It is time you were shown yourself as you are to-day seen by the millions of your countrymen who, a month ago, believed you to be a great and honorable man.

In spite of the terrible exposures of the past few weeks, in spite of the pitiless revealment of yourself and your directors as tricksters, in spite of the unveiling of the jugglery, grafting, and corruption of your administration of the most sacred trust that can be confided to man, you remain unconvinced of your fall and unpenetrated by your shame. Fortified by the sympathy of your fellow sinners, you imagine your audacious bluster and your sly evasions before the Investigating Committee of the State of New York represented shrewd generalship and able strategy, forgetting that the enemy against whom your maneuvers were directed was the American people and that, in this inquisition, your character and reputation were as absolutely before the bar as though you had been indicted for sequestration of the funds of some dead friend's wife.

Throughout this broad country of ours are good Americans who have slaved and toiled to gather up the hundreds of dollars which you have exacted from them yearly as the price of the future livelihood of their wives and children, or as the provision for their own old age. You have made yourself the custodian of these funds under sacred pledge of square dealing and safe and honest administration. You have made yourself the national executor, the great depositary of the moneys of the widow and the orphan. You have cried your virtue and honorableness from the housetops, and, under the stress of your pleadings, hundreds of millions of dollars have been confided to you annually—scores of millions of the nation have been turned into your coffers, all because you insisted that you were honest

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beyond all other men, and that the dear ones left behind might rely on your generosity and integrity for their support.

And it is with the moneys that might at any time have been claimed by these widows and orphans that you have been rigging syndicates, debauching legislatures, manipulating stock-markets and doing other things which will be proven later. Instead of employing the vast power and the immense wealth entrusted to you to conserve the interests of your policy-holders, you have made yourself a part of the cruel robbing machine which the "System" has created to deprive the American people of their savings. Under the pretense of seeking profitable investment, your corporation has been perverted into a vast stock-gambling agency. You have filled the high places in your corporation with your own children and relatives and their relatives, and conferred on them great salaries out of which they have grown rich. You have paid out to friends and associates, on various pleas, enormous sums that rightly belonged to your policy-holders. You have done all these things habitually, yet to-day you describe the investigation being conducted into your operations as an impertinence, and secretly you regard this inquisition and all that pertains to it as a waste of time and energy. You are unrepentant, unashamed, and defiant.

I shall take this opportunity, sir, of reviewing our own relations during the past year and contrasting your position to-day with that you boasted twelve months ago.

One year ago, in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, I said:

"The officers, trustees, and officials of the 'Big Three' life-insurance companies have been and are now squandering their policy-holders' money. They are grafters—mean, contemptible grafters."

I gave specific instances of their thieveries.

You replied, not by haling me to court, but by:

Circulating throughout the world documents by the millions, disparaging my reputation by advertisements and "news" and "editorial" statements from your subsidized insurance press, denying my charges and attacking my character, all at the expense of your policy-holders and without their knowledge or approval.

You libeled me in thousands of private letters to policy-holders, many of which came back to me.

You employed James M. Beck, ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, then and now chief attorney for Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil Company, the "System," and the Mutual Life Insurance Company, to ridicule my utterances and asperse my honor in addresses in the cities of Philadelphia and Boston.

You employed James H. Eckels, ex-Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, now president of the Commercial Bank and representative of the "System" in the West, to attack my arguments and distort my motives in Chicago.

You ordered Vice-President Perkins, of the New York Life-Insurance Company, to perform similar service in Philadelphia; and

The burden of all these documents, advertisements, and disguised advertisements and addresses was: "Lawson is an unmitigated liar and scoundrel, whose sole reason for attacking the insurance companies is that we refused him insurance."

I replied by printing your letter to me, wherein you importuned me to accept insurance in your company.

Again you gave me the lie, and pronounced your letter spurious.

I in turn repeated my charges, and instanced cases of perjury, bribery, and false statements.

I stated that your claim that your company did not own, nor loan upon, stocks was false, and that it was made for the purpose of misleading and imposing upon your policy-holders, banks, trust companies, Government officials, and investors.

You answered this by writing a letter to one of the great churchmen of America, and in it you said: "I pledge you my word of honor this company has never, since 1899, had a dollar's interest, directly or indirectly, in any stock. Lawson knows this, and deliberately, for his own base purposes, makes charges to the contrary which he knows to be false."

To-day you and your fellow plunderers stand convicted in the eyes of the world not only of juggling the moneys of the widow and the orphan in the stock-market, but of manipulating these trust funds for the benefit of your own pockets. To-day the world is aghast at your perfidy and amazed at your temerity.

Notwithstanding the turpitude already exposed to the people, you still imagine you can so conduct yourself as to prevent the investigators from fastening on you and your

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associates the more desperate crimes that have been committed in the past—the 150 to 200 millions stolen and diverted or used in corruption. You know as I do that only the very edges of this national cesspool have yet been uncovered. You know that not only have the ballot-box and the Legislature at Albany been tampered with, but the law-making and administering machinery of other States corrupted, the Federal Government surrounded, and certain of the judiciary of America "Educated."

You believe you can keep the evidence of these crimes from the American people by the same kind of bluff and effrontery with which you met my first charges. But you have mistaken the tempers of your countrymen.

I have been authorized in writing by over 16,000 policy-holders, carrying over fifty-four millions of insurance, to act for them.

I had intended to await the finish of the New York investigation before proceeding, but as I have had placed in my hands during the past few days evidences of the determination of yourself and your accomplices and fellow conspirators to face it out regardless of consequences, and as I believe men capable of committing the acts that have been testified to during the past few days fully capable of taking the transportable part of the billion and a quarter funds to foreign countries, and of using them to keep themselves from their justly deserved punishments, I have decided to act now.

In sending you this open letter, I am only actuated by a desire to bring you and your associates to such a sense of the seriousness of your position that you will see it is useless longer to attempt to defy the American people.

Yours, for the Exposure of Corporation Sneak Thieves,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

To Life-Insurance Policy-Holders

AT the beginning of my story nearly a year and a half ago, I made certain accusations against the management of the three big life-insurance companies.

I knew, when I began my story, that the big life-insurance companies were in the hands of grafters and thieves, just as are the great banks, trust companies, railroad companies, and big corporations and trusts.

This I knew and, in plain language, said it.

The big insurance companies, through their officers and trustees, replied by declaring: "He's an unmitigated liar."

I kept at my knitting, for I knew the crimes of these insurance grafters were such that, sooner or later, the world would have an opportunity to judge fairly who were the unmitigated liars and thieves.

The opportunity is at hand.

To-day the press of the world is devoting its space, news and editorial, to a recital of the contemptible and heinous crimes of the New York Life and the Mutual Life Insurance companies—not as I relate them, but as their own officers and trustees publicly confess them.

In the July instalment of my story I called upon policy-holders to sign a coupon blank inserted in this magazine, and send same to me that I might speak for them in a plan to further their interests.

In response to my call I have received up to to-day, October 4th, 16,307 answers, representing $55,165,916.

I think my readers, when they analyze the following list and take into consideration the character of the senders, many of whom are men of the highest standing—bishops, ministers, governors, mayors, judges, senators, members of Congress, railroad, bank, and trust company presidents—will agree with me that it is the most remarkable collection ever made by one interest since life-insurance began.

INSURANCE COUPONS

Received from June 20th to October 4th

New York Life	$18,845,410
Equitable	17,317,956
Mutual	14,550,240
Miscellaneous	4,452,310
	$55,165,916

Alabama	22	Kansas	316
Arizona	127	Kentucky	153
Arkansas	124	Louisiana	197
California	842	Maine	144
Colorado	211	Maryland	126
Connecticut	177	Massachusetts	843
Delaware	43	Michigan	406
Dist. of Columbia	152	Minnesota	574
Florida	230	Mississippi	173
Georgia	169	Missouri	499
Idaho	150	Montana	130
Illinois	1,012	Nebraska	236
Indiana	415	Nevada	28
Indian Territory	130	New Hampshire	73
Iowa	560	New Jersey	282

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New Mexico	40	South Dakota	104
New York	1,780	Tennessee	157
North Carolina	466	Texas	580
North Dakota	143	Utah	68
Ohio	985	Vermont	57
Oklahoma	154	Virginia	242
Oregon	93	Washington	417
Pennsylvania	1,133	West Virginia	205
Rhode Island	67	Wisconsin	318
South Carolina	81	Wyoming	36
Alaska	27	Korea	1
Argentina	1	Mexico	71
Bermuda	1	Newfoundland	4
Canada	344	New Zealand	1
Chile	1	Panama	2
China	1	Philippines	16
Colombia	1	Porto Rico	5
Costa Rica	1	Santo Domingo	7
Cuba	4	Straits Settlements	1
England	9	Sweden	1
France	4	Trinidad	2
Hawaii	35	Uruguay	2
Honduras	2	Yukon Territory	4
Japan	4		
Grand total	16,307		

As soon as I received a number of signatures sufficiently large to warrant it, I quietly began operations.

The first direct result is the investigation now being held. This investigation has proceeded far enough to put before the public absolute proof of all the crimes I have charged, and three to thirty times as many more.

It is now evident to all that:

1st. The policy-holders in the great companies have yearly paid into their company scores of millions more than necessary.

2d. The policy-holders have been robbed scores of millions.

3d. The vast funds now on hand have been habitually used by the grafters now in control of them in the rankest kind of stock-gambling.

4th. These funds have been used to corrupt the ballot-box and the lawmakers of the country.

I repeat, absolute proof of all this has been made public.

It should now be evident to all that:

1st. The funds now on hand are in actual jeopardy, because they are in the absolute control of unprincipled scoundrels.

2d. Unless something is done, and done at once, by the policy-holders, each and every one of the largest companies may become insolvent; that is, they may not be able to meet the engagements of their policies, because of waste of funds, tremendous falling off of new business, tremendous cost of new business, and the nature of the new business—so-called "graveyard business"; for I am credibly informed that they are now seeking to insure those who formerly have been refused insurance because of physical infirmities.

It should also be plainly evident that, if the policy-holders move, and move quickly, they can be absolutely assured that:

1st. The funds as they are to-day will remain intact.

2d. They will be added to by the restitution of from $75,000,000 to $150,000,000.

3d. A score of the thieves who have plundered policy-holders in the past will be sent to prison.

4th. The future payments of policy-holders will be largely cut down.

5th. The present swollen surpluses will be returned in large part to policy-holders.

6th. In the future policy-holders will actually run the company.

7th. All policy-holders can be assured that in the future they will receive the actual worth of their policy at surrender.

All this being so, it is most eminently desirable for policy-holders to act, and at once.

The time will never again be so opportune, for if nothing definite is done now, policy-holders will be discouraged for all time.

I have given the subject the closest and most earnest study, assisted by the best insurance experts and lawyers procurable, and guided by the suggestions of over 100,000 policy-holders, for in addition to the 16,000 mentioned, I have received over 90,000 letters. I have come to the conclusion that the one thing for policy-holders to do now is:

To authorize some one in whom they have confidence to select a committee to take their proxies and at once seize possession of the two great mutual companies, the New York Life and the Mutual.

I omit the Equitable at this stage, because litigation may be necessary before the Equitable, being a stock company, can come into the policy-holders' hands. But in the other two, no obstacles can be placed in the way of the policy-holders' taking control.

To empower this committee to bring action at once to compel full restitution and enforce full punishment, and then to change the present method of conducting the insurance business.

The vital question is: Whom can the policy-holders trust to do this?

The "Big Three" are at present spending vast sums of the policy-holders' money to

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prevent some such action as this, in the following ways:

First, by molding public opinion through paid news and editorial items; next, by the collection of proxies; and third, by the inauguration of different moves and dummy suits and investigations.

There are already three of these affairs under way. Almost any way the policy-holders turn for relief they are confronted with traps which, if they fall into them, will make relief and rescue impossible.

Any man or body of men who go to the great expense necessary to collect proxies must have some hidden scheme for reimbursing themselves, or they must be working in the interests of the thieves now in control.

I therefore make bold to say: I am the natural one to make this move.

Just a minute before you pass judgment. Let us see if I am:

1st. I have already spent in my work over a million dollars of my own money.

2d. I am willing to spend, if necessary, two millions more.

3d. I will absolutely prove I want nothing in return.

4th. I will absolutely prove on the face of my plans that I cannot in any way benefit beyond the satisfaction I shall derive from putting another spike in the "System's" coffin.

I ask of the policy-holders simply this:

Fill out the following form of proxy; sign and seal it, and send it to me. Quick action is most desirable in view of contingencies.

Know all Men by these Presents, that I,_____

of_____County of_____

State of _____do hereby constitute and appoint THOMAS W. LAWSON my attorney and agent for me and in my name, place and stead to vote as my proxy as a policy-holder or as a member of the corporation at any meeting of_____corporation, and at any election of trustees or of directors, or of other officers for whom policy-holders have the right to vote, and for such other business as may come before the meeting, and any adjournment thereof, and to act at such meeting as fully as I could do if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney and agent, or his substitute, shall lawfully do by virtue hereof. Unless sooner revoked, this proxy shall continue in force for one year from the date hereof. I hereby revoke all proxies heretofore given by me for any of the above purposes.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this_____ day of_____in the year_____.

_____(Seal.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of_____

Owner of policy Nos._____. Amount, $_____

In accepting the above proxy, said Thomas W. Lawson agrees that:

1. It will only be voted for a set of men who shall be nominated as trustees by a committee to be selected; said committee to consist of representative governors of different States, representative labor leaders, and representative clergymen. That when this committee has selected the men in its opinion best fitted to serve as trustees, and they have accepted, their names shall be announced to the policy-holders.

2. Said Lawson, in accepting this proxy, agrees he will not use same until ten days after he has announced to said policy-holders the names of the trustees selected, and so given said policy-holders opportunity of revoking same.

3. Said Lawson agrees that, in accepting said proxy, he will not use same to elect any one a director of the Mutual Life-Insurance Company, the New York Life-Insurance Company, or any other insurance company who will not first agree to do all in his power after he is elected to exact full restitution of all moneys filched from these corporations, and enforce punishment of officers, directors, agents, or other employees who have been in any way guilty of wrongdoing.

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The "Simple Life" Side of Life-Insurance

By "THE KEEN OBSERVER"

THE truth is that when the Rev. Charles Wagner wrote his "Simple Life," he did not realize how eagerly the world would seize on its implied teachings.

There is no form of man's dealing with himself that is as simple as life-insurance. As a factor it is the very essence of simplicity in its plain, direct, candid appeal to the best intelligence a man possesses. As a help to make living a simple task of duty, with satisfaction in self arising from the duty of defense done for others, life-insurance is as simple as the bird and its nest, or the squirrel and its instinctive precautions.

Upon any matter of so much importance as caring for the old age which must come and will itself bring no security; or so vital a matter as death which is such a simple certainty of unexpected transpiring, to nudge a man and say, "Insure your life" is so simple an admonition that because you have heard it so often and for so long you don't heed it any more. If you are not insured it likely annoys you. It shouldn't, and if it does you are really fighting shy of the quickest bringer of content.

Contentment is what every one is after. It is the pith of "Simple Life," because it is the simplest, easiest thing to secure if you only go about it rightly. Life isn't worth a farthing without it, and it cannot be obtained if there is an undone duty to yourself, or to those dearer and of more consequence to you than yourself.

Things have happened which throw the lime-light onto life-insurance. How vital that lime-light shows insurance to be to the human race! What a simple proposition it looks in this strong glare that shines through everything right down to the bone itself! There's the bone, the fact, the truth, that life-insurance must come to every sane man as a thing he must have something to do with for his own sake!

Is there a simpler claim than self-preservation? Protection is so simple an influence that even animal instinct owns it. And when it comes to the higher grade of sagacity, the promptings of wisdom show self-protection to be one of the strengths of the simplicities of life.

If you have been dodging life-insurance you have been tiring yourself out eluding an intuitive bounteous benefaction; which is, to speak mildly, a very poor way to achieve that for which you are existing.

There is a variety of life-insurance offered. *The surest for the money is according to the safety way* of the simple life. Not the cheapest; not the noisiest; not the readiest in promises; not the most alluring; not the so-called shrewdest; not the most cunning and crafty; not that offering the greatest latitudes.

The life-insurance that you want is the kind that hasn't a quirk or a crooked line in it; that sound, simple-life men trust; that has grown and endured because it is upright and has integrity; that is an example of "the square deal!" That is the life-insurance that's worth *while* and worth *having*.

There is a company—there may be others, and I'd be sorry to think that there aren't—that sticks to the simple-life side, to good, old-fashioned methods, to preferring "to be right to be President," as the saying goes. It is the conservative man's company. It is the company that toes the chalk-line of integrity. It won't issue you a policy with as many fluttering ribbons on it as some companies. It won't make you promises it can't and knows it can't fulfil. It won't issue you a policy with concealed conditions, or clauses with double meaning, or provisos you don't understand and can't comprehend. It won't fugle around to have you accepted if you are not a safe risk for a safe company. It won't try to insure your life by blackguarding any other company.

But this is what it will do:

It will deal with you on life-insurance as if you were the one person in all the world whose high opinion it most needed and desired. The gist of simplicity is impartiality. The Washington Life Insurance Company will afford you all it affords anybody. Not a bit more, not an atom less. You may take the policy it issues you, and compare it, word for word, with the same form of policy owned by any

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other man; compare the cost, conditions, terms, everything; and no other man on earth will have the slightest advantage over you.

Again:

Ask any insurance man on earth whom you *know* to be truthful, fearless, and irreproachable (and there are such), and if he does not concede the unimpeachable *character* of the present administration of the Washington Life then it deserves your wariest doubts.

Again:

Ask yourself if life-insurance isn't a matter of sufficient weight and importance to be considered in the light of simple-life sincerity as the Washington Life views it and deals in it and with it. Ask yourself if you have any money to waste, any confidence to squander, any faith to be shattered. Ask yourself the broadest, hardest, strongest, most difficult and puzzling questions that the subject of life-insurance can bring up.

Do you know how you must answer yourself? You will admit that you ought to have as much insurance on your life as you can afford; but, above all, that you should have it where it will be most safeguarded and most surely secure. You will admit to yourself that you hate to become distrustful, uneasy, and upset. And you will admit that life-insurance, or anything else, isn't worth having unless you can feel contented over it in every way.

It is not possible for you, or any man, to make a satisfactory detour about so imperative a life concern as insurance, because its importance is confrontingly unavoidable and assertive. It is possible, however, for enticing allurements to be very misleading in distracting one's attention from insurance that is undemonstrative and substantial. The Washington Life frankly professes implicit faith in the reflective intelligence which manages to escape temptations that attach to illusive and insecure propositions. The current trend of desire among the insurable is for *tested, indisputable validity.* In all candor, without any reference to comparisons, the Washington Life simply stands as the imperturbable exponent of insurance as the conception of its intrinsic part in man's economy defines it. It is as unattackable as the original thought is uncensurable which led man to realize that his life was worth placing a value upon which death should not repudiate. Man in the frame-work of his character incorporated a sustaining beam of honor which implied that in the common destiny there must be a common fellowship of shared responsibility. Common usage has given this the name of "insurance." Just what it is, in its Simon-pure meaning, is what the Washington Life stands for. Deduce the clearest, simplest import of insurance and there you will find the Washington Life, firm, inflexible, doggedly resolute, immovable, unchanging in rugged allegiance to the broadest, deepest duty of man to man.

That is an analysis of the order of insurance the Washington Life deals in.

And now, as you are drawing to the close of this little candid talk you will lay the book down, or, maybe, turn over to something else; but you can't forget what you've read, because it is simple—simple truth, simple facts, simple realities, simple consciousness within every man.

The Washington Life is the first company, in the step which it has just taken, to bring again to the fore, after many years of forgetfulness on the part of insurance managers and of the insuring public, the principle of selling life-insurance *for life-insurance purposes only.* With its new policy, plain, simple, and straightforward, offered at a marked reduction in rates, with the elimination of all costly privileges and confusing options, it is prepared to give you just what you want—*protection for your dependents or for your old age.*

And that is where the Washington Life wants to leave the matter—with the certainty of remembrance, because it breathes the earnest straightforwardness of life's genuine, sincere simplicity; and with the certainty of positive, unqualified respect on your individual part, because *it is irrevocably for and with the one and only right way to conduct insurance,* namely, by the fixed law of inviolable rectitude.

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